

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

THE MIRROR

FEBRUARY

15¢



RITA HAYWORTH
BY PAUL HESSE

Special! Color Portrait of **LT. CLARK GABLE** in Uniform
WHAT I THINK ABOUT THE ERROL FLYNN CASE by Adela Rogers St. Johns

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☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES \$1 (if C.O.D. postage charges extra)

(Tintz pays postage if money with order)

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☐ Medium Brown ☐ Auburn (Titian) ☐ Dark Brown

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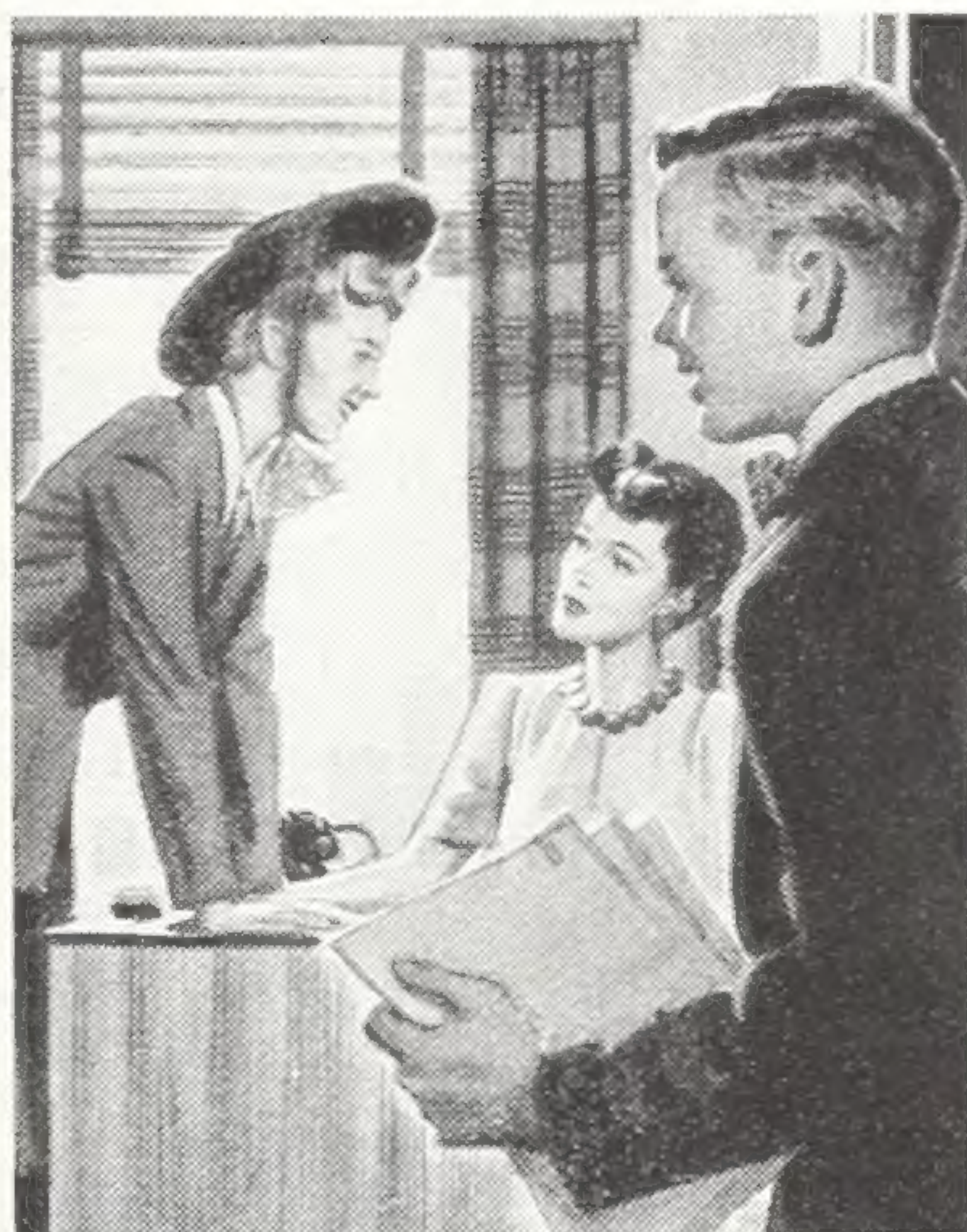
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"Imagine! Dan Cupid's Ablest Assistant—

*and yet you can't land
a man of your own!"*



"Wake up, Darling! Your column helps a lot of lovelorn damsels reach the altar. But Romance gives you the run-around! A come-hither smile and sensitive gums don't go together! Even the copy boy can tell you about 'pink tooth brush'!"

"Gosh—*me* advise you? That's the toughest assignment I ever had! But your friend's got the straight dope! In grade school, we learned that gum care is as important as cleaning our teeth. We even had classroom drills in gum massage."



"The fact is, soft foods sometimes rob gums of needed stimulation. That's why I advise massaging the gums every time you brush your teeth." (Note: Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"Hurray—for my frank friends and my dentist! It's massage with Ipana for my gums—from now on! My teeth are brighter already! I like Ipana's fresh taste. And that tingle as I massage my gums seems to say: 'You're heading for a brighter smile'."



*Editions
rolled off
the presses
—then one
evening...*



(Unpublished thoughts of a Heart-Throb Columnist.) "Writing about love was never like this! But it's sad to think how many girls miss out on romance, for lack of a sparkling smile. What a shame—when the daily use of Ipana and massage can help so much. A sparkling smile is a passport to happiness—if you want the opinion of a gal who's tried it!"

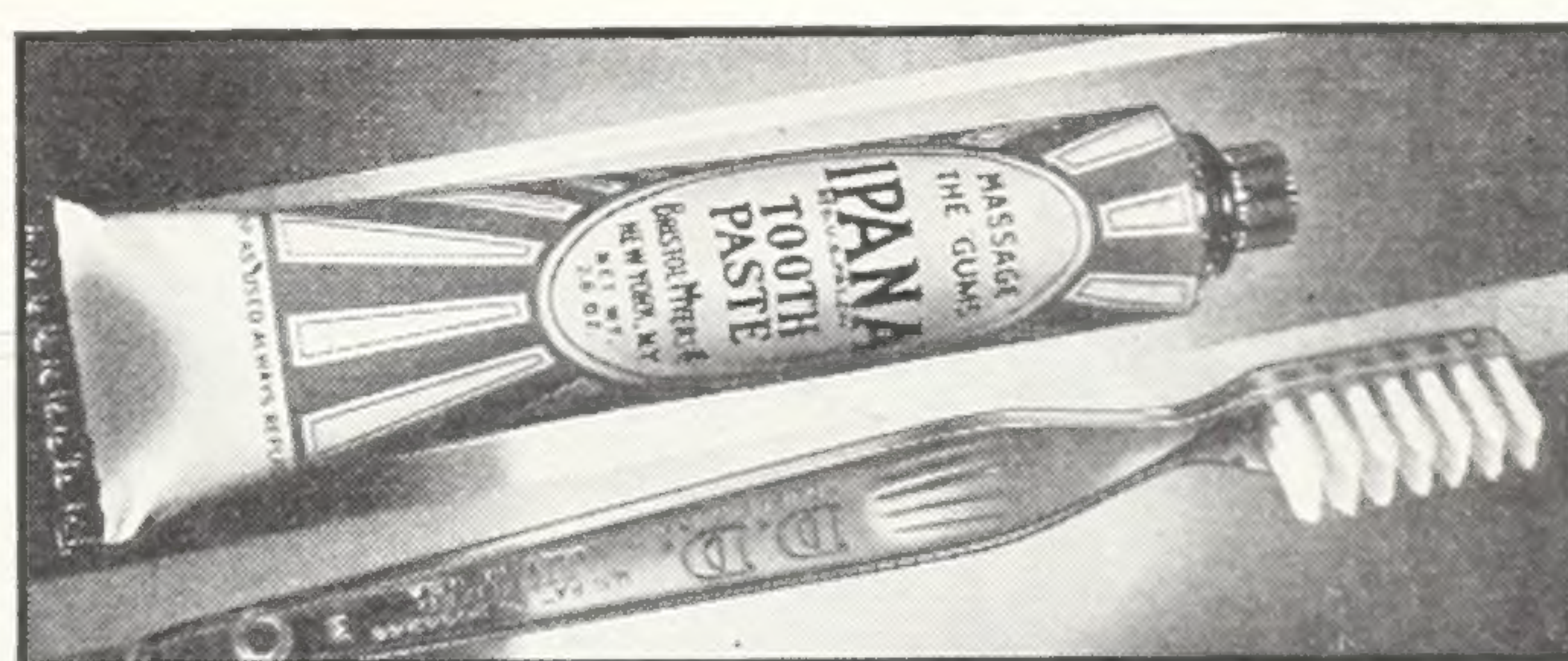
Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

FIRST TIME you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may simply tell you today's soft foods have robbed your gums of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the

health of the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little more Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is waking up within the gums, helping to make the tissues firmer and stronger.

Start now to make Ipana and massage a regular daily habit. Let it help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more sparkling, attractive smile!



A product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

A harvest of praise is coming in for "Random Harvest".

This Hall of Fame picture is now playing at New York's Radio City Music Hall and is due to reach the country on the crest of an M-G-M wave in the Miniver manner.

What a job the movies are doing for the national morale. Lieutenant General Dwight Eisenhower cables from Africa:

"Motion pictures are of the utmost importance to provide entertainment and build up the morale. Newsreels are specially of tremendous value providing for the soldiers the means of keeping up with their friends in other theatres of war and with their families at home. The stories and the sets in the feature productions bring their home country vividly to their memories. Let's have more motion pictures."

And anyone in the Navy as well as anyone out of it will stand up and cheer for "Stand By For Action". This is a screen play based on the story you may have read in Reader's Digest entitled "Cargo of Innocence".



Three Big Guns are the stars: Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy.

Nor must we (and who will ever?) forget the performance of Walter Brennan.

Old Reliable Robert Z. Leonard directed. The "Z" stands for Zenith. This is that of his career.

"Stand By For Action" is a mighty picture of the battle-wagons in the Pacific. It is a thrill.

This is a preliminary to the ushering in of the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn opus "Keeper of The Flame".



How many of you have read I. A. R. Wylie's book? The picture is based on it and was photodramatized by Donald Ogden Stewart.

"Keeper of The Flame" is different from any picture you have ever seen.

George Cukor, now a private in the army, is the director. Of the many great pictures which he has made this is probably his best work.

Those horns we hear echo the Happy New Year's Roar

from Lea



PHOTOPLAY

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MOVIE
MIRROR

FEBRUARY, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 3

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COVER: Rita Hayworth, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

Fred R. Sammis
Editorial Director

Helen Gilmore
Editor

Edmund Davenport, Art Director

Marian H. Quinn, Asst. Editor

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Deep in your heart, seared in your soul
you'll keep the flame of this drama a loved
movie memory. Two great stars bril-
liant in "Woman of the Year" are reunited
now — more exciting together than ever.

SPENCER

KATHARINE

TRACY • HEPBURN

"Keeper of the Flame"

with
RICHARD WHORF • MARGARET WYCHERLY • FRANK CRAVEN
FORREST TUCKER • HORACE McNALLY • PERCY KILBRIDE

Screen Play by DONALD OGDEN STEWART

Based Upon the Book by I. A. R. WYLIE

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by VICTOR SAVILLE • Associate Producer LEON GORDON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Excitement plus: Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca"

✓✓ Casablanca (Warners)

It's About: Two who loved in Paris meet again in wartime Morocco.

IF YOU like movies with excitement, suspense, a Nazi menace and a love story running through them like a bright flame this is your dish.

Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart have a grande passion in Paris. Circumstances force her to run away from him. They meet again in Casablanca. She is married to Paul Henreid, who has recently escaped from a German concentration camp.

Embittered though Bogart is over Ingrid's leaving him in Paris, he still loves her and she him and in the midst of the dangers of war, that love grows stronger. When Bogart, who has important stolen visas, turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid—and by the same token lose Ingrid—you find yourself on the edge of your chair.

Humphrey Bogart is grand. Ingrid Bergman is poignantly and dramatically beautiful. Henreid is quietly convincing as are Conrad Veidt and the rest of the notable cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Leave the dinner dishes when this one's showing.



Screen event: Greer Garson, Ronald Colman in "Random Harvest"

✓✓ Random Harvest (M-G-M)

It's About: A victim of World War I whose life takes a strange path.

PRETENTIOUSLY screened, elaborately dressed and exquisitely acted, "Random Harvest" becomes an important big picture of the year. Suffering from overlength at times and somehow lacking the warm, tender appeal of "Mrs. Miniver," the picture nevertheless rates among the best of the year and will, undoubtedly, be the most talked-of picture of the month.

The first half is truly great. In it, Ronald Colman as a war victim who escapes an asylum and is befriended by showgirl Greer Garson, has never been finer. The latter half of the story, unfortunately, is permitted to become somber and stuffy; but this, in view of the magnificence of the film as a whole, becomes a very minor point.

Garson, of course, is magnificent. There's the Academy Award winner of 1943 or we miss our guess. Susan Peters has personality, charm and great talent. Philip Dorn registers in a minor role. But it's the story itself that draws and attracts. Don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: An event.



Important: Ida Lupino, Monty Woolley in "Life Begins At Eight-thirty"

✓✓ Life Begins at Eight-thirty (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Shall a girl sacrifice her lover for an erring parent?

THIS is an odd movie to classify, interlaced as it is with a peculiar feeling of unreality, sheer humor and stark drama, none of which comes too clearly into focus. And yet under the ingenious acting ability of Ida Lupino and Monty Woolley it takes on terrific importance. It becomes important, too, because of the work of newcomer Cornel Wilde, talented and handsome.

Ida is the crippled daughter of Monty, a paranoiac personality and a has-been actor given to inebrity. For years she watches over him, always trying to lead him back and almost always being let down. When musician Wilde brings her the offer of love, she must choose between him and the father who needs her; and therein lies the terrific emotional struggle.

Sara Allgood, Melville Cooper and J. Edward Bromberg offer strong support.

Your Reviewer Says: Performances glitter like jewels.

(Continued on page 97)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 98

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 110

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20



HE'S COLD...CALM...AND A KILLER!

His eyes seem to pierce you, go right through you like two icicles. Sometimes he smiles, but it's not a gay smile—it's cold just like he is. And yet, there's something about him that is tremendously attractive to all of us girls.

It was a little over six months ago that Alan Ladd burst upon the cinema scene. It was in a picture called "This Gun for Hire" and his name was listed far down on the billing sheet. But when the critics and the public saw the picture there was only one thing they talked about—**ALAN LADD!** "He's different," they said, "He's unlike any other star."

ALAN LADD

...The hottest
guy in
pictures!

BY

Roberta Gilman

So the Paramount studio executives realized that they really had something in this lad Ladd and gave him a starring picture all his own—"LUCKY JORDAN"—and you'll be able to see it at your neighborhood theatre shortly.

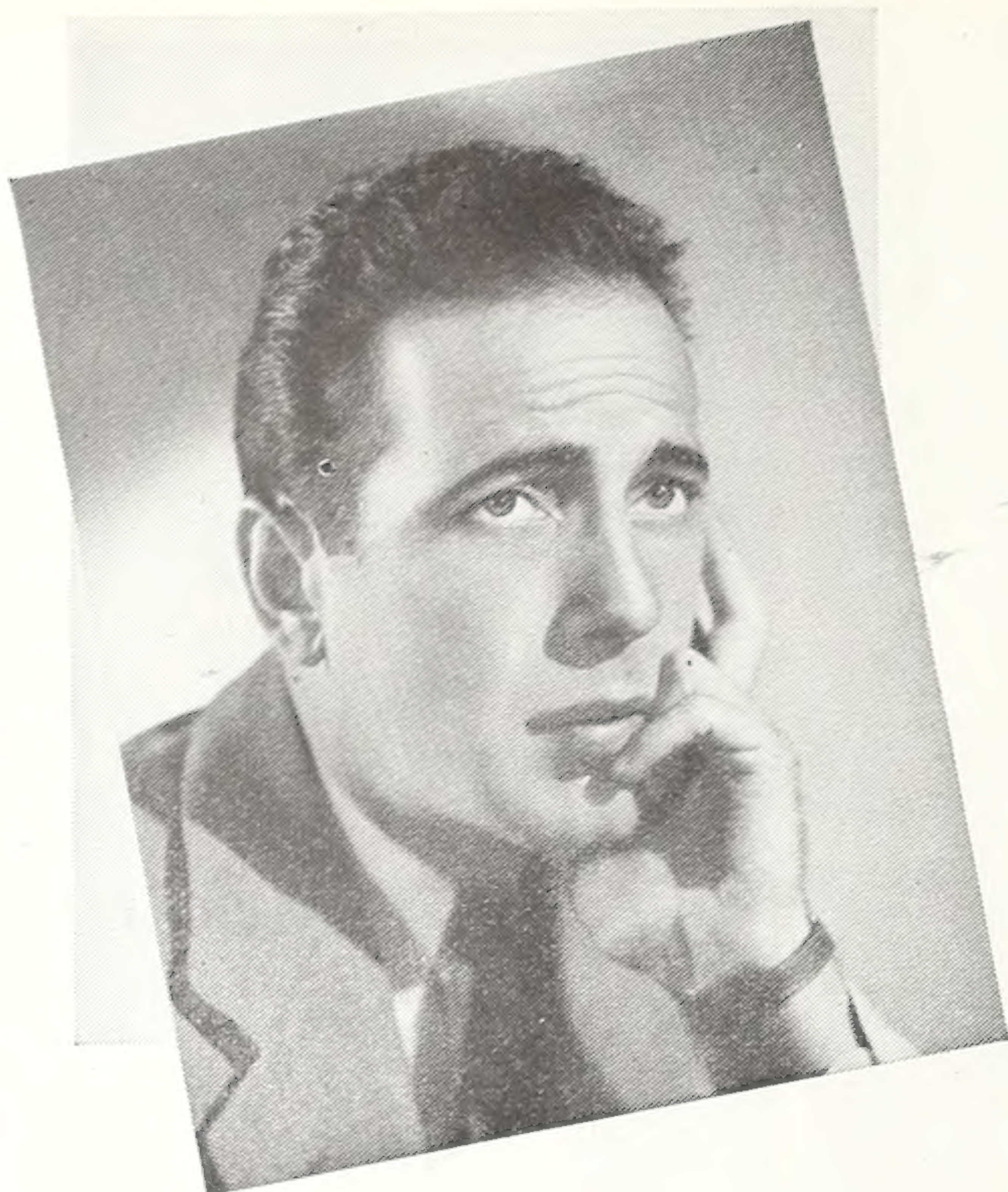
In "LUCKY JORDAN," Alan really establishes his spot in the firmament of stars. He plays the part of a racket boss, a killer, who gets tangled up with a spy ring, only to realize that he can't sell out his country.

We predict that after America sees "LUCKY JORDAN" Alan Ladd will be ranked among the ten biggest stars in Hollywood. That's why he's the hottest guy in pictures!

ALAN LADD in "LUCKY JORDAN"

A Paramount Picture with HELEN WALKER • Mabel Paige
Sheldon Leonard • Marie McDonald • Directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Speak FOR YOURSELF

Reader Jean Austin's heart
dictated to a willing hand.
Result: "A killing" for
Mr. Humphrey Bogart

\$10.00 PRIZE The American Girl

IT'S my opinion that the movie producers should begin to make the American girl *the* American girl, if you get what I mean. The screen too long has been painting her as the glamour gal, instead of what she is at heart.

Since pioneer days, when our women shouldered the axe, helped clear forests, made the deserts bloom and the waste places green, our American girl has been willing to carry her half of the burden.

For a time, it is true, American men, as well as women, have grown soft. But circumstances made them so. The time has come when soft living and pleasure-seeking must be laid aside.

Picture again a laughing, freckle-faced, tomboyish, happy-go-lucky girl with a pitchfork under her arm, in blue overalls and a faded shirt, tousled, windswept hair and a determined smile on her honest young face. For she is ready and happy to take up where her mother, and even her grandmother, left off when the days of soft living and high-stepping swept them off their feet.

The Old World had its Joan of Arc, Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale.

We had our pioneer mothers who stood undaunted by their fearless husbands in the face of every danger until freedom and independence were fought for and won. The girl of today will not falter. She is ready to stand by her man through every sacrifice. So please leave off the "painted doll" type for the duration!

SUE BAXTER BEAM,
Lincolnton, N. C.

\$5.00 PRIZE Devotion Plus

ALTHOUGH I have been a fan of Humphrey Bogart's ever since he killed his first man, I have never before had the desire to write to a fan magazine and drool over him! However, I have just come home from seeing "Across The Pacific," and the urge to write to your magazine just struck me. My heart dictates to a willing hand, so please let me drool!

To say that "Bogie" has more oomph in one trigger finger than any of the Hollywood "pretty boys" have in four reels of torrid love scenes is a masterpiece of understatement! He can slaughter all the "flatfoots" he wants to and I'll just coo, "Ain't he wonderful?" I won't stretch a fact by pretending that he is any Adonis—that convict hair-whack and mugg of his would never win any beauty contests—but I'd rather "take it on the lam" with Humphrey than visit a Manhattan clip joint with anyone else, even if they threw in a sable coat for good measure! I don't want to be famous or rich, but if "Bogie" needs a good gun-moll, I'll be thrilled to death to talk out of the side of my mouth forever!

In case you still don't know how I feel about that mobster, I'd rather have a ticket to one of his films than four new tires! If that ain't devotion, I give up!

JEAN AUSTIN,
Evansville, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE The Finest Tribute

MILLIONS of us have thrilled to the great performance of Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver." But the

finest tribute yet paid for the sincerity and reality of that performance came from the lips of a little boy in New York. Let me tell you the story. . . .

My family and I were seeing "Mrs. Miniver" one afternoon in Radio City. Seated behind us were a young mother and her small son. Like thousands of other Americans, they stayed to see part of the movie over again. Finally they *had* to leave, so the young lady took her son by the hand and started leading him up the exit aisle. Suddenly the boy disengaged himself, turned so that he was facing the stage, waved his hand and said wistfully, loud enough for the lovely lady on the screen to hear, "Good-by, Mrs. Miniver!"

MRS. HENDERSON FORSYTHE,
Petersburg, Va.

(Continued on page 86)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.



THE HOTTEST BAND IN THE LAND!

THE SCREEN'S MOST THRILLING LOVE STORY!

RADIO'S MOST ROMANTIC SINGER!

WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!

THE POWERS GIRL

What More Could Anyone Ask!

CHARLES R. ROGERS presents

MURPHY **SHIRLEY** **LANDIS**

BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

INTRODUCING THE SINGING STAR OF JACK BENNY'S RADIO PROGRAM **DENNIS DAY**

WITH THE POWERS LONG STEMMED AMERICAN BEAUTIES **ALAN MOWBRAY**

5 BIG SONGS!
"Partners" "Three Dreams"
"Out Of This World"
"The Lady Who Didn't Believe In Love" • We're Looking for the Big Bad Wolf"

Produced by **Charles R. Rogers** • Directed by **Norman Z. McLeod**

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN "THE POWERS GIRL" IS COMING!

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Screen play by E. Edwin Moran and Harry Segall
Based on a story by Wm. A. Pierce and Malvin Wald

RELEASING THEATRE MANAGER WHEN "THE POWERS GIRL" IS COMING!

A "stop, look but don't listen" picture (right) of Roz Russell, Cary Grant and Edward Everett Horton at the Screen Guild Show



(Left): Same time, same place, with Barbara Stanwyck and husband Bob Taylor doing a bit of radio dueting



Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

CLOSE Ups and Long Shots: Hollywood turned from its first throes of stage fright over the \$25,000 salary limit, with several actors jumping the gun by refusing to fulfill commitments, to turn puzzled eyes on the Skeltons. In a way the town feels a sense of responsibility toward Red and Edna, who for sixteen years waded through wretched poverty to hard-earned success as a vaudeville team. Edna wrote many of Red's skits and joined her husband in his act. They fought loud and noisily like many married couples who let off steam, but always their need of each other held them together.

Hollywood removed that need. There were writers, publicists and

people galore to flit around Red's head, supplying his wants, building his ego. Eventually the fights between the two grew less noisy and therefore more frightening. Finally one morning Edna drove Red to the studio and kept right on driving to a lawyer's office. The story of their impending divorce in the afternoon papers was Red's first intimation of Edna's serious intention. What it really boiled down to was a woman crying for help like a child who throws things when attention is diverted from itself.

Hollywood feels keenly about all this. Don't for a moment think it doesn't. Red remained in their new Brentwood home, the one he and

Edna had shown us through a few short weeks before, and Edna moved to a hotel, took a small office across the street and continued to pound out material for Red. It was announced she'd take on commitments for other comedians as well. Red sent flowers on the day she opened her office.

Then a day or two afterwards, the city desk of a local paper received the flash that Red had committed suicide. Publicity directors of M-G-M tumbled out of bed to answer clamoring phones. They in turn clamored away at Red's phone, forgetting for the moment that Red never answers phones. That was Edna's job, always. Dread grew in several hearts when the comedian failed to answer. In the



Three million-dollar showgirls at the Hollywood Canteen for service men—Ginny Simms, Rita Hayworth and Mary Martin in their intermission act



A look-see at what the West Side Tennis Club saw and admired: Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert

Snack-time at the West Side Tennis Club with Jane Wyman enjoying food, husband Ronald Reagan enjoying her



dawn there was a mad dash of pajamaed and overcoated gentlemen toward the Skelton manse. After repeated poundings, whoopings and screamings, an upstairs window banged up, a sleepy red head protruded and Red demanded, "What's going on around here, anyway?"

Everyone went back to bed satisfied. No one knows where the rumor originated. Names were named, that's all we can say.

One columnist inferred Red's mother and Edna's mother had prevailed upon him to take Edna back. He inferred Red liked things the way they were. Whoopee, it's fun being a movie star, isn't it?

Yes, Hollywood success can do

Loveliness



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Get Chamberlain's today. Use it often. Notice the difference it makes.

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to Fastidiousness
Thousands of fastidious women use Chamberlain's to soothe legs and skin roughened and chapped by oil and soap. They also use it on their hands. Try it.

Buy it at all
Toilet Goods Counters



Chamberlain's

Lotion



Hammer and tongs backstage among the Brentwood Service Players: Wielding a heavy hammer is Philip Dorn; following through are hard and happy workers Laraine Day, Allan Jones, Lee Bowman and Ruth Hussey

More monkeyshines
by moneymakers:
Philip Dorn at
the organ; Allan
Jones in voice



one of several things to people. For instance, it came to our ears recently that Ty Power, who, heaven knows, is everyone's idea of a successful star, is leaving for the wars a relatively poor man; a state of affairs, if true, that has served only to draw more closely together Ty and his wife Annabella. It seems almost incredible a man as successful as Ty could be broke—broke in the Hollywood sense, that is, with a large house and magnificent gardens.

From Tyrone himself we learned of his sad experience with a business associate. One morning, after years of hard work, the actor woke up to find his affairs a muddled, mismanaged mess with very little on the right side of the ledger. And what Hollywood itself doesn't dream is that just before he left the studio for his base camp, Ty signed the contract that placed him in the big money; an empty gesture at the moment and one that may remain empty for many a day.

But, as we said, all this has only served to draw more closely together

Ty and Annabella, who will work during her husband's absence. Wealth and fame couldn't part them. Neither can hard-going and separation.

With the Skeltons in mind interest has turned to another pair of newcomers just now emerging from the blackest sort of luck, poverty and its attending consequences. The boy's name is Cornel Wilde, who gets his first big break playing opposite Ida Lupino in "Tonight At Eight-thirty." Like Edna Skelton, Cornel's wife, Jana Lauren, has helped and suffered along with her husband. Someone said to us recently, "If I thought Hollywood would do to the Wildes what it has to the Skeltons, I'd—"

He sputtered and gave up for want of a fitting threat. But someday soon we're going to tell you about the Wildes in a story all their own.

Incidentally, the Skeltons may be back together again by the time you read this. We hope so. Hollywood hopes so. It needs its sleep these nights and a guilty conscience has never been conducive to slumber.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



A well-"suited" couple: Franchot Tone and Mrs. Tone giving the Mocambo audience a dance treat

What, Again?: Eyebrows shot up straight at the news that George Montgomery and Hedy Lamarr were dining together at the Cock And Bull. It wasn't so much that the pair, so cool since their parting, were dining together as the fact that it was on that very day George had lost his girl, the beauteous model-starlet Kay Williams, to Macoco, the South American millionaire. So was it sympathy that brought Hedy and George together the town wonders, or mutual loneliness?

Cal has had a lot of fun out of this romance, with Hedy's studio telephoning to say how persistently George was pursuing their beauty and the next minute George's studio phoning to say Hedy called George every day and that, with a friend, Hedy stole out to the studios in the evenings to look at George's pictures—which in our opinion should be enough to discourage anyone.

So now we're back on that beam again and—oops, pardon a minute, it's the telephone and ten to one the studios are at it again.

We'll let you know next month.

If We Had the Wings: What a month! Practically everyone landed in jail at one time or other and for the silliest reasons. It got to be com-

WARNER BROS.
All-time, All-Out,
All-American
Show-World
Miracle!

James Cagney
in the story of that
great entertainer and great American
GEO. M. COHAN
YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

with
JOAN LESLIE **WALTER HUSTON**
RICHARD WHORF ★
JEANNE CAGNEY FRANCES LANGFORD GEO. TOBIAS IRENE MANNING
Screen Play by Robert Buckner and Edmund Joseph
Original Story by Robert Buckner

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ
Lyrics and Music by
GEORGE M. COHAN

Never A Better Entertainment...
The Time to See it is NOW!

The hit that broke Broadway
records at \$2.20—showing at
**REGULAR
PRICES!**

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The Navy cuts in on the Army at the Hollywood Canteen. Reason for the fast work by the bluejacket—hostess Deanna Durbin



Lines of service men wait outside the Canteen just for a chance like this—a dance and some gay banter with Joan Leslie

John Payne used to be the lucky guy—now it's an Army two-striper who waltzes Anne Shirley around

ical, really, with studios, unable to locate actors, automatically phoning the local hoosegows with the request, "Is our star stopping at your ménage for the moment?"

Dennis Morgan spent seven hours in the Van Nuys jail for failing to have his draft card to show the police during a traffic altercation. Philip Dorn found himself about to be arrested in Monterey, California, while on a vacation with Mrs. Dorn. Stopping at an auto court, Philip telephoned the police a thief was trying to steal his car tire. When Philip couldn't find his draft card or explain why he hadn't registered under the name of Dorn (the Dutch actor always signs his real name of Van Dungan), he found the going tough. His studio, who was awaiting his presence for retakes, had no idea of his whereabouts or the cause of his delay.

Rags Ragland got out in time to wave to Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller going in. Both lads had been in a celebrating mood. Frances Farmer sassed a cop over a dimout charge and the Farmer was in the dell in no time.

Bud Abbott raced down to the police station to aid the manager of his cafe, grabbed on a dimout charge, and found himself incarcerated instead.

Gee whiz, what a time. Old Cal just grabbed that porch light in time to escape another of these "incidents." If a "For Rent" sign hangs out over this column next month you'll know

we joined the parade. Friday is visiting day. Write your old Uncle if he should get life.

War Versus Hollywood: No doubt about it, the war has brought on some peculiar developments, with former stars leaping to obey their corporals who were former extras and as far removed from a star's orbit as the earth from the sun.

A friend was telling us of a visit he paid to that radio group stationed at Santa Ana. Agent Freddy Brisson, who became a citizen one day and a

lieutenant in the United States Army the next, strolled over to visitor Major Donald Crisp, who had been a former client of Freddy's. Freddy touched his cap and greeted the actor he'd worked with with a "Hi, Donald."

Crisp eyed him coldly. "It's Major Crisp to you," he snapped. "Remember that, please, in the future." And as he turned to go he said, "That's not a regulation hat, either. Wear one in the future."

One hears tell Lt. Brisson obeyed. Incidentally, Hollywood refers to
(Continued on page 14)

The Dangerous Age for COLDS

Children under 12 have more colds than any other age group, and are more susceptible to the serious complications that often result from colds. Sinus and ear infections, and even more serious disorders, can often be traced to the repeated and severe colds of childhood. In later life children may be "under par" because of such complications. A cold, whether in a child or adult, is always a potential enemy . . . deserves to be treated accordingly.



New Light on the Importance of Antiseptic Gargle in Combating Colds

Unfortunately there is no known preventive for the Common Cold in children or in adults. Certainly Listerine Antiseptic is not such a specific. Yet careful tests, made over an 11-year period on human "guinea pigs", have proved that this safe, refreshing germicide is often a remarkably effective aid.

Fewer Colds in Tests

In these tests, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-users. Moreover, when colds and sore throats did develop among Listerine users, they were usually milder in character and disappeared more quickly.

The explanation for this success, we believe, is found in Listerine's quick germ-killing action. Listerine spreads over mouth and throat surfaces; it kills millions of threatening germs on these surfaces known as the "secondary invaders" which, when body resistance

is lowered, may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate infection.

In other words, it attacks these germs before they attack you. Note Listerine Antiseptic's record:

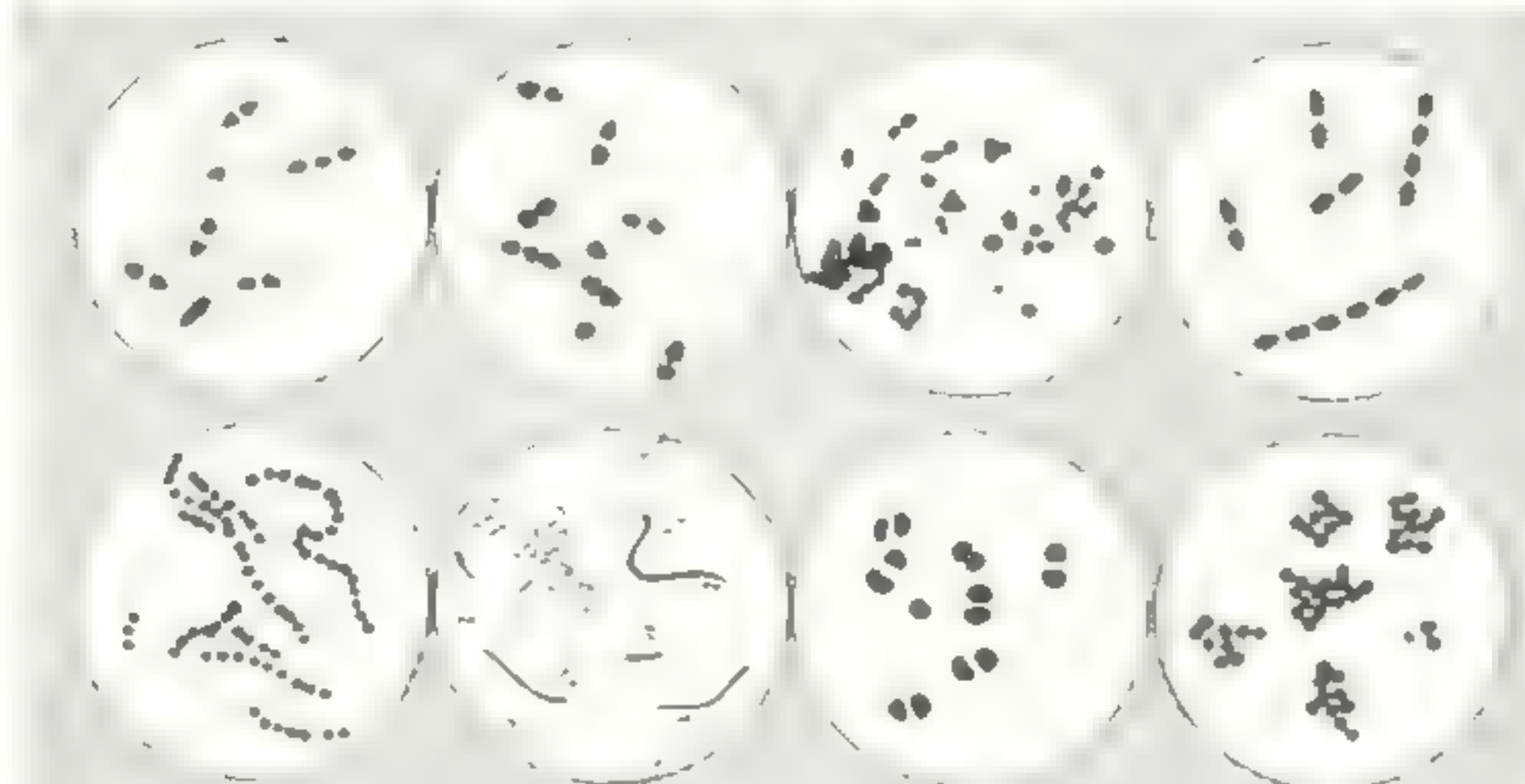
Outstanding Germ Reductions

Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour later. You can see the importance of using Listerine at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic may not *always* keep you or your child from catching colds. It may not *always* lessen the severity of a cold. Yet we think you will agree, in the light of the above record, that Listerine Antiseptic is a precaution deserving of your most serious consideration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic *for oral hygiene*

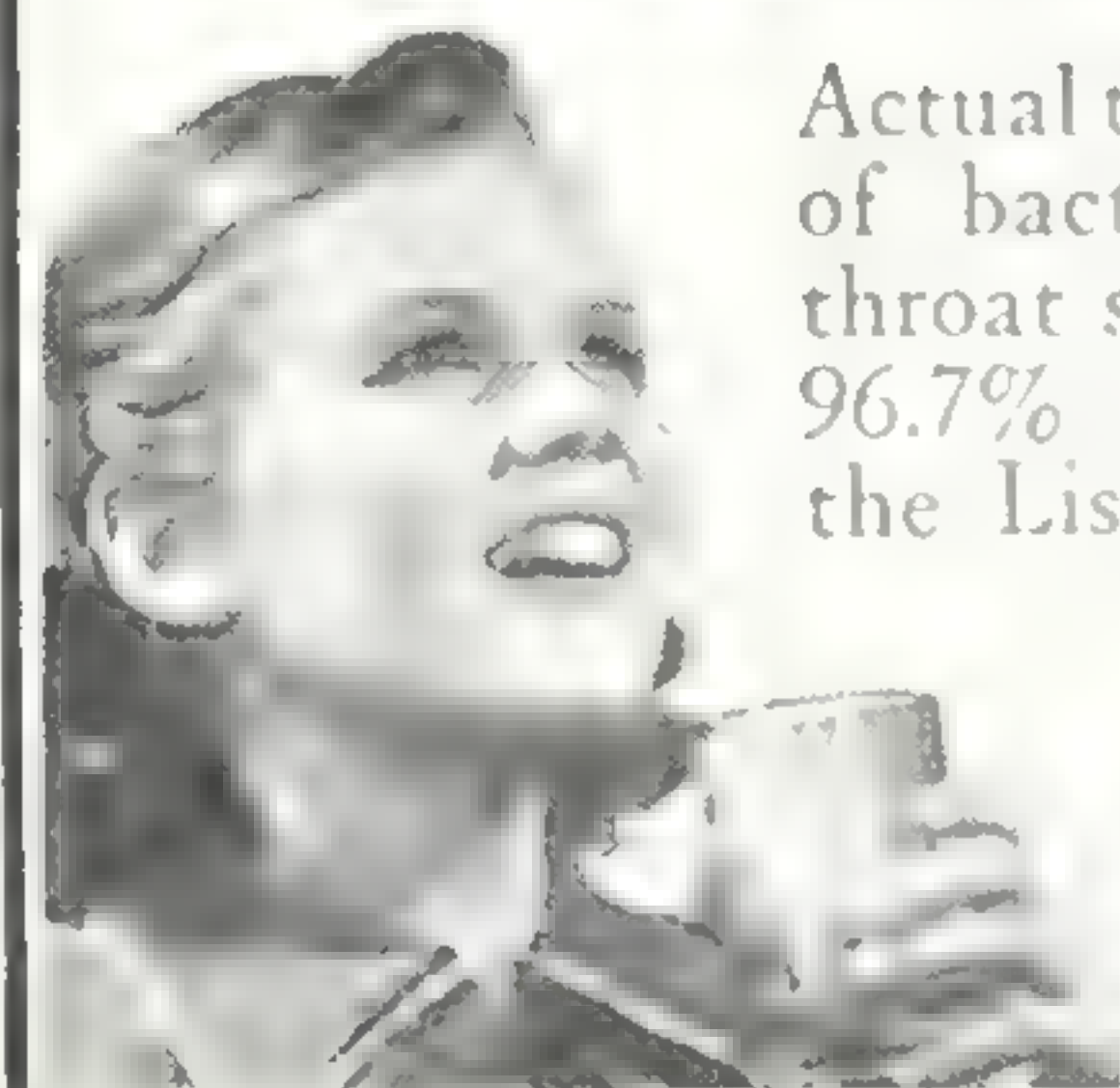


TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs



Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

It's a
BIG SPECTACLE

IT'S ALL NEW!

**IT'S GAY! IT'S GLORIOUS!
IT'S GLAMOROUS!**

Here's the Winter's Wonder Show! Dazzling with sensational ice routines! Studded with stars galore! Teeming with grand song hits! Don't miss a single thrilling moment!



with Jerry Colonna, Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague), Harold Huber, Marilyn Hare, Bill Shirley

Featuring the Ice-Capades Company

with Internationally Famous Skating Stars

including Vera Hruba, Megan Taylor, Lois Dworshak, Donna Atwood

VERA HRUBA... You'll never forget her Ice Hula! It melts the rink!



It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



Twosome tricks at the Mocambo, starring the newest Hollywood romance, Ginger Rogers and Phil Reed. Serious? Well, you know Ginger. . . .

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

(Continued from page 12)

that unit stationed at Hal Roach Studios as the Culver City Commandos. Hollywood knows how to kid its own.

The Halls of Brentwood: The phone rang. It was Frances Langford. "Just back from Alaska," she said. "Come on down." In thirty minutes flat we were walking up the driveway to the spacious, lovely Brentwood home shared by Frances and her husband, Jon Hall. Spellbound, we listened for three hours to the adventures of Frances, Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. What a story! And how near death came this band of minstrels as they flew through the fogs and storms of the Northland!

Frances paused suddenly in the midst of a story to listen. "Johnny's coming home," she said. "I can hear the put-put of his motorcycle."

A minute later tall, handsome Jon breezed in from his day's stint in the picture, "White Savage," at Universal Studios. After a bit of baiting on our part, Jon regaled us with stories of his reported feud with Maria Montez, his sparring partner in the picture. In no time at all Frances and Cal were in hysterics at Jon's drollery and the unbelievable antics of la Montez, who that day had chosen to upset Sabu out of his Indian calm.

Jon told us that for one scene he wore heavy chains which he had to drag up and down a pair of stairs

while Montez delivered a line of dialogue, which she invariably muffed. After the 'steenth time Jon protested. "Listen, Mr. Hall," came back Miss Montez, "I'm not reading the line wrong. Remember, I have a photographic mind."

"Photographic mind, eh?" came back Jon. "Well, if you ask me, it's been overexposed."

The ensuing fireworks were magnificent. We chuckled about them all the way home.

A Man's Gratitude: On a tour of Universal Studios in search of news for our readers, we happened, deep on the back lot, to witness an odd scene. Lon Chaney Jr. was affectionately rubbing the head of a rather weatherbeaten horse and muttering all sorts of complimentary phrases. We must have looked quizzical, for Lon explained that this horse deserved praise; that because it had remained absolutely still in a moment of crisis, he had not been deprived of one leg and Madame Ouspenskaya had not had both legs amputated.

It seems the pair were riding in a heavy iron cart through a wooded path on the set of "Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man," when suddenly the cart overturned, pinning them both underneath. Had the horse bolted, the accident would have had unthinkable consequences. Instead, he had stood still midst the cries and confusion until Lon and Madame could be extracted. Madame's leg was fractured. Lon suffered severe cuts.

"He may not be a thoroughbred," the actor said, patting the horse again, "but he displayed thoroughbred qual-

ities at a time they were needed most and that's enough for me."

"Me, too," Cal agreed and helped himself to a pat. It occurred to us on our way home that despite Lon's "Wolf Man" make-up we'd remember only the kindness and gratitude of this player of monsters. Gosh, it's the first time old Cal ever thought he'd approve of a Wolf!

Love Out of Bloom: It was nine o'clock in the evening and Cal was deep in his "Inside Stuff" column when the telephone rang. "This is Alan Curtis," the voice on the other end informed us. We were a bit surprised, as we'd met Alan only occasionally.

"There's a story out that I've been escorting Marie MacDonald around," he said—in a most unhappy tone, we might add. "It isn't true and I wanted to ask you how I could go about having it denied."

"Afraid Ilona will misunderstand?" we asked.

"Yes, I don't want her to think I'm going out with anyone else since our separation."

From her close friends we learn Ilona loves Alan, too. Seems to be a case of can't-live-with-and-can't-live-without-each-other.

Too bad, too, for if ever there was a handsome couple it's this one. Cal hopes with all his heart they may once again find the road to happiness.

Romance Notes: When Walter Kane temporarily won out in the divorce hearing with his wife, Lynn Bari, by protesting he might be able to win her back, he was but idly wishing. Lynn is still heart-tied to test pilot Sid Luft and now that the property settlement between Lynn and agent Kane has been effected, friends look for an early divorce. . . .

It's Phil Reed who is escorting Ginger Rogers hither and yon these days. But don't take it seriously. You know Ginger. . . .

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens of the Army have tested out the separation plan and found it not to their liking. Friends say if Craig is stationed near Hollywood the pair will wed. . . .

The rumors persist that Olivia de Havilland spends all her spare time writing to Lt. John Huston, former Warner director, who is estranged from his wife. This is a romance to watch. . . .

Briefettes: The very British Charles Laughtons are about to become American citizens.

Pretty Brenda Joyce, wife of Lt. Owen Ward, is the mother of a little daughter, Pamela Ward.

Hollywood agrees no one can re-

It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!



Warmer clothes and indoor living increase risk of offending. Use Mum every day!

SOcial get-togethers, parties and indoor fun make it doubly important now to never risk charm! Though the calendar says Winter, it's still Summer under your arms—still an August temperature of 98°. So don't take chances with underarm odor.

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—*stays longer* in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl

who thinks that in Winter she doesn't perspire!

Why risk offending! Use speedy Mum after your morning bath, before your evening dates to prevent risk of underarm odor for hours *to come*! Winter as in Summer, let Mum save your time, your clothes, your popularity and charm! Get Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.



Take no chances! Your morning bath, your before-date shower wash away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*. Mum takes only half a minute!



Woolens trap odor—a hazard socially and in business. *Stay* dainty, appealing with quick, convenient Mum. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. It's harmless to fabrics.



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Daintiness lasts with Mum! Even through hours of dancing, dependable Mum prevents risk of odor. Gentle Mum won't irritate sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving.



when **UNWANTED HAIR** is
REMOVED this Quick,
Easy, Modern Way!

Why risk the loss of romance and popularity because of superfluous hair, when it is removed from lips and cheeks so easily — *instantly* — with Lechler's famous VELVATIZE — the "complexion stone" that leaves your skin smooth and glamorous, with flower-petal loveliness! Immediately, it improves your personal charm and beauty!

USE ON ARMS AND LEGS, TOO!

Complete instructions are included for simple use of VELVATIZE on any part of the body! Carry Lechler's handy VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use it any time, anywhere, for occasional eradication. So easy and clean — odorless — no muss, no bother — nothing to wash off. NOT a depilatory! Simply "erase" the hair! Lechler's VELVATIZE comes in a smart pastel compact. Equally effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth! Enough in one compact for FULL SEASON'S USE.



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POSTPAID
FOR ONLY \$1.00

If your Druggist is not supplied, mail the Coupon today. Enclose only \$1.00, and we pay postage. Or C.O.D. plus few cents postage. Sent by return mail in sealed plain wrapper.

Lechler's VELVATIZE

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560 Broadway, New York City

Send Lechler's VELVATIZE compact with simple, easy instructions. I enclose \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ Check if ordered C.O.D. plus few cents postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

Mrs. Van Heflin makes a point at the West Side Tennis Club for Ava Gardner, husband Mickey Rooney and Van Heflin

place Edna May Oliver, whose passing saddened the entire colony.

Phil Harris, Jack Benny's favorite radio foil and husband of Alice Faye, along with his entire band enlisted in the Merchant Marines. Harris will be made a lieutenant junior grade at a salary of \$282 monthly. He will continue on the Benny show until called.

Lt. Clark Gable is now a tail gunner aboard a Flying Fortress, which is exactly the job he wanted. And Clark earned it, too.

Nosey News: That quarrel staged by Lana Turner and husband Steve Crane was really a piperoo.

But next day Lana had cooled down. "Last night," she told a friend, "I was all set to leave Steve. But I'm over it now and I love him, so it's forgotten."

Hear tell Roz Russell is resting at Palm Springs because she's going to become a mother. A friend told us Roz frankly admitted as soon as she'd gotten married she intended to have a child. But at that she'll be a wonderful mother.

Despite all studio protests the romance of Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature continues apace. Just to be sure every spare moment he has from service is shared with her, Rita has taken a small apartment in Long Beach. And brother, that's love, take our word for it. . . .

All the kicking and balking and suspensions and slapping down actors is over for Georgie Raft at Warner Brothers. George asked for and received his release from that studio and, shhh, it's a secret, but Cal hears Raft and Grable may do a Broadway play later on. What an attraction that would be!

North-of-the-Border News: Canada has eliminated Dinnerware Night in

all Canadian theaters.

The order is far-reaching and chinaware is out for the duration as a "trade inducement, attendance inducement, prize or award or in exchange for coupons or coupons and cash or in any similar manner." This bans the giving away of chinaware not only by movie theaters but as premiums.

Ceramic products include all kinds of ceramic and clay tableware, dinnerware and kitchenware, whether imported or of Canadian manufacture.

The order is designed to conserve available supplies of chinaware and crockery. The Dominion, in its all-out war effort, faces a shortage of man and woman power and is weeding out all unnecessary manufactures and curtailing essentials down to actual needs.

Thumbnail Sketch of a New Star: He comes from Cal's home-town—Pittsburgh. But even before we knew that we liked him. We liked him when we watched him make several scenes with Judy Garland on the set of "For Me And My Gal." We liked him when we sat through the picture and realized here was a new hit, a new star for Hollywood.

His name is Kelly—Gene Kelly, who knocked New York audiences cold with his performance as *Pal Joey*.

Together, the two of us sat over a coke recently and talked of home. Of Squirrel Hill, and Cal's little suburban town of Elizabeth, and the Schenley Hotel. We talked of the Joseph Horne store and the University of Pittsburgh, too, where Gene graduated in the class of 1933 and of the three large Gene Kelly dance studios that are still going in and around Pittsburgh.

He gave up the easy money to go to New York. He got a job in the

chorus of "Leave It To Me." Next he danced in "One For The Penny," played summer stock, staged all the dances for Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe show and George Abbott's "Best Foot Forward."

Sweet Betsy Blair, just sixteen at the time and a dancer, mistook young Gene for a mere errand boy and snubbed him during his dance-directing days. When she discovered who he was she nearly fainted.

She ended up by becoming Mrs. Kelly. They live in Beverly Hills now and she and Gene will be papa and mama by the time you read this.

Judy thinks he's a wonderful partner. You will, too, or we miss our guess. Take a look at "For Me And My Gal" and you'll know why we're for him.

Joan—The Brave: It came to our ears several months ago that the baby boy in the Joan Crawford household was no longer there. Rumors had it an unpleasant situation had arisen that was breaking Joan's heart, so we refrained from mentioning the incident, lest we, in some way, say something that might complicate things.

Now it can be told that Joan returned the little boy, Christopher, the child she'd had for over a year and loved so much, to the parents who had learned a big movie star had the baby.

Hollywood, who appreciates the splendid care and deep love Joan showers on her children, offers its sympathy and salutes her wisdom and courage in the decision she made.

I'll Take Vanilla: The telephone rang at the local U.S.O. center. It was Ginger Rogers again, asking for six

The girl who "brings the house down" according to Cal York at the Hollywood Canteen—singer Betty Hutton



Does your One face cream do All these Four things?



I bring your skin
4 aids to beauty in
a single jar of cream!

By *Lady Esther*



**Is your skin
dry and flaky?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream softens your skin—relieves dryness and flaking.



**Do you have
blackheads?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleans out the tiny mouths of the pores.



**Tiny lines
around eyes?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps smooth away little lines due to dryness.



**Do you have
big pores?**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream works with nature—helps nature refine the pores.

SURELY you aren't using a lot of different kinds of creams and lotions in times like these! But are you sure the *one cream* you use takes care of the 4 vital needs of your skin?

Today more than ever the face cream for which you spend your money must do a "war-time job." It must help prevent the dryness that often causes wrinkles and tiny lines. It must help banish the three worst enemies of your skin: grease, grime and grit—especially if you are doing war work of any kind and exposing your skin to these dangers.

You can count on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *by itself* to help keep your skin fresh, radiant and attractive! For this one scientific face cream brings you 4 vital aids to beauty! (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin and relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It leaves a perfect, *non-sticky* base for powder.

Send for your generous tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (82)

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

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(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)

DON'T FORGET YOUR SCALP PERSPIRES TOO!



THE girl who knows the secret of charm, takes precautions against scalp odor. She knows that the scalp perspires the same as the rest of the skin. Take no chance of ruining your popularity. Shampoo your hair and scalp regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo.

Because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar, this wonderful shampoo works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor. It cleanses so gently and thoroughly—and the delicate pine-woods fragrance does its work, then disappears.

Get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo today at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



HOW TO TREAT "TEEN-AGE" SKIN

Don't risk making surface pimples worse by picking them. Instead, thinly cover each with Poslam, leaving some on overnight, if necessary. It hardly shows on the skin; girls can apply make-up right over Poslam. The powerful properties of this CONCENTRATED ointment work wonders in relieving that itch, redness and angry look; it's brought swift, happy results to thousands during 35 successful years. Only 50¢, all druggists.

FREE: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. 2W, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. City.

POSLAM

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Romance resumed: Jackie Cooper gets together again with best girl Bonita Granville at the Beverly Hills Hotel



Romance continuous: Bride Ruth Hussey and husband Bob Longenecker stirring things up at the West Side Tennis Club

boys in uniform to come up to her home and see a picture with her.

After the picture and a swim, Ginger got behind her famous soda fountain and began filling orders. "Gee," said one kid from Iowa, "my girl is a soda-jerker back home, but she'll never believe I'm having a soda you made, Miss Rogers. Not in a million years."

Ginger took the costume jewelry ring off her little finger. "Here," she said. "Give her this and tell her it's from one soda-jerker to another."

Killer With a Smile: He walked into a Paramount projection room and sat down, that crooked smile on a sensitive face, gray eyes topped by very

blonde, straight hair, a look of shy embarrassment broadening the crooked grin. It occurred to Cal then that this Alan Ladd is just about the most modest chap in town.

"Come over to my dressing room after the picture," he said, "I want to talk to you." We went. He wanted to thank us for the kind words we'd said about his work. (With work like his, who wouldn't say kind words?) He's that kind of a person, you see.

Over the tea table we chatted about the times when as a kid he'd sneaked over the back fences of this very studio; to play on the sound stages; and of times during his radio and Little Theater days when he'd had

nothing to eat but a chocolate bar; and how the studio had first insisted upon changing his name to Bob Gregory but his agent had wisely insisted that it be left Ladd.

We left with the most favorable impression we'd ever garnered from a newcomer. And incidentally, your letters, four huge piles of them, were neatly stacked on his dressing-room desk ready to be answered. Glad to have you there in spirit at least—and maybe Ladd isn't, too!

Last-Minute Reports: Oleg Cassini was suddenly transferred from the Coast Guard to the Cavalry, which means Gene Tierney will transfer her San Pedro visits to another and more distant point . . .

Victor Mature's G. I. haircut has cut down his glamour appeal, but doesn't seem to affect his appeal with Rita Hayworth, whose coiffure makes up in curly fussiness what Vic's lacks in waviness . . .

The tragic plight of Barbara Bennett, who lost the custody fight for her five children and whose three-day disappearance in Hollywood caused considerable alarm, has touched filmtown deeply. Certainly there are two sides to the situation and much more than meets the casual eye, but sympathy is none the less given. The mother of Miss Bennett's ex-husband, Morton Downey, has the children in the East. Rumor has it Barbara and her present husband, Addison Randall, are about to be separated . . .

Hollywood said good-by to two men this month with another, Tyrone Power, scheduled to leave any minute.

Henry Fonda, after his assignment in "The Immortal Sergeant" was finished, took the oath as an humble seaman. Henry has been studiously engaged at mathematical problems during his off hours in hopes of qualifying as a gunner's mate.

Hollywood said good-by, too, to Lt. Van Heflin of the Field Artillery.

After two years of R.O.T.C. training in High School and three years at the University of Oklahoma, (some years ago) Van was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery and sent off to Fort Sill for advanced training. Later he was placed in inactive reserve. But that wasn't enough for Van who had traveled the world on Merchant Marine ships and become a Third Mate.

So is it any wonder the Army was delighted to have so militarily informed a lad enlist again. His commission (which he did not ask for) was voluntarily bestowed upon him.

His wife, Frances Neal, who will become a mother in the spring, has been placed under contract by Van's own studio, M-G-M.

"Your Fate is Love— when your Hands have winning softness"

says

Irene Hervey



★ Glorious Irene Hervey with Allan Jones, Universal Pictures' Stars. Aren't her hands adorable! Irene uses Jergens.

"It's up to a girl, herself, to have nice hands," says Irene Hervey, one of Hollywood's lovely Stars. "Jergens Lotion is easy to use and it does help prevent mortifying roughness. Yes—I use Jergens; and I hear the other Stars in Hollywood prefer Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1."



You have Hollywood's HAND Care—

And it's next to professional care for your hands—when you use Jergens Lotion regularly. Even "forgotten hands" soon lose their ill-bred coarseness. Many doctors help rough skin to the loveliest silken-smoothness with 2 very special ingredients, which are both in Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to \$1.00 a bottle. See for yourself. Jergens Lotion is a joy to use—fragrant, and not a bit sticky.

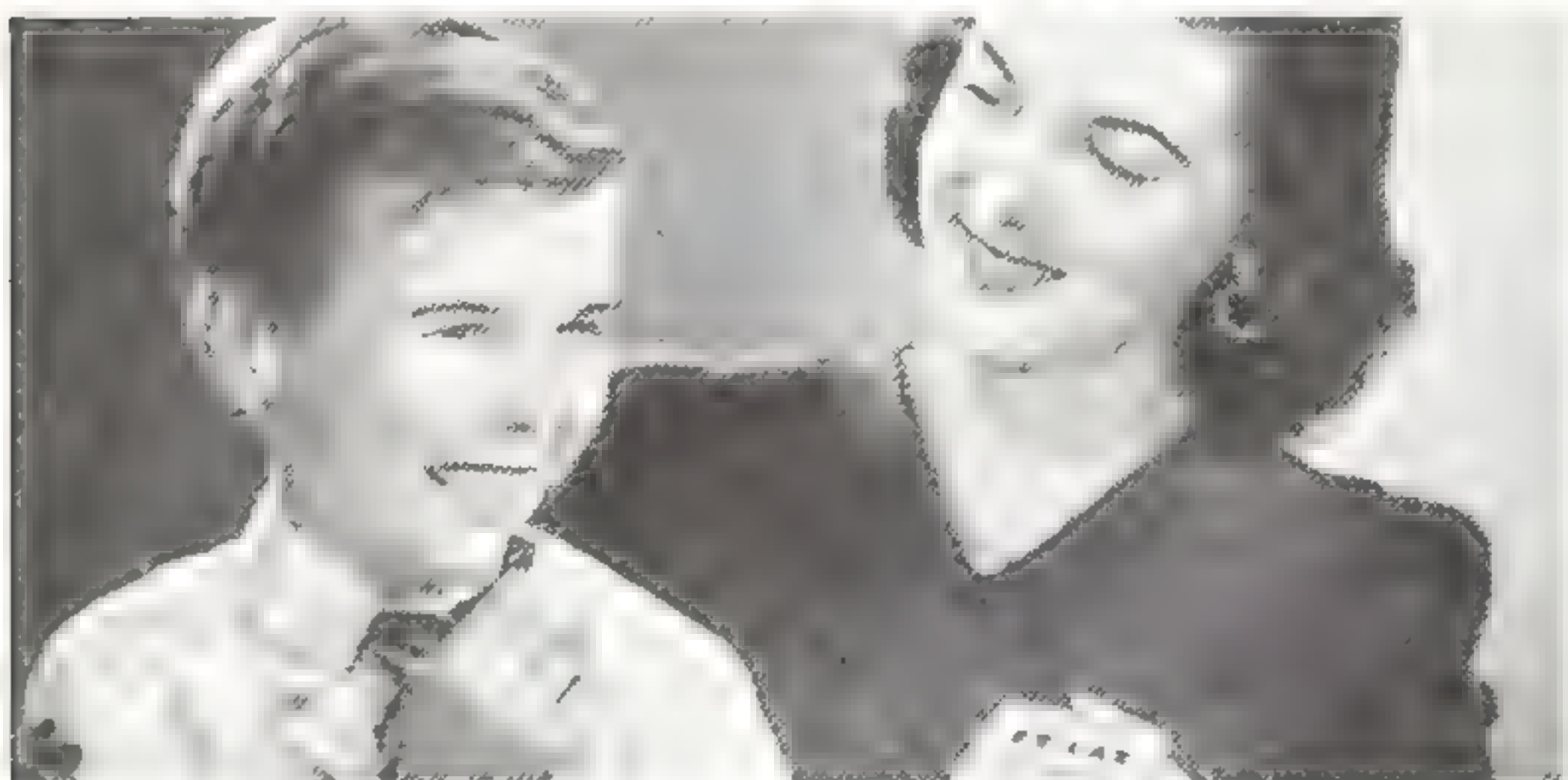
Jergens Lotion

for Soft, Adorable HANDS



I DIDN'T MEAN TO, of course. But Dickie had such a dislike for that laxative I gave him, he'd actually fib when he needed relief. The stuff really tasted awful! And it acted even worse. It was just *too strong!*

SO, I TRIED giving him another laxative—with no better luck. Dickie would gag on it every time. And, when he did get some down, it only stirred him up and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just *too mild!*



IT WAS A LUCKY DAY for Dickie and me when I finally changed to Ex-Lax! He simply loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works. It's not too strong, not too mild . . . it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

**IF YOU HAVE A COLD
AND NEED A LAXATIVE —**

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX
10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores



Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME by wonderful improved method. Simple as A-B-C. Your lessons consist of real selections, instead of tiresome exercises. You read real notes, —no "numbers" or trick music. Many of our 700,000 students are band LEADERS. Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how. Soon you may become an excellent musician.

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Instrument Have you Instrument?

Name

Address



Benched for a lively United Artists movie: Jim Brown, Barbara Britton of "Young And Willing"

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **ACROSS THE PACIFIC**—Warners: Exciting, well-done melodrama about the roundup of Jap spies and saboteurs by an American agent, with Humphrey Bogart as the agent, Sidney Greenstreet as a Jap agent and Mary Astor as a mysterious damsel. The three principals cook up a lot of excitement and thrills. (Nov.)

ATLANTIC CONVOY—Columbia: This story of a Marine base off the Iceland coast is a timely little number. A mysterious weather man, John Beal, is suspected of being the tip-off agent to Nazi submarines interfering with our convoys. Virginia Field plays a rescued nurse and Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer. (Dec.)

✓ **BERLIN CORRESPONDENT**—20th Century Fox: A neat little package of melodrama, with Dana Andrews an American news commentator in Berlin who slips information via air to his New York paper. When pro-Nazi Virginia Gil more sets out to trap him, she discovers how own father to be the informer. (Nov.)

✓✓ **BETWEEN US GIRLS**—Universal: Diana Barrymore scores a knockout as the daughter who hopes to help along her mother's romance with John Boles by posing as a twelve-year-old. Robert Cummings, a friend of Boles, attempts to amuse little Diana and finds himself a victim of riotous conspiracy. Kay Francis is beautiful as the mother, and Andy Devine very good. (Nov.)

✓ **BIG STREET, THE**—RKO-Radio: An unexpected delight in this Damon Runyon story. Its aura of unusualness, its charm and appeal are strictly Runyonesque. Lucille Ball is the ruthlessly unfeeling night-club performer, permanently crippled, and Henry Fonda is the bus boy who blindly adores and serves her. Both give superb performances and create living characters. (Nov.)

✓✓ **BLACK SWAN, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power scores mightily as the reformed pirate who casts his lot with Laird Cregar and with the aid of Thomas Mitchell sets out to clear the sea of pirates, including George Sanders. Enamored of beautiful Maureen O'Hara who spurns him, Tyrone kidnaps her on his way to the sea. It's colorful, rowdy and romantic. (Jan.)

BUSSES ROAR—Warners: Spies and saboteurs commandeer the night bus from Los Angeles to San Francisco, planting a bomb timed to explode as the bus reaches vital oil fields, but, like the story, the bomb fails to explode at the right time. Richard Travis is a passenger Marine; Peter Whitney as a Nazi and Julie Bishop as a stranded passenger are among those present. (Nov.)

CAIRO—M-G-M: This isn't very good, but it does have its moments of fun with Bob Young as an American correspondent in Cairo and Jeanette MacDonald as an American singer who's the dupe of Nazi sympathizers. The way the two chase each other around is a caution. Jeanette sings beautifully and Ethel Waters is superb as the maid. (Nov.)

CANAL ZONE—Columbia: It's the same old story of the young upstart in aviation training who finally gets his come-uppance and turns out to be a man and a hero. John Hubbard is the believable smartie, Chester Morris the flying instructor, and Harriet Hilliard the lone female of the cast. (Nov.)

BRIEF REVIEWS

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDERS—20th Century Fox: Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington socialite scatterbrain, gets involved with Nazi agents under the impression that they're our own Secret Service men. Jimmy Ellison is the strong armed boy friend and Sheila Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. (Dec.)

CITY OF SILENT MEN—P.R.C.: When a small town mayor turns over a local cannery to a group of ex-convicts as a rehabilitation experiment, the town folk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley and Emmett Lynn head the cast, but the picture's strictly small-time. (Dec.)

✓✓ **DESPERATE JOURNEY**—Warners: A thriller in this melodrama, telling of the adventures of a group of R.A.F. flyers whose bomber crashes in Germany. They escape the Germans and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey and make their way back to England. Errol Flynn is the squadron leader and the flyers include Ronald Regan and Alar Hale. (Nov.)

DRUMS OF THE CONGO—Universal: It seems we need certain meteoric mineral for our defense industries, so Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to the African jungle to get it, but he

SHADOW STAGE

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finds that foreign agents are also after it. Ona Munson is the brave woman doctor, Peggy Moran a girl spy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show. (Dec.)

EYES IN THE NIGHT—M-G-M: Ann Harding comes back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up the romance of her daughter, Donna Reed, with John Emery. There's also a plot to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's invention. It's blind man Edward Arnold who, with the aid of his dog, discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. (Dec.)

FALCON'S BROTHER, THE — RKO-Radio: George Sanders bows out of this series, and his real-life brother, Tom Conway, takes over, but this latest of the series is only fair. The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine. Jane Randolph, Don Barclay and Key Luke roam around. (Jan.)

FLYING FORTRESS—Warners: You'll see Richard Greene in this English-made film, in which he plays an American playboy who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newspaperwoman and joins the R.A.F. The air-raid scenes in the American-made bomber are thrilling, but the English interpretations of Americans are most unconvincing. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FLYING TIGERS**—Republic: A thrilling, heart-stirring film based on the adventures of the volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause. John Wayne, the squadron leader; John Carroll, the braggadocio; Edmund MacDonald, Paul Kelly and Gordon Jones give us a page of American history that should make every American proud of his race. (Dec.)

FOREIGN AGENT—Monogram: Another spy-ring story, but this time the baddies wend their way after the usual secret invention in and out of studios and Los Angeles environs. John Shelton and Gale Storm are the romantic leads and Ivan Lebedeff and George Travell stir things up a bit. There's plenty of action. (Dec.)

✓ **FOREST RANGERS**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard, to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tries to get him away. More important than the fine cast, which also includes Albert Dekker, Eugene Pallette and Lynne Overman, is the succession of tremendous fire scenes, magnificently photographed in Technicolor. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FOR ME AND MY GAL**—M-G-M: A musical knockout, with George Murphy losing his vaudeville partner, Judy Garland, to Gene Kelly. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when he's attracted to Marta Eggerth, then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. But then comes World War I and Gene pays dearly for his unpatriotism. You're bound to love this picture. (Dec.)

GALLANT LADY—P.R.C.: Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is sent to prison on charges of a mercy killing and is forced to participate in a jail break. When she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer, and then decides to marry him, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues. (Jan.)

✓✓ **GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE**—Warners: Even Washington himself would have laughed at the trials and tribulations of Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan when they find themselves in a dilapidated country house long on tradition and short on bathrooms. Complications pile on when Jack becomes jealous of neighbor Harvey Stephens and rascally young Douglas Croft descends upon them. It's a howl. (Dec.)

✓ **GIVE OUT, SISTERS**—Universal: It's corny, it's funny, it's lively and abloom with music and singing. Grace McDonald plays a young heiress gone jitterbug mad and Dan Dailey Jr. is her band-leader beau. The Andrews Sisters introduce four new songs and the Jivin' Jacks 'n' Jills dance new steps. (Dec.)

✓✓ **GLASS KEY, THE**—Paramount: Alan Ladd scores again as the pal of political boss Brian Donlevy, who finds himself suspected of murder. Veronica Lake strolls through with a monotonous performance, but William Bendix, Bonita Granville and Joseph Calleia give swell performances. (Dec.)

HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI—Universal: Passengers aboard a train bound for Rangoon become involved in a murder mystery when a man escaping with plans of defense in China is killed. American engineer Kent Taylor, Irene Hervey, Nazi sympathizer Charlotte Wynters, and George Zucco are among the passengers. (Dec.)

✓✓ **HARD WAY, THE**—Warners: Ida Lupino plays her role of a relentlessly selfish woman who promotes her younger sister, Joan Leslie, to perfection. Equally fine is the performance of Jack Carson as the lovable but dumbish vaudevillian who marries Joan and rescues them both from their miserable surroundings. Dennis Morgan, Leona Maricle and Gladys Cooper are also good. (Dec.)

HELLO, ANNAPOLIS—Columbia: Jean Parker refuses to marry Tom Brown unless he enters Annapolis. When he attempts to trick her into marriage, Joan turns the tables and tricks him into

(Continued on page 103)

**Look Your
Loveliest
with
GLAMOROUS
HAIR**



Linda Darnell, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S to condition scalp and hair. GLOVER'S helps to give the hair a soft and natural-looking appearance!



HOLLYWOOD speaks through lovely Linda Darnell, one of the many movie stars who keep their hair charming and refreshed with the systematic use of the famous **GLOVER'S MEDICINAL** treatment so popular with millions of men and women! **GLOVER'S** is not merely a "scented preparation"—it's definitely a *medicinal* application which you can use, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. **TRY** it today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, *instantly*—and you'll be delighted with the results! Ask for

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NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



BEAUTY HANDBILL

BY GLORIA MACK

HANDY IDEAS

 Put a little perfume in the palm of your hand for an elusive scent that will linger longer in the winter air.

Plunge your nails deep into a cake of soap before any rub-and-scrub work. It keeps the nails from breaking, keeps the grime from discoloring your white tips.

Change your mind

 —about gloves. They're not just the hand-warmers or the style-setters you wear on the street. They're the insurance against ugly hands. Promise yourself never, never to do hard work without wearing them.

—about buying hand lotions or creams, just because the bottles or jars are attractive. Resolve to buy the kind that does the best job for your hands and to use the lotion or cream every single time you dip your hands in water.

—about a hand brush. It's not for occasional weekly use on a special clean-up process; it's for a daily scrubbing ritual to make your knuckles as soft and white as the palm of your hand.

—about the word "exercise." It takes in more than the body twists and turns that make you cut a pretty figure. It means hand exercise, too, all-important for keeping the wrists from being tense, training them to be relaxed, which is the first requisite for graceful hands. So, in odd moments, sit and quite literally wring your hands, shaking the wrists, until your hands are as poised as a ballet dancer's.

Hand-out from Hedy

 From the Lamarr lady, said by ace cameraman Joe Ruttenberg to have the most expressive hands in Hollywood: "The care of the hands shouldn't be seasonal by any means. The sun and wind are just as drying as cold winter weather, so I have formed a habit of using a light hand lotion the year around.

"Personally, I use my hands for numerous hobbies—needlework, painting bookshelves, moving furniture and gardening—so I find it necessary to wash my hands numerous times daily, after which I use a lotion suitable for all seasons. Also I have found it beneficial to use a natural mineral oil to discourage the little annoying tufts of hangnails that are often apt to appear after any 'laboring' use of the hands."

Watch Out

 —for stains on your fingers. They can ruin the prettiest manicure. Conduct inspection under a strong light, bleach out the stains. What's better, don't let them get there in the first place. Use the new protective film that war-workers are spreading over hands and arms. It washes off when the dirty work is done.

Listen, Ladies!

NEVER POINT!

 It's not a pretty gesture, and furthermore it's one from which the male instinctively shies.

—when, upon meeting that newest guy in khaki, you discover that the hand you present turns out to be a reddened veteran of your winter walks. Instead, before you go into any heated room from the cold outdoors, take a minute or two to hold your hands upright. That draws the blood away from the fingertips, leaves your hands pale and pretty.

Clap hard

 —as the boys go marching by with a pair of hands that advertise you as a lady who cares.



*"My love has wondrous
lustrous hair"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



SPARKLE AND LOOK GAY, when you play! This jet-trimmed, street-length dress and the shining satin gloves represent the newest note in after-dark fashions. The simple, but dramatic, new hair-do owes much of its beauty to Special Drene Shampoo!

**Why Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added is
the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap
... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!**

Do you want alluring hair, the kind men adore ... gleaming with lustre, sparkling with highlights? Then don't go on using soaps or liquid soap shampoos! Because soaps *always* leave a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre!

But *Special Drene* is different! It *never* leaves any dulling film! What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings, the first time you use it. That's why *Special Drene* reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!

And due to the wonderful hair conditioner now in it, *Special Drene* now leaves hair far more glamorous ... silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness. If you haven't tried *Drene* lately you'll be amazed! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous and at

the same time so manageable. Only *Special Drene* with Hair Conditioner added!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

No shampoo known today is superior to *Special Drene* for removing dandruff ... not even those claiming to be "dandruff remover" shampoos. For *Special Drene*'s super-cleansing action removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it ... yet is so safe!

So don't put off trying this wonderful shampoo! For economy, buy the larger sizes. Or get a *Special Drene* shampoo at your beauty shop.

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, makers of *Special Drene*, after painstaking search and exhaustive laboratory tests of all types of shampoos, have found no other shampoo which leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Use *Special Drene*! It never leaves any dulling film. What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings.

That's why *Special Drene* reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!



**Special Drene
with
*Hair Conditioner***

FIGHTING TIGRESS!

Here is fiery romance
amid the flame and violence
of today's mighty conflict!



GENE TIERNEY
GEORGE MONTGOMERY
LYNN BARI

in
CHINA GIRL

with
**VICTOR
McLAGLEN**

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

and
ALAN BAXTER • SIG RUMANN
MYRON MCCORMICK • BOBBY BLAKE

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY
Produced and Written by BEN HECHT

*Captain Fifi—
115 pounds of
curves, crooked-
ness and kisses!*



Hollywood Street Scene

COMING back to Hollywood after an absence has the excitement of a second date with a beautiful woman you've never been able to forget since your first meeting.

In the space of a week after your plane streams out of the grayness of an early winter mist onto the landing field at Burbank, you have seen and recorded the following:

Cary Grant, lounging between scenes of "From Here To Victory" and telling with a paternal twinkle of taking his young son Lance to visit the set of the new Zombie picture and of Lance's recoiling in terror at sight of the six-foot-seven sleepwalker enacting his role.

John Payne and June Havoc at the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary, so handsome in their Gay Nineties make-up for "Hello, Frisco, Hello," breaking into laughter over their newest Jack Oakie joke and the story of June's goat, a household pet.

Bette Davis on the set of "Old Acquaintance" talking about her new Photoplay-Movie Mirror feature and wondering if the readers whose letters she is answering so frankly will charge her with being just another Dorothy Dix, or an old maid with nothing better to do—all the while the set lights showing her eyes to be incredibly blue.

Paul Henreid coming into the Warner publicity office wearing a jacket and a smile that helps explain his popularity so quickly attained in "Now, Voyager."

Annie Sheridan shouting a greeting to a friend half a block away and hard of hearing, judging from the volume of the hail.

Conrad Veidt, more amused than embarrassed, caught in a rehearsal studio at M-G-M rehearsing a tango and admitting that he had never before attempted such a dance.

Joan Crawford elated when told how nice a guy her husband Phil Terry is, and Phil entertaining on the set while Joan rehearses a difficult scene with Fred MacMurray.

Virginia Weidler, between gulps of a hasty luncheon,

saying hello and explaining that her newest picture, "The Youngest Profession," is based on a series of short stories by Lillian Day that appeared originally in Photoplay.

THE acrid smell of gunpowder from exploded blanks drifting across the set of "Assignment In Brittany" and the engaging grin of Pierre Aumont, new Metro find, somewhat obscured by the carefully applied grime that puts him in character for this story of a Commando raid.

Lana Turner, lovelier than memory, waiting patiently in Paul Hesse's studio, while Paul adjusts lights and camera in order to bring you another of his brilliant series of Photoplay covers and Steve Crane, Lana's young husband, waiting upstairs in the studio's modernistic reception room while Lana finishes the sitting.

Lloyd Nolan, stripped to the waist, playing nine holes of golf and coming in two over par, somewhat more brilliant scoring than his dubbing companions.

Betty Hutton, shepherded by fiance Perc Westmore at a sneak preview of "Star Spangled Rhythm," the picture into which Paramount put everything it could beg, borrow or mortgage, beginning with an assortment of stars including Hope, Crosby, Lamour, Lake, Goddard and ending with such added starters as Betty, William Bendix, Jerry Colonna, Rochester and Cecil B. De Mille.

Deanna Durbin finishing her new picture which has broken nearly all records for length of time in production and remarking that husband Vaughn Paul was in Washington for his next assignment—"out of this country, he hopes: in Hollywood, I hope."

Maria Montez in flowing robes looking the part of a South Seas queen as imagined by Hollywood scenarists but talking like a smart girl who has her heart set on stardom and dares you to keep it from her. "Now I work for peanuts, but soon—"

Hollywood street scene, a town wrapped in silver glamour, hard-working, intent on its own peculiar problems, talking about rationing—of gas, of coffee and of leading men—talking about the Flynn case, the war, but mostly about itself.

Fred Sammis

What I think about

America's most famous woman reporter brings you the honest, plain-spoken truth about the grave accusations this Hollywood favorite now faces



Flynn, portrayer of America's heroes: Above, in "Dodge City" . . .



. . . and as a Union Army officer in the rousing "Virginia City" . . .



. . . a West Point officer in "Santa Fe Trail" with de Havilland . . .

AS nearly as I can remember, it was about twenty-three years ago that I wrote my first story for Photoplay Magazine. Because I believe that motion pictures are the most vital influence upon public thought in the world today, I have always felt an obligation to carry out the editorial policy of Photoplay which at all times has been to speak the truth to the public about motion pictures and the truth to the motion pictures about the public.

Which brings us to the case of Errol Flynn.

To begin with, it is manifestly impossible for any magazine devoted to the works and people of the movies to ignore a case which occupies the front pages of newspapers all over the world and which is discussed wherever people gather, no matter how difficult to achieve fairness and impartiality in so delicate a situation.

In my own personal experience I have heard the Errol Flynn case discussed and I have been questioned about it at an important tea in Washington; at an aircraft plant; at a military academy; during a delightful evening with the publisher of a high-brow literary review; at my hair-dresser's; and on trains.

In these times that may seem strange, but it is true.

Photoplay has had hundreds of letters asking why it doesn't come to the defense of this screen favorite who they say has been accused by publicity-seeking girls crazy to get into

the movies and by others demanding in justice to the rest of the Hollywood stars, who behave themselves and sell War Bonds, that Errol Flynn be cast into outer darkness. Upon one thing they all agree. They want the opinion or judgment of Hollywood's foremost motion-picture magazine.

As nearly as we can come to that in justice and fairness we now propose to try.

But we must ask your consideration of one or two problems. First, Photoplay finds itself up against that arbitrary tyrant called the deadline, of which the reader seldom thinks. A certain length of time must pass between the writing of this story and its appearance in your hands. Much may be revealed of which we

could not know at the time I write. But this should reach you three or four days before Mr. Flynn is called into the Superior Court of Los Angeles County to answer the District Attorney's charge against him of statutory rape upon two girls under the legal age of consent, which in California is eighteen.

It is now so grave and far-reaching a matter that it must be faced. First because it necessarily involves all Hollywood, which has too often been called upon to suffer en masse for the sins of its individual members. But most of all because Mr. Flynn has become part of America.

For Errol Flynn has had the great good fortune to portray upon the screen the heroes of our country. He



Flynn with his attorney, Jerry Geisler, at the preliminary hearing

The Errol Flynn case

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



has worn the West Point uniform, he has been a brave officer of our Union Army, he has done the epic deeds of our pioneer forefathers. We have come to identify him with the men to whom we Americans owe so very much, we Americans who are once more fighting to the death for those things they bequeathed to us. It is Errol Flynn who made Custer's last stand come alive for many of us.

As a whole we are richer, we are warmer, for the way in which Errol Flynn made these men come to life, made them into real people and thus inspired us to feel a closer brotherhood with them.

The boys who a short time ago yelled and whistled and stamped to cheer on Errol Flynn's rides across the plains are today in the African desert or on the Solomon Islands or in camp somewhere in the U. S. A., getting ready to go over there. And Flynn was their idol. Let's not kid ourselves about that. I sat through too many Errol Flynn pictures with my own sons.

That is why it seems so essential to get at the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth of this controversial matter—for controversial it must be upon whichever side the truth now is. It is a tragic thing to lose any hero right now—or any man who has portrayed those heroes and identified himself with them in our eyes. But the times are too realistic for whitewash to stick.

When I get just this far I am overcome with a desire to smack Mr. Flynn. Honestly. Whether or not he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged—I for one do not believe that he is guilty as charged and we'll go into that in a moment—he had no business to get himself into such a spot. He had no right not to protect us all from such a mess. He's old enough to know better.

For Mr. Flynn now stands charged with a crime at the mere suggestion

of which that great sportsman whom Flynn has just brought to the screen, James J. Corbett, would have poked him right in the nose.

Sometimes you can hurt just as many people and get yourself in just as bad a jam by being dumb as you can by being bad.

However, I think that in view of all these things there are a number of matters which it is essential that we consider at this time.

If our timing on the deadline is right, you will read this before Flynn comes to trial in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, prosecuted by District Attorney Dockweiler and Assistant District Attorney Cochran and defended by Jerry Geisler, who is not only a fine trial lawyer but a man whose integrity and honesty are highly respected by our judges and law enforcement officials.

There and then Mr. Flynn will be charged and tried by a jury of his peers.

But in his case, that courtroom widens to take in most of the English-speaking world and the jury grows until millions will sit upon it:

FOR Errol Flynn must also be tried at the bar of public opinion and you are the jury of his peers in that vast court which is so vital to him—and to you. Your verdict is the most important thing in life to this man whom you have lifted to movie stardom. You will not be present in that small courtroom when Errol Flynn answers "Not Guilty." You will depend upon eyewitness accounts through the newspapers of what takes place and upon printed testimony of the two girls involved and the other witnesses. I know that is always difficult. I have read the transcript of court cases that I have covered and been amazed to find the difference; the ring of truth or the knell of guilt in a voice, the appearance and posture of a witness, (Continued on page 87)



... an upstanding Naval doctor in the stirring "Dive Bomber" ...



... as General Custer in "They Died With Their Boots On" ...



... and as James J. Corbett in his latest, "Gentleman Jim"



WHY HOLLYWOOD TOLD GREER GARSON:

"Don't Marry!"

She could hear Richard Ney's voice pleading, "When will you marry me?" She could hear Hollywood's voice saying all that must be said to any woman thinking of marriage now

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

THE eyes of thousands of women of America are on Greer Garson today. Faced with the same problems, or very similar ones, they are awaiting "Mrs. Miniver's" decision.

Will she or will she not eventually marry Richard Ney, the boy who played her son in "Mrs. Miniver," a lad younger than herself, because he begs for this happiness? During that period of indecision, followed by the delay caused by the three-day wait after the license was applied for according to California law, Hollywood held its breath. It didn't want Greer Garson to marry young Ney. A bold, perhaps ruthless statement in print, we admit, but behind it goes the warm, tender solicitousness for both of them. For Richard, as well as Greer.

For months, in fact from the time "Mrs. Miniver" was in production, Richard Ney had, as someone put it, "hounded, persisted and stormed Greer into a reluctant 'yes.'" Never for one minute did he cease his relentless pursuit. That Greer was older, that she was a great star and he a beginner, that she obviously didn't love him enough to accept him at once, made no difference. He was determined to have the lady as his wife. That he was unprepared to offer her financial security, even to share such burdens as she might incur, that on his return he might not be able to take up the career he had just begun—failed to daunt him. He wanted this one thing despite all hazards—Greer Garson as his wife.

"I have never been able in all my life to make up my mind about a thing," Greer says, "even to choosing a hat." So it looks as if the lady's mind will have to be made up for her.

However, this problem of Greer's is important, not because love and

marriage are always important, but because this engagement and perhaps marriage is a direct product of war. It was born in the roots of this conflict. It had nothing to do with the calm reactions of a man and woman in peaceful times. It is an example set for thousands of women who have been torn with the same problem—"Shall I marry this man before he leaves?" It is a problem Greer Garson has had to settle herself.

BEFORE he left Hollywood for his preliminary training, Richard begged Greer to say yes. During his training period, he bombarded her with pleading letters. How he completed his prescribed course of training is a mystery to Hollywood, considering the constant flow of communications to the West. After obtaining his commission as ensign, young Ney lit out for Hollywood and began his pursuit in earnest.

Those who have seen the two together declare Richard's devotion is not the tense, quiet, deeply buried love that renders a man reverently speechless. On the contrary, he was constantly beseeching Greer before an audience.

"When are you going to marry me, dear?" he'd ask in the presence of others. "When, when, when?"

He danced attendance, showered her with compliments and flattered her heart. And this in a way was good for Greer whose brilliant mind and conversation, whose deep thinking and constant reading kept her rather apart from Hollywood and within a limited circle of older men and women. A brilliant woman can very often be a lonely woman and no doubt Greer Garson experienced hours

of loneliness. She is a woman capable of great fun and gaiety, but her British reserve and ultraconservatism had restrained her from indulging in the good times she might have found.

Richard, with his young, impulsive, reckless ways, furnished her with that vitamin of enjoyment she'd been missing. He was tall and she liked tall men. He danced divinely and she adored dancing. It was like coming out of a stuffy room into a bright, intoxicating garden. Ballets, concerts, lectures, had been her chief diversions in Hollywood, along with hours and hours of reading. In fact, each year the Ballet Russe came to town, members of the cast were entertained by Greer. World-famous musicians and writers were guests at her home.

But with Ney came a new world.

HOLLYWOOD, to a man, hoped Greer Garson would hold out against young Ney's charm and persistence. She deserved, they felt, more hours of fun and laughter and dancing than could be given her as the wife of an absent sailor.

The suspense before his departure grew to such proportions that at every small dinner party or gathering one heard the same thing, "Oh, I hope Greer doesn't make a mistake."

The tension continued to mount, with this writer, believe it or not, summoned out of bed at 1:30 A.M. one morning to be told Richard and Greer had already been married. The next morning the report was denied and proved to be untrue.

Hourly M-G-M gave out the latest bulletin to the hundreds who phoned in for news. Always it was, "You know as much about it as we do. We only hope it doesn't go through." And, remember, Ney is an M-G-M contract player, too.

This was (Continued on page 82)

Hollywood -

This woman foretold some of the most startling Hollywood happenings of the past year.



Ginger Rogers has gone along smoothly for years. Now she faces her Waterloo

These Came True in 1942!

Errol Flynn:

"He has to beware the opposite sex, even more so than in 1941. They spell bad news for you this year, Errol, so if you haven't any caution of your own, hire ten people to protect you."

Joan Crawford: "Strong indication that she will announce her marriage."

Hedy Lamarr:

"Marriage or a thrilling love affair in April or May." (Announced her engagement to George Montgomery.)

Cary Grant:

"I think he will marry Barbara Hutton between June, 1942, and January, 1943."

Robert Stack:

"Dynamic aspects which may interrupt his career in September or October." (Just received his commission as Ensign in the Navy.)

John Payne: It will happen July 3



Ida Lupino: A possibility that tongues will be wagging about her

NINETEEN-FORTY-THREE—Hollywood, beware! Beware! Beware!

Separations, broken homes, divorces, journeys to foreign lands, emotional upsets and tumult are indicated by the stars.

This is a time of change and upheaval. Gone are the days of lavish display and fabulous salaries. The year 1943 will bring about a great leveling of all the world's peoples. It will bring to mankind the equality of a common burden. Each of us will be forced to share and share alike in sacrifice, service and almost primitive living conditions. The fight for existence will be paramount, not the fight for sables, caviar, dated wines and self-aggrandizement. The strong will survive. The weak will break.

Many of Hollywood's stars have proved their willingness to give freely of their time and money. After July 1 when Jupiter moves into Leo, the sign governing motion pictures and entertainment, Hollywood stars, theatrical stars and all entertainers will be called upon to keep up the morale of the entire world.

Now let's look at the personal charts of Hollywood's famous people:

Clark Gable: Clark has had a tough year. He has proved to the world that he can take it and by entering the service has set a splendid example for boys and men of all ages. His country is proud of him.

His stars suggest that he may be released from the service or make some drastic change in July, 1943.

November should bring Clark a romance and happiness. After this tragic year of loneliness, I am sure that Carole

Beware in 1943!

Now she warns your favorite stars of some amazing events to come in the '43 future

would be the first to want him to find happiness and companionship.

Ginger Rogers: She has slid along smoothly for many years, but she meets her own little Waterloo in 1943. According to her planets, I don't see how she can help but win some sort of an award for her acting. Personally, however, the last six months of 1943 will be difficult. It is quite possible that she will alienate both her friends and her public at this time.

From September through December, 1943, Mars, whose excess energy stirs up trouble to cause quarrels, accidents, law suits, broken friendships and divorce, is in her twelfth house, house of confinement, self-undoing, secret matters and secret enemies. Ginger must watch her health and her nerves and guard against accidents lest she be confined to bed. She must control her temper, her tongue and her independent nature, for those who are her secret enemies are liable to have their innings now unless she is on her guard.

September 10, 1943, when Mars and Uranus are in exact conjunction in Gemini and in exact square to Venus, planet of love, good will and money, can be a fatal day for her, romantically, financially and in public relations. It can bring a broken romance, the termination of a valued friendship or association, public disfavor and—hold everything—suit for alienation of affections or any kind of a law suit and the aspects will not be in her favor.

Errol Flynn: According to his chart, Errol isn't an angel and he has very little discretion; but Mars, the highest planet in his midheaven, makes him a natural target for unscrupulous women and for blackmail. Where a wiser man might pay off to avoid unpleasant publicity, Errol's fiery independence

BY MATILDA TROTTER

For Gary Cooper a good possibility — and some bad probabilities



Victor Mature: As far as author Trotter is concerned, there is just one answer to the Rita Hayworth question

Joan Crawford and husband Phil Terry will beam at their forecast



Watch for These in 1943!

Clark Gable: "Romance for Clark."

Ginger Rogers: "Meets her own little Waterloo in 1943."

Joan Crawford and Phil Terry: "A new baby in their home."

George Sanders: "Even Elsie Dinsmore couldn't get along with George."

Hedy Lamarr: "Her chart suggests a secret love affair or marriage."

A new angle on the recent news about Errol Flynn comes to light in the Trotter prediction for him

For the newly reconciled Ava Gardner and Mickey Rooney—a bit of bad news



Deanna Durbin must control that one bad tendency in her character or—



causes him to fight for justice regardless of the consequences

Due to Saturn and Uranus passing over his twelfth house, house of secret enemies and self-undoing, a lot of people may be out to get him just now, and his recklessness and lack of caution are partly responsible for his present trouble. For a time at least this man who has played the "protector of innocent womanhood" with such verve and dash will (if he remains on the screen) have to be cast in different roles or be laughed or hissed right out of the movies.

The position of the transiting Mars during January, 1943, indicates that he has a chance of getting through this trouble and his stars favor him again from September through December, bringing him the fulfillment of some wish or desire, possibly his desire to get into the service.

Greer Garson: I doubt if I have Greer's right birth year, but in 1943 she is far too important to pass up. According to the chart I have erected the stars indicate the end of a love affair or an abrupt separation from a loved one between Christmas and February. June should bring her love once more—the return of a former love or a new romance.

Her stars suggest that marriage can not bring lasting happiness to Greer and in order to find happiness, no matter how fleeting, she must snatch it while she can and make the most of it while it lasts.

As for her career, she is at the peak of her success and can maintain her present popularity and position if she uses caution in partnership and marriage. All contracts to which she is a party should be airtight. She should be positive that she can trust those who are handling her business and career.

Above all, Greer, keep everything in your own name

Phillip Terry and Joan Crawford: These two do not come under the same sign but both were born in the same month. Their charts harmonize beautifully and Phil's shows him to be a person of charm, kindness and talent.

Joan is right. If they make a picture together it will be a popular success and should be released around July 13 or 14, 1943.

Jupiter going through the fifth house, house of love, children and educational matters, of both Joan and Phil next July indicates a new child in their home. This could be their child or one they adopt.

Looks like a whopping big month for the Terrys.

Gary Cooper: His popular appeal can continue forever so far as his public goes, for Gary is as American as baseball, football or dunking. However, his stars indicate that he may give up his career to enlist or go in for some sort of war work which will take up all his time.

As for marriage, it doesn't look too promising in 1943. There may be a separation from his wife due to war conditions or there may be a divorce or separation due to personal matters.

All through June Gary must guard against secret enemies and gossip.

John Payne: July 3 marks a significant day for him. This day should bring John sudden and amazing good fortune. In short, so many things are indicated for John Payne on or around July 3 that I scarcely know what to high-light. The clouds of the last year and a half should have passed over leaving John with a new outlook on life and bringing him a change for the better.

Now let's see just what July 3 could bring him. An officer's commission in the armed forces; the beginning of a long journey which brings him pres-

tige and the fulfillment of a wish; recognition for an act of bravery; marriage or an engagement; the chance that some "wildcat" investment will shower him with money that he didn't expect. What a day, John Payne! Make the most of it. Go after whatever you want most and it should be yours.

Anne Shirley: As soon as I discovered these marvelous aspects in John's chart I rushed to consult the chart of his former (Continued on page 72)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

★ **Clark Gable:** Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Force page 33

★ **Fred Mac Murray:** Appearing in RKO's "Flight For Freedom" page 35

★ **Spencer Tracy:** Appearing in M-G-M's "Keeper Of The Flame" page 38

★ **Katharine Hepburn:** Appearing in M-G-M's "Keeper Of The Flame"; and, on the stage, in the Theater Guild's "Without Love" page 39

★ **Loretta Young:** Appearing in Columbia's "A Night To Remember" page 42

★ **Roy Rogers:** Appearing in Republic's "Ridin' Down The Canyon" page 44



Blair
Hable



Lillian approves Fred. Fred approves casual jacket, sundoes—and Lillian

Portrait of a Right Guy

He wears glasses and is the tallest of screen stars. Name him? He's

Fred MacMurray, real-life style

JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HIS knees shake violently whenever he makes a personal appearance. "I look like the leaning tower of Pisa."

He loves sauerkraut.

He wishes he had never made "Cocoanut Grove" and "many other pictures." He never plays bridge.

He quit smoking pipes because they always gave him indigestion.

His full name is Frederick Martin MacMurray.

He wears size 12 shoes and is opposed to the rugged individualism philosophy of government. He is very fond of smorgasbord.

He was born in St. Rose Hospital on St. Rose Day in Kankakee, Illinois. His favorite meat is old-fashioned pot roast, and his parents and schoolmates always called him Bud. His eyes are green.

He likes tweeds, picnics and a quick cold shower.

He has had measles and mumps and thinks dyed hair okay on women "provided it makes them more attractive, which is not always the case." He was baptized in a Presbyterian church.

He has two more wisdom teeth to come out.

He is righthanded and last rode in a streetcar in New York in 1934. He is loath to criticize others and considers his work merely a means to an end.

He gets sick at high altitudes.

Fred MacMurray loves telling fairy tales to his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Susan, but he is forever garbling them until they no longer resemble the originals. His father is of Scotch descent, his mother of German, and he has never worn buckled military shoes.

He is very nearsighted and has to wear glasses.

He is a good speller, likes following a golf match, and is fond of mashed potatoes which he likes to mash himself.

He doesn't like kippers or smoked herring.

He gets seasick and airsick and thinks money not too important to achieve happiness. He smokes about a pack of cigarettes a day.

He never goes to a Turkish or Swedish bath. He flunked in mathematics and never dreamed that he would one day be an actor.

He is never punctual.

He is a realist at heart and is proud of his cooking ability.

He sleeps in the raw.

He never wears jewelry, never drinks wine, and has a special sentimental nostalgia for his boyhood days around Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He is six feet, three-and-a-half inches tall.

He has never gone in for winter sports, has read very little poetry,

and rides horseback only fairly. "... I can just about manage to stay on one."

He has an exceptionally large appetite and his favorite room is his den which is decorated with numerous bird prints and contains his rifles. He likes fixing his own breakfast but is constantly breaking the yolks of the eggs.

He is very fond of hunting and fishing. He has had his tonsils out and he and his wife never argue about politics.

He is of an even disposition, rarely suffers depression and is an easy, affable conversationalist. His worst traffic offense was speeding at seventy-five miles an hour.

FRED MACMURRAY is proud that he once successfully made a butterscotch pie.

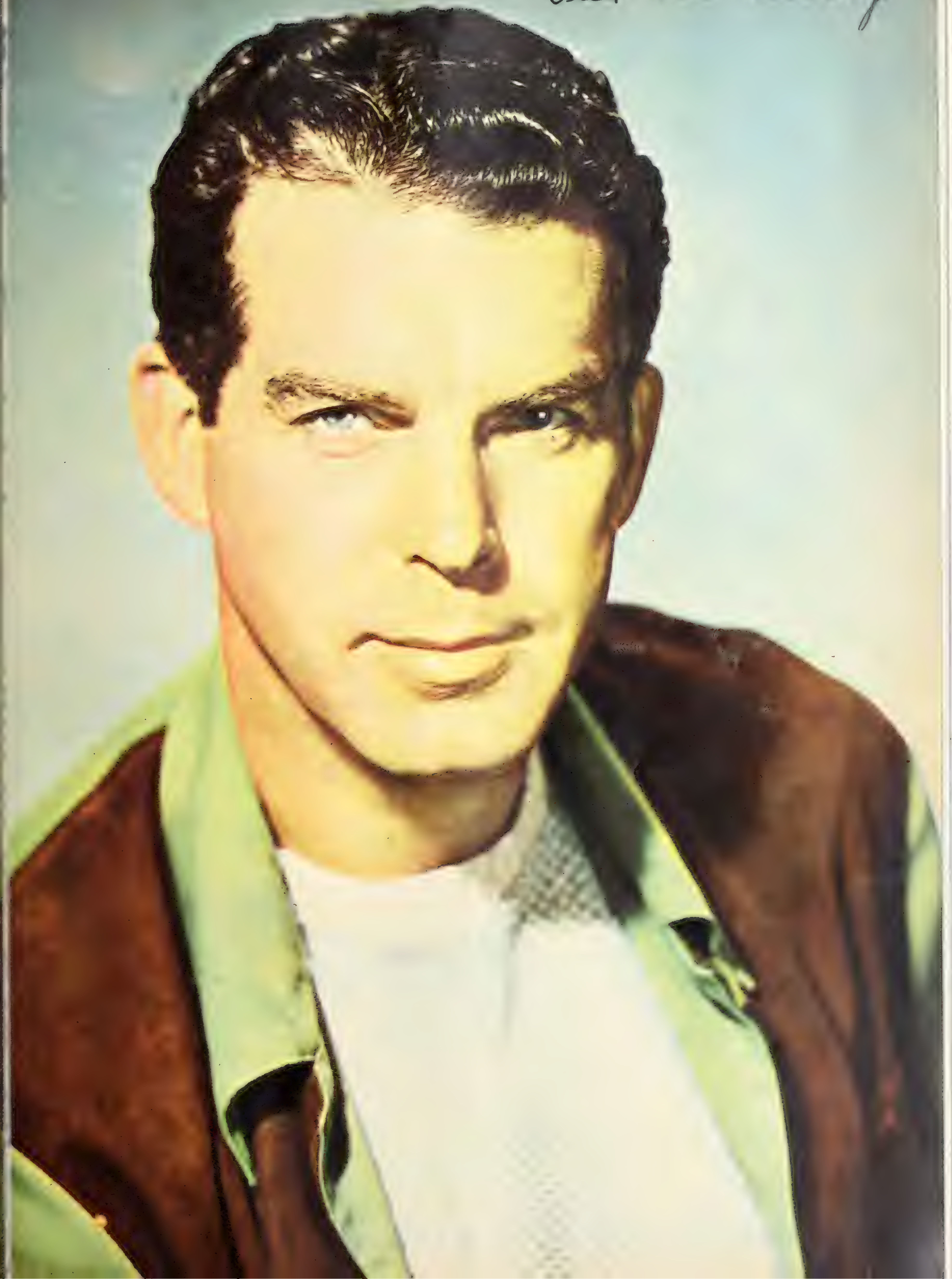
His knuckles won't crack and he is always whistling or humming tunes of his own invention. He seldom eats candy.

He takes Vitamin A for his eyes.

He dislikes wearing tails and has a devil of a time remembering dates, anniversaries and names. He thinks only women with good figures should wear slacks.

His favorite cheese is American nippy, he has never been to Grant's Tomb in New York, where he lived for several years. He is not self-conscious. He (Continued on page 92)

Fred Mac Murray



Under "knees"
the choice
is B. Grable



"Assets"—Rita Hayworth... Rita Hayworth
... Rita Hayworth

My Hollywood Dictionary

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

WEBSTER wrote one, of course, and it comes in handy when you have forgotten how to spell indefatigable or are searching for a six-letter synonym for yak, but Noah's definitions weren't designed to fit life in the City of Edible Snowflakes and some of his simplest words possess far more colorful meanings when pronounced at Hollywood and Vine.

I am not running down Webster. After all, he never attended a double feature or a dish night and to him celluloid was just something kewpie dolls were made of; you can't expect a fellow to define "sweater" correctly if he never saw Lana Turner.

But I do think it's time someone whipped up a brief, sweatshirt-pocket version of Mr. W.'s opus, amended to apply to the land of sequins and sunshine. So here it is.

Angles: There are two varieties of these, both vital to the fame and

cinematic progress of Gwendolyn Glamour and Horace Handsome. First there are the angles you have to know, such as what producer to let blitz you at gin rummy and what columnists to give your marriage and divorce scoops to. The other definition of the same word has to do with learning to turn the other cheek toward the camera, if that cheek happens to photograph better than its mate. This is known as "knowing your best camera angles" and one of the best camera angles to learn is: Be nice to your cameraman—he can give your chin a little twin and make your wrinkles twinkle if you don't watch out.

Artist: An actor or actress who draws—a salary of \$1,500 a week or over, usually over.

Asset: Of the many I can call, few are frozen. Illustration: Marlene Dietrich's legs; Rita Hayworth's chassis; Veronica Lake's coiffure.

Back: Portion of the anatomy off which any he-man movie hero is always ready to give a friend his shirt.

Bat: Something you can't ever go out on if there's a clause concerning morals in your contract, dear.

Bargain: What you get if you make the cashier's window of your neighborhood movie house before the prices change. Also what some of the most charming stars ain't, when you really know them.

Billing: Advertising matter. Or, what the great lovers and their screen sweethearts start to battle over as soon as they stop billing and cooing in the picture's love scenes.

Calories: What Hollywood chickens have to count before they're hatched into stars.

Candle: What every glamour girl privately believes no other glamour girl can hold to her; also what you can't burn at both ends if you have to report to the studio early in the

Under the p's comes Jimmy Stewart, and if you think the word is "pretty" you're all wrong!

R stands for Ruby—and it's not a ring. It's a girl from Brooklyn named Stanwyck



The words are all in Webster's, but the meanings—well, meaning you'll just have to read 'em to believe 'em!

morning looking radiant.

Close-Up: Something no star ever thinks she's gotten quite enough of.

Colossal: The tactful word to use when you mean "mediocre."

Dynamite: The noun agents invariably utilize to describe what their clients are with respect to audiences.

Ecstasy: An old European movie, never hazed by Will Hays, which Hedy Lamarr wishes exhibitors would stop reviving.

Epic: A Grade B story with a Cecil B. De Mille-yun dollar touch.

Ermine: The only thing a movie queen's stand-in will admit the star has that she hasn't got, only nobody will give her a chance to prove it.

Ersatz: Phony—like the snowflakes, lightning, rainstorms, fog and emotions that seem so real when you see them on the screen.

Exaggerate: What movie press agents vow they're not doing the least bit when they (Continued on page 90)



"Heavy": George Sanders is a good illustration in any language.

Spencer Tracy



Fathema Hefman



OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

on the Spot

A two-way treat: One showing us the gold-star side of Livvie's life; the other, the big black marks she bestows upon herself

THINGS WE LIKE ABOUT OLIVIA

BY SARA HAMILTON

HER name. Her eyes. Her clear-cut hairline. The vague, far-away stare that means the lady has gone into mental retirement and doesn't know you're there any more. These things fascinate us about Olivia de Havilland.

Like a character from an old-time Southworth novel with its tempest-and-sunshine flavor, her name, rich and full, suits her to a T. It suits her life role of the dark bewitching coquettish type with the shy blonde sister; the type that abounded in those stories. The sister with the devil in her eye. That's Livvie.

Even if it is discouraging to other females, we like the idea of anyone's daring to be so darkly beautiful. Looking like a cellophane Hedy Lamarr with candles lit inside. Glowing. Vibrant. Alive.

"All our lives," we said in a sudden outburst of uninhibited frankness, "we've wondered what goes on in the mind of a really beautiful woman. How do you feel about it inside? What reaction does it have on the good old inner woman?"

The stare came. The fogs arose between us. She was thinking. Weighing our honesty. "You're not so bad, yourself," she said finally. We made up our mind to vote for diplomat de Havilland if she ever ran for Congress.

We like the way she has everyone in town shaking his hoary head over the "new" Olivia. "My, how she's changed," they moan. "Used to be so shy and modest."

They mean "used to be so unsure of herself and so frightened we could run all over her." Only they don't put it into so many words.

Of course she's changed. Grown

up and away from those who want to keep her under their bossy old thumbs. She's an exploreress, an adventuress and taster of life. She takes her glowing beauty into every nook and cranny of emotional living. No petticoated layers of false modesty, no pantaletted notions of feminine hypocrisy clutter her life. She's honest. Hollywood made her that way. And Hollywood is now noisily clicking its tongue in disapproval. De Havilland doesn't give a darn.

That's what we like about her.

That resonant voice is another of our "vote for Olivia" slogans. It has a ring like a copper bell. But the laugh would rattle the dishes off tables four miles away. She lets it fly when the occasion calls. But she isn't given to too much laughter. Chuckling is her usual response.

We like her for her preference for homely men. It shows she isn't taken in by male prettiness. Jimmy Stewart, who is gangling and boyish but far from Bob Taylorish, is an example. Franchot Tone was less beautiful. Burgess Meredith, who is on the whimsey-pooch side, is as far from handsome in his quaint way as Lil Abner with his strawseed appeal. Yet these are the men Olivia has preferred up to now.

Now according to rumors Livvie has won a new friend in Lieut. John Huston, son of Walter Huston and a far-from-pretty guy according to Hollywood standards. Director Huston, now of Uncle Sam's forces, finds Olivia's alive and interesting mind a refreshing treat. The marital status

of Mr. Huston prevents any thoughts of romance, but the two have a delightful friendship.

They had met before on the Warner lot and nodded when they passed. John and his wife had not obtained the legal separation that had been pending many months.

And then the youthful director was given "In This Our Life" to direct, with Bette Davis, Olivia, George Brent and Dennis Morgan.

IT was Olivia's expert craftsmanship that first attracted his notice. Beauty even such as Livvie's comes second to ability with men like Huston. They chatted between scenes and found each other congenial company, in accord on many ideas. Then Livvie accepted a breach of contract with Warners and went off pay roll and Huston went from his next assignment, "Across The Pacific," to the Army.

It was when he was sent back from camp to make short subjects for the Army and after his separation was settled upon, he and Olivia discovered their friendship meant a great deal to each.

Now they see each other for lunch and dinner. They spend many spare moments together. Whether this deep attachment will lead to serious romance remains to be seen. We leave it up to Olivia's good judgment.

Which is another thing we like about her.

We like the honesty of her actions and enjoyed the story she told us about Lew Ayres. Her first screen crush as a fan before she was in pictures herself was Lew Ayres. Shortly after she came to Hollywood she met Lew. He (Continued on page 93)



THINGS I DON'T LIKE ABOUT MYSELF

BY OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

(As told to Sara Hamilton)

I'M ill-read. Admit it. And I'm always planning to do something about it. I gobble food. You'd think I had to catch the Clipper.

I'm stubborn. But I'm improving. I realize stubbornness is the strength of weak people and a poor substitute for a strong but flexible mind. So I'm losing my stubbornness fast.

A quick temper is one of the things I dislike to own up to, but I've got one. I've got one that when aroused leads me into saying hard, cruel things I regret, in being ruthless when ruthlessness is not really a part of my nature.

I'm learning to curb it, I think. At least, I find more and more that I enjoy good sound conversation that tolerates no emotionalism. The object

of all intelligent discussions, after all, is to discover the truth of a thing. Truth comes with quiet unemotional reasoning. And quiet reasoning can never be sister to a sharp temper.

I like to flirt since flirting comes in the category of "things young ladies should not do." I suppose I should put it down as a black mark.

But I still like to flirt and honestly believe most women do, if they'd admit it.

I'm gullible. A give-inny when it comes to solicitors or subscription gents. There's something about a subscription list of magazines thrust

under my nose that melts my firm intentions like jelly. Today I take more magazines I have no time to read than any ten people in Hollywood.

It happens to me all over the place, too. Out for a stroll one afternoon in Washington, D. C., I was approached by a young man who introduced himself as a student from Notre Dame, one of a group, he said, who were assigned to talk to various people about the country, gathering up opinions on current topics and so forth. I stood and looked at him. Something should be done right there, I reasoned, but no, I just stood and looked.

"We could really talk much better over a coke," (Continued on page 94)

Loretta Young



Forget those fears!

BY

Loretta Young

I HAVE read that fifteen percent of our younger draftees—the men between twenty-one and thirty-five—have been rejected for military service, temporarily at least, because of emotional instability and nervousness. A few of those rejected were, of course, out and out mental cases. The great majority, however, simply suffered from fatigue.

Anyone who suffers from fatigue has my sympathy. I've never told about my experiences with fatigue and how it induced fears of illness and finally illness itself. Ordinarily such stories aren't too entertaining. Now, however, when so many of us are worrying lest we prove unequal to the strain and extra work which war brings I believe this experience bears telling.

At first I was only tired, perpetually. The quick energy I'd always taken for granted no longer existed . . . Then fears began. I worried that I was going to be ill. I rehearsed, over and over, experiences and sensations which indicated illness was inevitable.

Finally, unable to endure the fears any longer, I went to my doctor.

My doctor assured me I was in splendid condition except for a trifling difficulty. He recommended this be corrected whenever I had time to go into the hospital for a few days. In my relief at learning no grim illness threatened I agreed to go to the hospital as soon as I finished my picture.

However, after I had left the doctor's office my fears came alive again. Soon I was convinced my doctor had withheld the truth, that there was really something seriously wrong with me. Consequently, when I finished my picture I was afraid to go to the hospital and, so that I wouldn't have too much time to think, I started another picture immediately.

Several months later, unable to endure the uncertainty my fears had created, I returned to my doctor. This time my worry was apparent to him.

"The trifling difficulty I mentioned before should have attention," he said. "It doesn't concern me as much as your fears, however. For your fears are a symptom of fatigue. And fatigue can be serious.

"I want you to take a vacation as soon as possible. In the meantime I want you to rest."

It was reasonable enough that I should know fatigue. I had worked hard for a long time. Besides, in a constant race with the illness I feared, I had pressed to finish every job I undertook. I also had worried about my finances—should I be ill and my income cease.

Mother and I went to New York. There, however, I kept going. I was afraid to sit down, I think, for fear I couldn't get up again, so I indulged in the popular pastime of fooling myself and running away from myself. I crowded my days with luncheons,

***Do you lie awake thinking
you're going to be ill?***

***Do you worry whether you
will have strength to meet the
demands of your job?***

***Do you rush from one activity
to another trying to run away
from yourself?***

shopping expeditions, the theater.

Ten days after our arrival in New York I collapsed. The next morning Mother and I were on a fast train bound for California.

"I can't be ill," I told myself frantically. "I can't afford to be ill. . . .

"The studio won't hold up production on 'Ramona' any longer! And I need the prestige that picture will give me! The income too! This trip has cost a pretty penny. And I can't be ill and upset Sally's and Norman's wedding plans!"

When I reached home and my doctor came to see me he shook his head. "Get in bed and relax," he told me.

"Because you're going to be in bed for some time. That trifling disability we talked about is trifling no more. You've worked up quite an infection, thanks to your worry. And you're so depleted, also thanks to your worry, that you're going to have a time fighting it!"

He didn't spare me. Before long, however, I wasn't sparing myself. I saw how I had allowed fears to dominate me. I realized I had been so busy concentrating on them and running away from them that I had not taken time to pursue the simple constructive steps that would have eliminated them.

Also, now that I had brought my worse fears to pass and I was in bed, I perceived that the consequences of my illness were not going to be so disastrous as I had imagined.

My illness itself was only a nuisance; it wasn't so grave as I had feared.

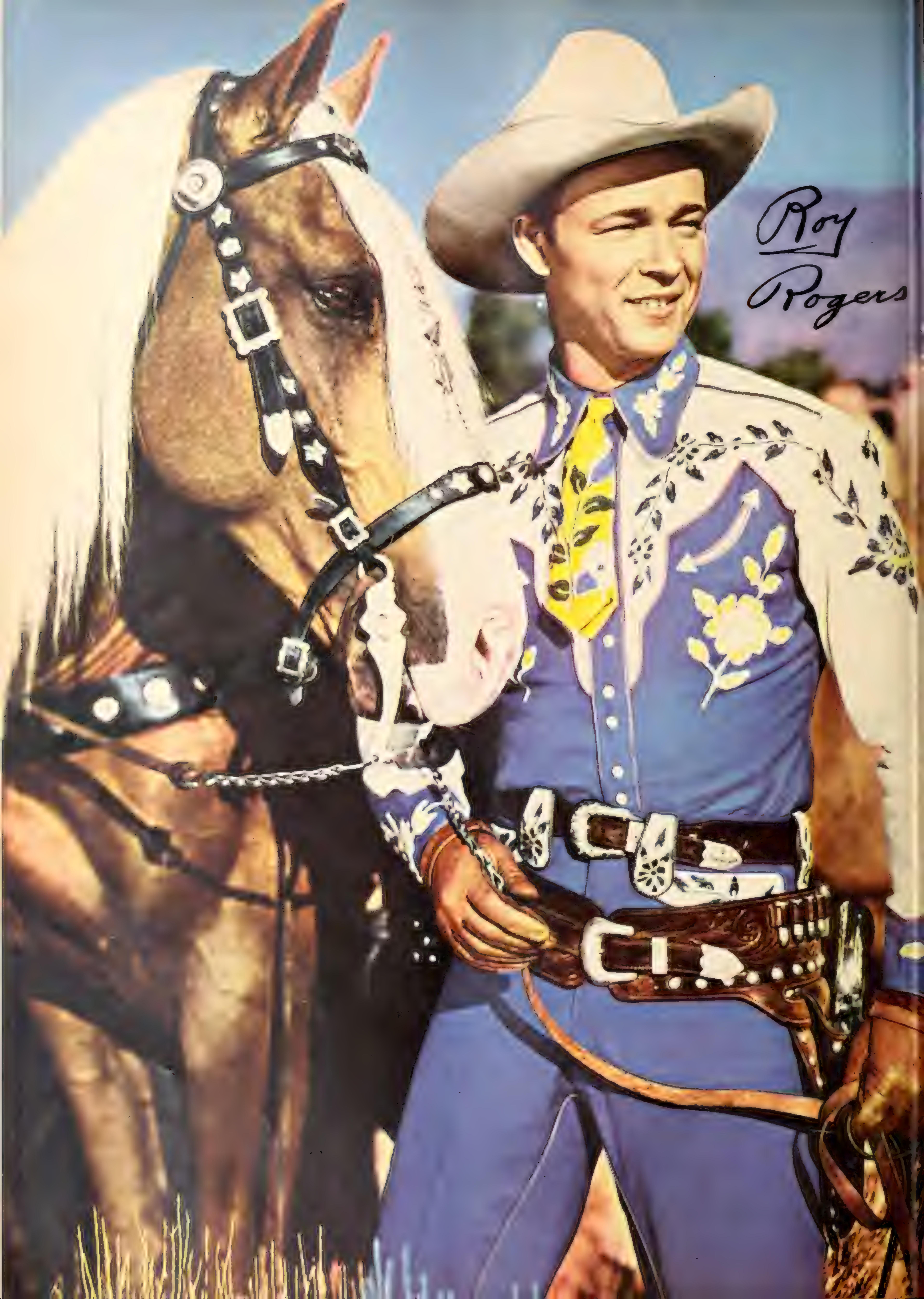
My studio was entirely willing to postpone production on "Ramona" and as a result of this postponement finally filmed it in Technicolor which proved its greatest charm.

In bed for seven weeks, with more time than I ever had had to consider my household, I found ways of running my domestic affairs more efficiently and more economically than I would have dreamed possible.

My sister Sally and Norman Foster were married as planned, only instead of a big church wedding they had a small wedding at home, which they both insisted they liked much better. My nurse opened my door so I could hear the ceremony and Sally and Norman came upstairs to drink their wedding wine sitting on my bed.

Best of all, however, that illness of mine taught me not to allow myself to be driven by fears; but to accept them as a symptom, probably of fatigue . . . to recognize fatigue as an enemy of health and happiness . . . and to combat its first sign by extra hours of rest and a simple diet.

All of which, I think, is especially valuable knowledge in this Year of Our Lord, 1943, when courage, confidence and vigor are so vital to the victory to which we are dedicated.



*Roy
Rogers*

No ceiling on laughter

Just for fun — this collection of laughs that is giving Hollywood a lift even though the joke's on them

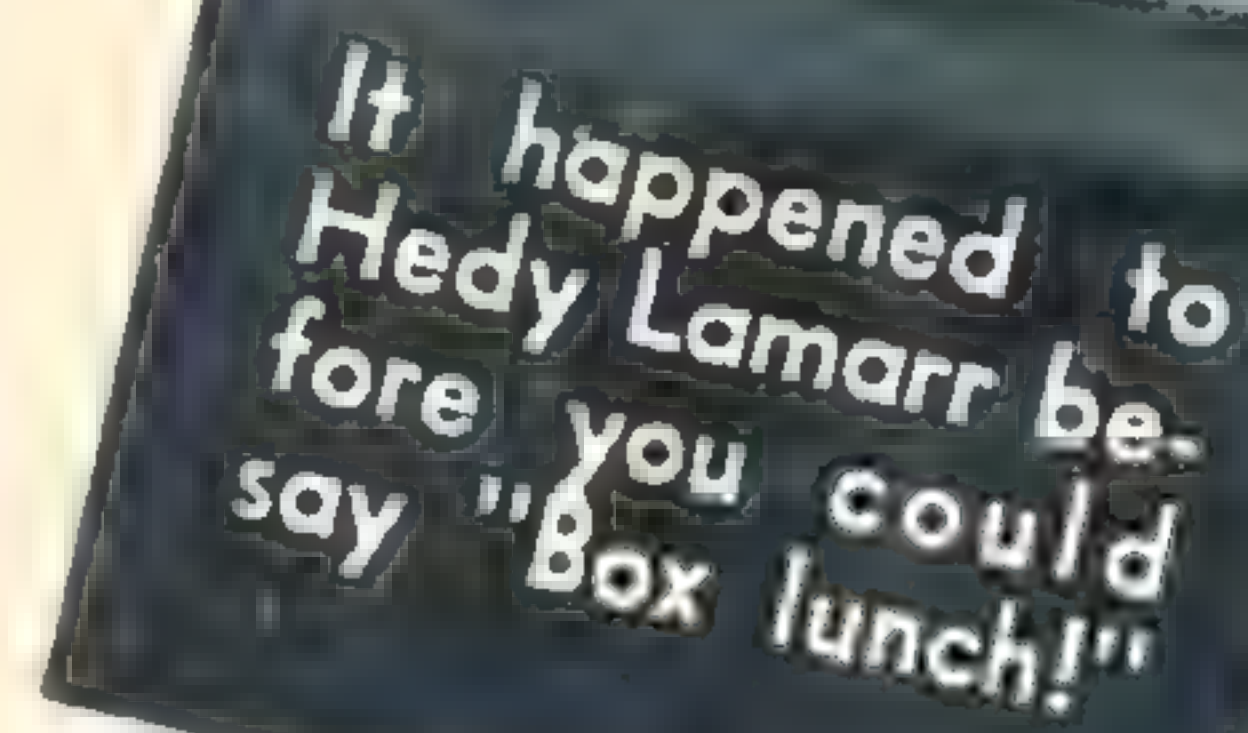
BY DICK PINE

DOROTHY LAMOUR ordered to hospital for rest after her Bond-selling tour." "Bette Davis's picture postponed three weeks to allow her to recuperate from war canteen activities." "Linda Darnell ordered to bed for a rest before continuing with personal-appearance tour."

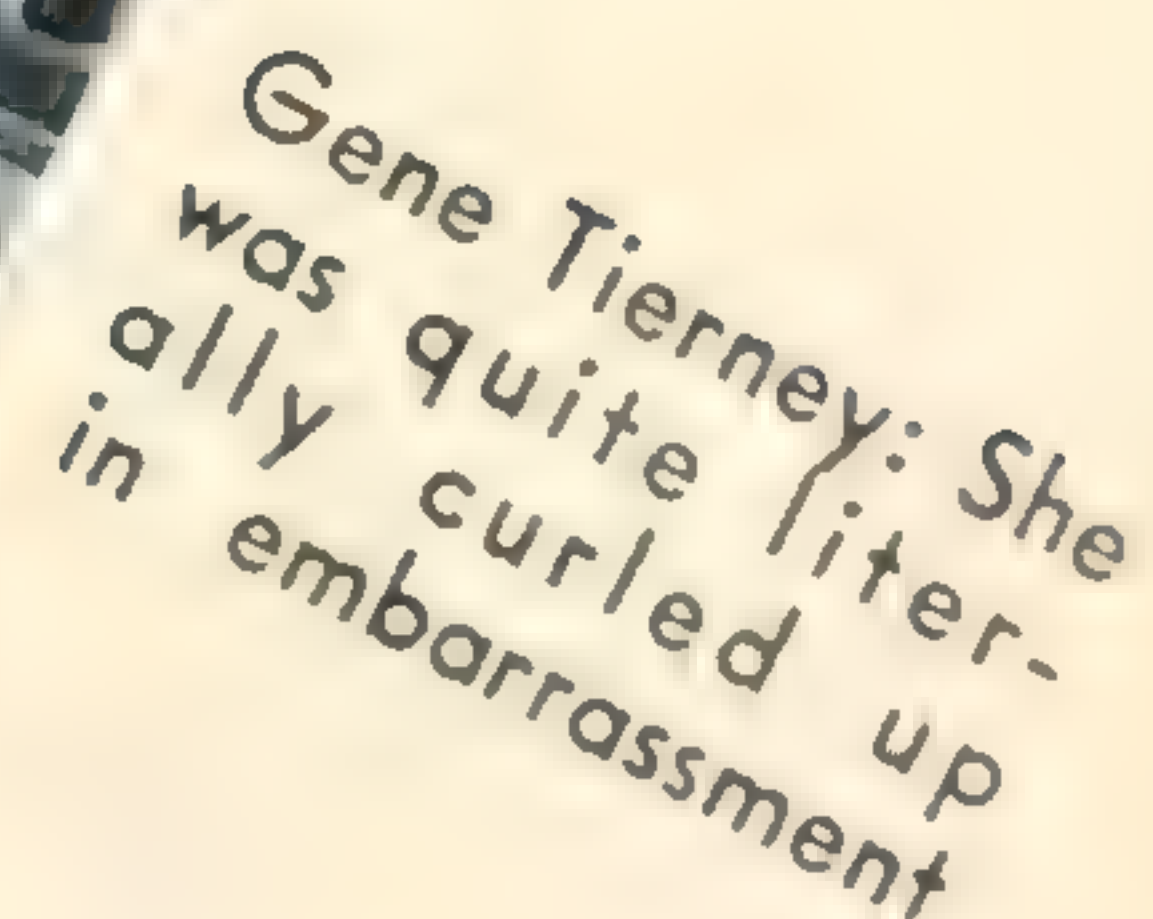
The headlines in the papers might lead you to believe that half our stars are casualties on the home front. Some of them are. But not for long. They are doing a noble (and strenuous) job and it's not to be wondered at if, occasionally, one of them falls out of the ranks to recuperate. But they come back pretty fast. Perhaps the secret, an important secret, is contained in Bob Hope's remark, "We'll get along all right as long as there's no ceiling on laughter. That does it!"

Maybe that's important for all of us to keep in mind. In World War I, I heard a famous general say, "Show me men who grumble when everything is going well but who know how to laugh when the going gets rough, and I'll show you some good fighting men!"

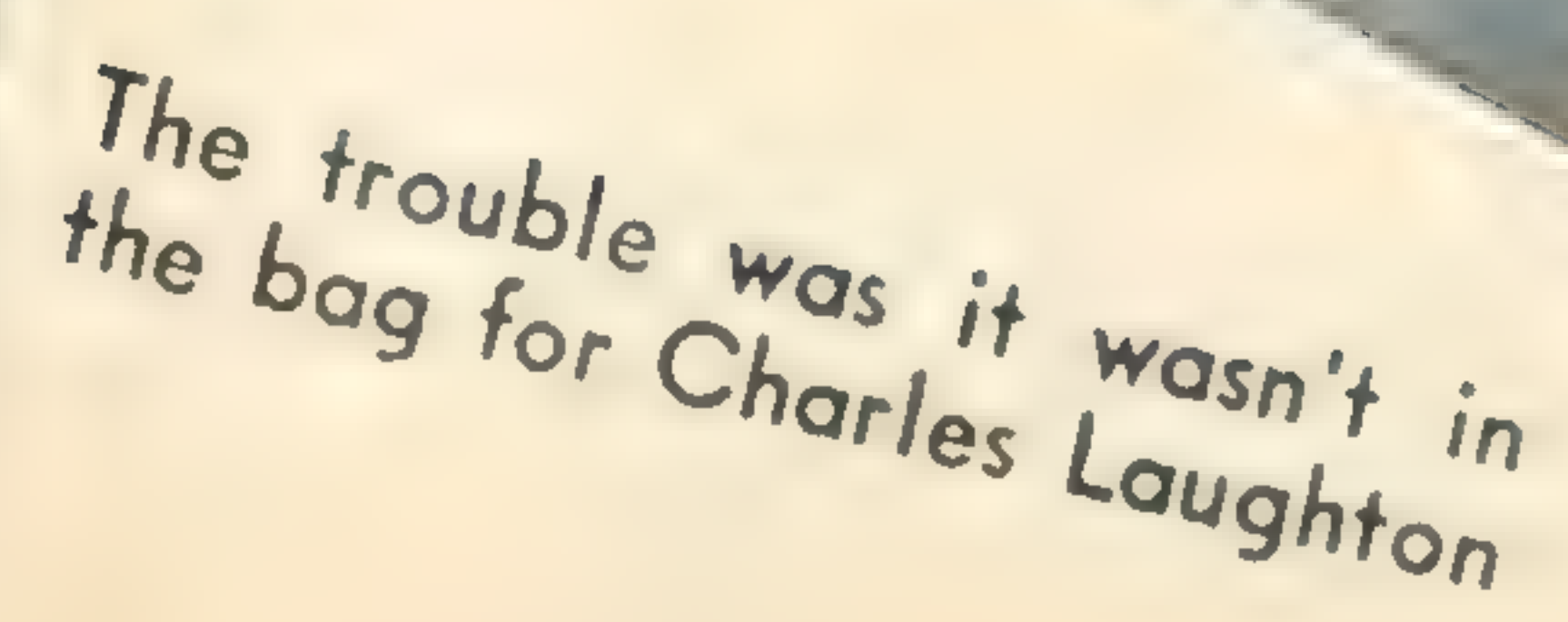
Gene Tierney had a lift from a laugh, even though it was at her own expense. Touring the camps with Chester Morris and his "one and o-o-only magic act," Gene was so exhausted that she fell asleep in the car which was taking them to Rockford, Illinois. Suddenly, someone poked her in the ribs and she realized that sirens were pounding all over the place. "A police escort!" somebody hissed at her. "Get up and smile. Smile!" Gene sighed and hoisted herself to the top of the back seat (open car, top down) where she sat smiling, bowing and waving in the approved-by-the-newsreels manner, to the plaudits of the multitude. Then she began to detect something in the plaudits which smacked more of laughter than of admiration. She put her hand to her head. Tragedy! Her hair was still in curlers from her early morning beauty precautions, tight "Topsy curlers" with white wisps of stuff sticking out of her pretty head in little tufts. Gene kept her head admirably. (Continued on page 102)



It happened to Hedy Lamarr before you could say "Box lunch!"



Gene Tierney: She was quite literally curled up in embarrassment



The trouble was it wasn't in the bag for Charles Laughton



My heart in my mouth - Rita Hayworth

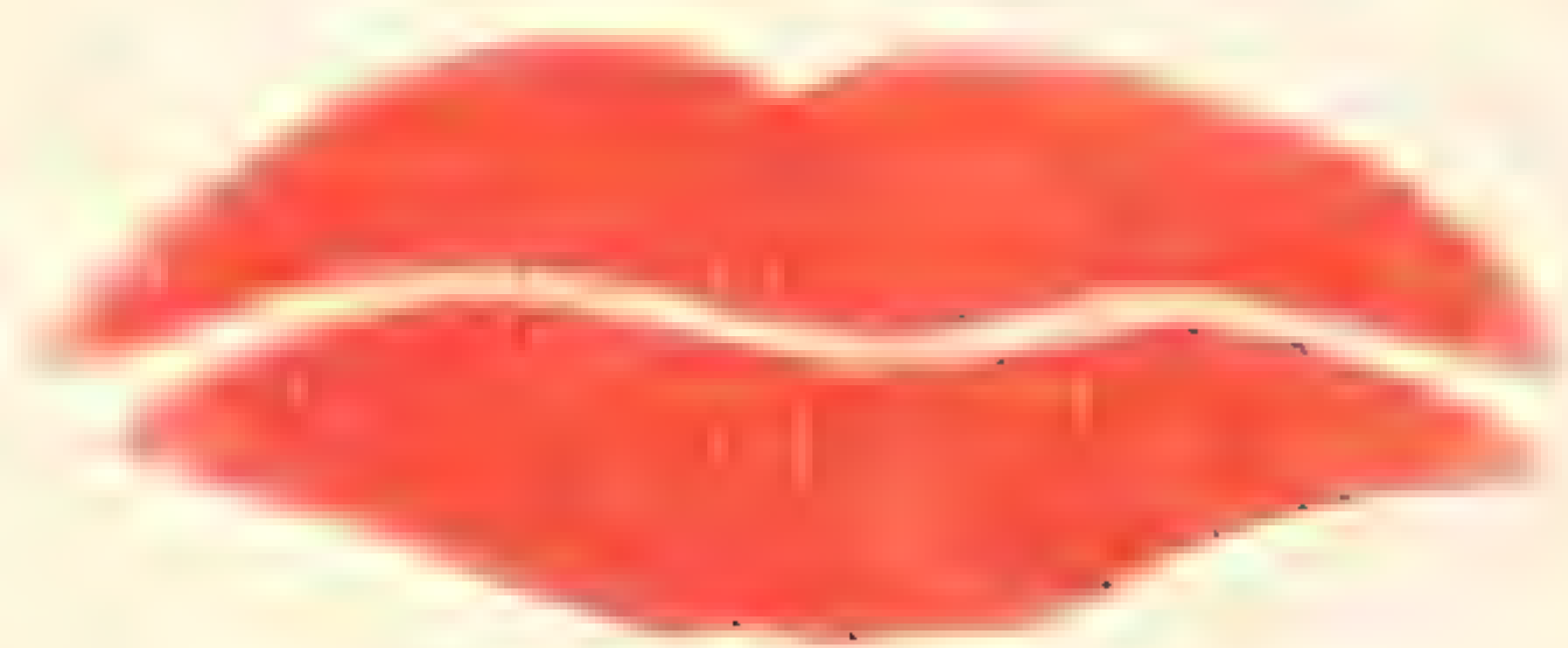
To transport any guy in khaki to a transport with a happy smile on his face—a lip-reading message from Miss Rita Hayworth, past mistress of the art of the caloric kiss



Wish I could deliver this personally —

Paulette Goddard

There's a touch of the old Eve in Paulette Goddard's technique. It promises, but it doesn't always pay off. It's a nice little note on any big note to a camper in the U. S. A.



Here is something for you

Maria Montez

A kiss with an accent strictly Continental, interpreted by Maria Montez. American girls usually skip it; American men usually don't. It's the blitz variety, the kind that sends better messages than Signal Corps experts

Love and

XXX marks the spot where

the girls—at the boys' re-

quest—are sealing their

letters with lipstick. Test

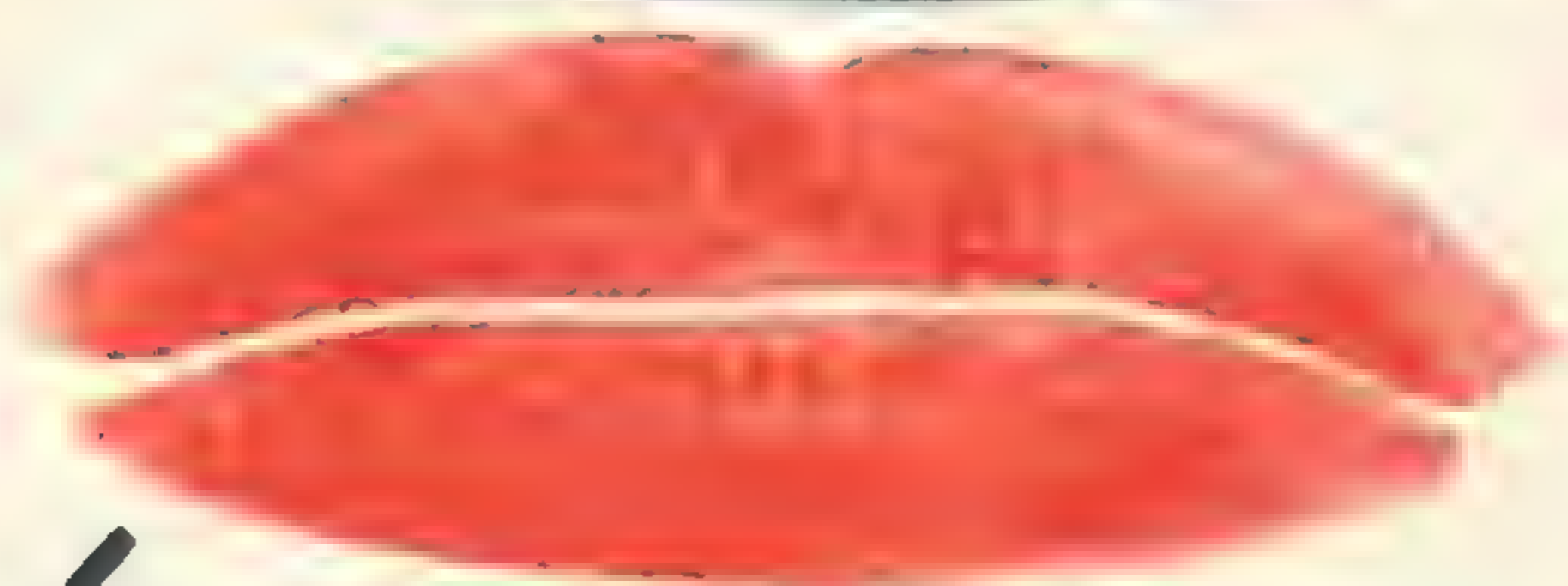
yours with this sextette!



My lady luck kiss you, too

Betty Grable

This is the "Can't we just be friends?" kiss, perfected by Betty Grable. It's a good-sport, remember-me, I'm-your-pal caress. That is, that's what it starts out to be



Sincerely Yours,
Dorothy Lamour

And this is the sort of kiss that makes even the tough old top sergeant start dreaming of moonlight and roses to the tune of "I Surrender Dear." Lady behind the lips: Dorothy Lamour



Jeepfuls of Love from
Linda Darnell

The cuddle-up-a-little-closer, "sweet young thing" type of kiss, with a dash of spice thrown in, specialty of the Hollywood house of Darnell. Linda gives it; the boys get it; the soldier caps start flying in air

Kisses

Personal to the boys: These im-prints are life-size.

Personal to the girls: Here's your chance to match your lips against the stars'.

P.S. to all soldiers, sailors and marines: These sentimental greet-ings were sent by the Hollywood stars to you, Uncle Sam's boys, wherever and whenever one of you picks up this magazine.

TALK ABOUT ROMANCE!



BOB STERLING has gone to war. The big lad with the dark hair, quick smile and the image of Ann Sothern in his eyes has done what so many other American boys have done; done it in the very midst of filming the greatest picture of his career.

Now, said the Hollywood gossips, surely they would talk, Bob and Ann. Surely this exasperating pair of human clams would have to break the long, self-imposed silence and put an end to hot surmises about their personal plans. Surely a man couldn't go off for combat training in the Air Force without something's being said about the girl he's leaving behind him!

For all the times Hollywood has missed its bet about these two in the

past, this time it was right. Ann and Bob have talked—in their own fashion.

"Well, what can we say?" Ann began. "We aren't engaged. How can we be when my divorce won't be final for some months? Wouldn't it be pretty much out of place to talk about plans, even if we had any, until I'm free?"

Bob said, "In the first place, Ann feels as I do. She—we both feel that there is a dignity about the business of marriage that doesn't let you blab a lot of stuff loosely about your plans until you *have* some plans—until you know definitely what you're saying. War and hysteria and emotion are not going to stampede either of us into doing or thinking about anything that we wouldn't have done otherwise.

"Everyone knows that we have been seeing one another as often as we can, what with both of us working in pictures. Everyone knows that neither of us goes out with anyone else—ever. I don't see what else we can tell anyone. Oh, well—I could add that Ann is the nicest person I've ever known—if that's news!"

So, having observed the proprieties, Bob and Ann were free to take deep breaths and talk a little bit about one another.

"Have you noticed," Ann trilled, "how Bob has developed, how he has matured in the last year? Can't you see it in his face, in his work, in his voice? His mental attitude, his approach to life and his job . . . well, it's just amazing!"

Ann Southern

and Bob Sterling speaking

To Helen Louise Walker

She went on, gravely, "I flatter myself that I'm critical, skeptical, that I'm not easily impressed. I've been in this business too long to be haphazard in my judgments. But I think that Bob has it in him to be one of our biggest stars. I think he'll be a truly fine, possibly a great actor. He has that—that something in him. He looks surprised when I tell him that he would have been good at anything he'd undertaken. If he had decided to be a salesman or a baseball player or a bank executive or a politician, he'd have made a success of it. But he belongs in the acting business." She broke off.

"He's done such wonderful things for me, too. . . ."

BBETTER pause here for a moment and keep track of what Bob has to say about some of this.

"I have grown up, come of age somehow, in this past year and a half," he admits. "I don't know exactly what happened. I guess no one ever knows exactly what occurs when he—well—when he becomes a person. Maybe it's just that you sort of 'jell' mentally. I know that my approach to life, to complicated situations, to work, to the business of going to war has all suddenly become pretty simple.

"I've always been a worrier. I'll fret and fume and pace the floor. But now I guess I know what things are worth worrying about. I think Ann taught me a lot of that. She has such perspective. She knows this picture business and she knows a lot about life and she thinks about things intelligently. She's never advised me not to worry. She knows that if you aren't anxious to do your best, you won't be any good at all. But she has taught me not to worry about non-essentials. So I feel pretty well-balanced in my mind about going to war, about coming back and taking up my job again."

You all know how Ann and Bob met on the set before they went into "Ringside Maisie" together. Most of you probably know that they began to feel acquainted, to take an eager interest in one another, after they met again as Ann was coming home from Hedy Lamarr's (Continued on page 95)



Silent twosome about romantic plans were Bob and Ann—until Bob enlisted in the Air Force. Then Hollywood decided they'd talk—when a man's going into the service something has to be said about the girl he leaves behind. What's more, Ann and Bob decided they'd talk, too—here and now



Courtship: The glamour of a big Hollywood engagement party

Marriage: Hours spent together at home—Mr. and Mrs. David Rose



Pocketful O' Songs

That was all Judy Garland had to offer.

But it brought her a great career

and a romance unlike that of any other in Hollywood

BY JUNE PALMS and CAROLYN DAWSON

FROM Minnesota they came—Ethel and Frank Gumm with their three little daughters piled in the back seat of the old Dodge. They were headed for Hollywood and a try at fame; they had with them courage, faith and a pocketful of songs. In those three little girls were centered all the hopes of Frank and Ethel, vaudeville troupers of old; it was in their youngest, Frances, that they felt lay the greatest hope of all.

For those first hard years they worked endlessly, singing wherever they could get the chance, traveling the countryside as The Garland Sisters, with small Frances, now "Judy," as the hit of the show. Then came the day when M-G-M called and Judy, a small nervous figure in sweater and skirt, sang for Louis B. Mayer. The next day it happened. Judy Garland was given a contract with M-G-M and the Gums were on their way.

But progress was slow. Judy was called for few pictures and those made no great hit with the audiences of America. Then, in May, 1938, the lot started to buzz with preparations for a gigantic musical, "Babes In Arms," starring Mickey Rooney. Busby Berkeley, the director, asked for Judy Garland as Mickey's running mate. The studio hemmed and hawed; Berkeley was quietly insistent; Judy was given the role.

That was the start of a great co-starring team and it was also the start of Judy's fabulous career. For America took one look and enfolded those two youngsters in its eager arms.

In Hollywood on Wednesday nights a program called "California Melodies" was broadcast. Week after week Judy listened, enthralled by the harmonies of a young composer she

had never seen. Yet she felt she knew him; his music told her much in a language that at times almost frightened her.

One misty California night she slipped away to the studio where he broadcast. A slight unassuming young man stood on the platform. His eyes, passing over the faces in the audience, found a slender girl in a big green hat. His eyes found her and stopped.

Afterwards, when the last notes of the orchestra had died away, Judy made her way hesitantly toward the aisle. A slight breathless young man rushed up to her. "Miss Garland, I—I—please, will you wait. . . ."

Judy stood there and listened to the pounding of her heart. She had just met the man who would one day be her husband, David Rose.

"IT'S funny how trivial incidents can change our lives," Judy says to Dave today. "What if I hadn't gone to that broadcast?"

"What if you hadn't worn that big green hat," Dave teases. "I might never have noticed you!"

The whole world knows the outcome of that meeting in the broadcasting studio, but not all the world knows of the "puppy love" affair that had immediately preceded it.

It had begun on the set of "Strike Up The Band" which featured that favorite co-starring team of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. Now Judy had played in many pictures with Mickey before, but now for the first time she had suddenly been afflicted with "Rooney" fright.

For the script called for a minstrel show and as one of the end men she would be competing with Mickey. To make it worse, the skit was to be done

in blackface. Always before, Judy had had the advantage of softly waving hair-dos, fluttering eyelashes and all the thousand feminine furbelows which usually succeed in taking the starch out of the most confident and preening male.

This time not only would she be in blackface, but Wardrobe had handed her a little costume number which could pass for a cross between Little Willie's first pair of grownup pants and Uncle Elmer's long flannel drawers.

All in all, the situation was extremely sad.

Over in the opposite corner of the ring Mr. Rooney himself was indulging in a mild nervous breakdown. Always before, when Judy had appeared with him, Mickey had been able to pull attention his way by making funny faces or by looking so dog-goned homely that the contrast would be marked. Now, by gosh, Judy was going to beat him at his own game. He went over to heckle her.

"I'm scared," Judy greeted him hollowly.

Mickey nearly fainted. "What's bothering you? Kidnappers?"

"This minstrel business," Judy said. "You'll show me up so terribly."

Mickey could not believe his own ears. "Have you gone crazy?"

Judy's eyes searched his face. "You mean you've been worrying about it too?"

"Oh no," Mickey denied vehemently. "Never gave it a second thought!"

Judy began to see the light. If Mickey felt uneasy, then this stage-fright business was not limited to beginners like herself. Even the greatest of them could suffer from its pangs. She relaxed. (Continued on page 107)

A welcome to Gene Kelly, newcomer from the Broadway stage, male magnet in M.G.-M's "For Me And My Gal"





An encore for Laraine Day, laurel-winner of old, an actress triumphant in M-G-M's "Journey For Margaret"

FIRST THING I SEE—

In a Man

Says Ellen Drew:

His mouth. Many people think eyes are the most important thing. I don't. A man's eyes change with his thoughts. His mouth doesn't. It's the result of all the things he has been and thought all his life.

Says Mary Martin:

His speaking voice. When a man pays you a compliment it isn't always what he says that is most important—but his way of saying it, if he has a charming voice!

Says Dorothy Lamour:

His dignity. We all go through a phase when we like a man to give us a million laughs and don't care about anything else. But eventually we want a man to be dignified and to treat women as if they were women.

Says Joan Fontaine:

The expression of his eyes; whether he looks at you steadily or whether he gives you a side glance—things like that. I must say I always like frankness in a man's eye. A steady gaze is admirable. (See *Brian Aherne's* eyes.)

Some confessions about first impressions—with an eye to giving you the lowdown on what to look for in looks

In a Woman

Says Tyrone Power:

The general stance. Often when a girl turns around you think, "Oh, oh, not so pretty!" But she's still attractive if her figure's good. I remember a photograph of ten girls . . . only one stood well, and right away you looked at her.



Says Jackie Cooper:

The face. I don't like anything pasty but I don't like this pancake of make-up everybody's wearing. Across the room it may look all right but not when you get close. The main thing is I don't like the way it smells.



Says Bob Hope:

It depends on the woman . . . on how close you are to her! Men notice a woman's figure first, I think. Then they move in closer and get a little of the eyes . . . and move in closer



Says Brian Aherne:

Her hands! You get a good impression of a person from hands. I think hands are more indicative of character and breeding than anything else. I like my wife's hands. (See Joan Fontaine's hands.)



TWO AGAINST LOVE

—Kay and Riley, both fighting against their feeling for each other, both knowing, always, what the end must be

BY HELEN DOWDEY

The Story Thus Far:

IT was a case any other nurse at Justin Sanatorium would have pleaded for, but to me, Kay Howells, it was something to be dreaded—this taking charge of Riley Sloane, top Hollywood star who'd been sent to the hospital for a cure from heavy drinking. While he had been at Justin's, things had gone well enough, for I had had at my side Chris—Dr. Christopher Ross, young specialist on the staff and my best friend. But when Riley left for home, I had been ordered to go with him, to watch him always—on the set, where he was starring in "Lost Melody," in his big house high in the hills.

I knew by then that Riley was a moody black Irishman, a man whose bitterness caused him to strike out at me in sarcasm, a man whose gentleness had sometimes given me the happiest moments I had ever known. For I would always remember that day at the hospital when he had leaned over and brushed my forehead with his lips, whispering, "If I'd only known someone like you, Kay."

Instead, he had known the usual Hollywood crowd—Corky Smith, the arrogant writer, Prudence Vickers, the gossip columnist, Carlotta Fane, the actress of long ago, and Honey Hollister.

It was Honey, blonde, insolent Honey, who'd given me the first intimation of the evil things Hollywood was saying of my presence in the home of Riley Sloane. It was Honey who'd turned so furiously on me every time I'd barred her from seeing Riley; who had taunted me, intimating that between her and Riley there was

something I could never understand.

"She's got some hold on him," Chris had said to me. "If we knew what it was, we'd know a lot more about Riley Sloane."

We were all to know soon enough—on that terrible Sunday when Honey burst in upon Chris and Riley and me, screaming, "You've fallen for her! Everybody knows it!" The three of us stood there, horrified. "I'll make you wish you'd never seen her," she shouted hysterically. "I'll—" She fumbled in her bag and suddenly the mouth of a blue-black gun was pointed at me.

Chris and Riley moved at the same instant. There was a blinding explosion and the bullet went harmlessly over our heads. Honey twisted in Chris's grasp and then froze. She made a strange gasping sound and pitched forward—dead.

"It's her heart," Chris said briefly. Riley nodded. "It's been bad. She took drugs."

"I'll have to report this," Chris said. "I'll have to telephone—"

"Just a minute." It was Riley's voice, toneless, dead. "There's something you ought to know. Honey Hollister is—my wife."

The Story Continued:

ONCE or twice before in my life, I have known a moment when time stood still. When between one tick of the clock and the next, all movement ceased and a shocked hush filled my world.

It was like that now. Only one thing was real. *Honey Hollister is my wife.* Riley's words rang in my ears.

When the room stopped whirling, I



looked at him. His face was stony. "Nobody knew it," he said. "They'll have to now. Make your report, Chris."

I longed to go to him, touch him, see the look that had been in his eyes last night and know that I was necessary to him. But he had shut himself behind his barrier. Neither of us moved till Chris came back.

"They're coming," he said. "We'll have to tell about the shot, I'm afraid. And about why she—" he glanced at the still figure lying on the couch—"she came here. It won't make a



pretty story, with its implications. Of course if you were married, that explains why she was jealous of Kay."

"I never guessed," I said brokenly. I'd been a fool. This explained everything. Chris had been right when he'd said, "When we know about Honey Hollister, we'll know the story of Riley Sloane."

In the next hour, we heard the story. Between questions and answers, the coroner's examination and Chris's report, between shunting off reporters and keeping out of sight of the curious crowd outside, with many

painful gaps and pauses, the story came out. Only Chris and I heard the whole of it. And only we saw the brittle control with which Riley told it, a control that threatened to snap at any minute.

They'd been married five years ago. In Las Vegas, secretly, because she'd insisted it be that way. "She was big news in Hollywood. I was nobody. She said the studio would raise a row if it were publicized. I could see her point. Besides, I—well, I was crazy enough about her to do it any way she asked."

I could read between the lines. I could see him agreeing to that simple little request—with that warm body in his arms and that lovely face half pleading, half promising. He'd already made himself hard when he came out here. Embittered early by seeing his father's defeat in life, he'd denied himself the simple things we live by—companionship and trust and love—and armored himself against them. He had told me once that Honey was the chink in his armor. His love for her had borne the burden of his starvation and denial and the ideal-



Nurse Kay Howells



Actor Riley Sloane



Dr. Christopher Ross

ism of passionate and reckless youth.

"Then she insisted it be kept secret," he went on. It was as though he were talking to himself, his voice flat, his eyes on the floor and dark with some remembered pain. "I was to go on living in my furnished room and she as the queen of Beverly Hills. Nobody could know she was mine. 'Only for a little while,' she told me when I balked, 'only till you get your break in pictures.' The break never seemed to come. Somebody else always got the roles I'd been halfway promised. And when she gave a party I'd have to leave with the other guests and then sneak back—later. I had to use back alleys to see her—my wife. She dangled me like a puppy on a leash and when I kicked, she—well, she persuaded me I was wrong."

I KNEW how. I'd seen her in action once. "But why did she marry you, if she didn't love you? Why—"

Riley shrugged expressively. "She was as fond of me as she could be of anybody but herself. And I was the perfect stooge for her ego. She was beginning to slip at the studio and she needed me around to tell her how wonderful she was.

"Then it looked as though I were going to have my chance. A role in a picture with her—'Pretty Lady,' the last one she ever made, as it happened. She promised she'd do all she could to throw it my way. Suddenly, something happened. Somebody else got it and I was dealt out. I was about ready to cut my throat when Leo Martin picked me up for a bit in one of his productions. You know the rest."

That was the role that had catapulted him to fame, while "Pretty Lady," ironically, had been one of the biggest flops in box-office history.

"It was then I found out the truth. She'd been knifing me all along, deliberately keeping me out of pictures. Part of it, I guess, was natural jealousy of what I might do and part of it was because she liked having me around as a combination lackey and gigolo," the toneless voice went on. "That was the showdown. She was on the skids and knew it. She'd been doping for some time, and drinking, and her heart

was on the bum. By the time our positions were reversed, she wanted to announce the marriage. But I was through. I told her she'd wanted it kept secret and she'd jolly well have it kept secret.

"Divorce?" He answered the unspoken question. "What was the use? She'd have contested and there'd be all that nice dirty linen aired. Besides, there was nobody else for me and never would be. I supported her, but I wouldn't live with her and it was that that finally burned her up. She was afraid of losing her meal ticket and her one chance for a comeback on my coat tails."

"I'VE stalled the reporters as long as I can, Riley," Chris was saying. "I'll tell them you'll see them now. Then I'll sneak Kay out the back door."

When he'd left the room I walked over to Riley. I put my hand on his arm and looked up into the bitter face. "Last night," I said softly, "you asked me never to leave you. This is today and maybe you feel differently. However you feel, I want you to know I'll always be around if—or when—you need me."

For an instant there was an answering flicker in his eyes, some wordless communication for me alone. Then Chris came back and the barrier dropped into place again. "Don't worry about me," he said gruffly, and went to meet the reporters.

Upstairs, a weeping Ellen helped me pack. "Poor Mr. Sloane," she mourned, "just when he was getting on so well."

It was what was in my mind, too. What would this shock do to that precarious balance, this jarring open of half-healed wounds? I longed to stay near him. But I couldn't. Not now.

Driving out to the sanatorium, Chris said, "You'll have to keep out of sight till this blows over." He looked strained and worried. "It doesn't look good for either of us, mixed up in something like this. I telephoned Dr. Justin and he doesn't like it a little bit."

Dr. Justin certainly didn't. Suavely but with unmistakable meaning, he

told me that—er—under the circumstances, with all the unfortunate publicity and the name of the hospital involved . . . I cut him short. I understood perfectly that my services were no longer wanted.

Feeling like an outcast, I packed the few possessions I'd left at the sanatorium. Where was I to go? Chris couldn't take me in. What was I to do? I had very little money. I had to stay near Riley but—the telephone brought me up short. It was Carlotta Fane.

"I've just heard," she said. "My dear, you must come here immediately. Nobody need know except your young doctor and Riley, of course."

I thanked her gratefully. And thought how strange it was that my only friend was this aging, garrulous old actress with her dyed red hair and her golden heart.

NEXT day, the full fury of the press hit. I cowered before the blast. Every newspaper in the country carried the story: Honey Hollister Dies in Hollywood Home of Riley Sloane. Star Reveals Secret Five-Year Marriage. In the tabloids there were pictures, even one of me—Nurse Who Was Present at Time of Tragedy. And one of Chris—Prominent Young Psychiatrist Who Was Witness of Sudden Death. Fortunately there was nothing about the shot that had been fired, but there didn't need to be for people with evil minds. It was all there, implied, for those who cared to read between the lines. I felt sick.

The phone rang all day. "Yes, I knew Miss Howells, a dear girl. No, I haven't the faintest idea where she is," Miss Fane would lie cheerfully.

Every time the bell tinkled, I jumped. Chris would have told Riley where I was. When would he come? When would he call? I was pacing the floor when Chris's call came.

"Riley Sloane has disappeared."

He said it just like that. Just as if every syllable weren't a separate blow. "He left during the night without a word to anyone. His car is gone. Mr. Martin," he spoke in a careful undertone, "is here at the house now. (Continued on page 79)

Fascination for 1943



Gay fascinator in Charles R. Rogers's "The Powers Girl" is Carole Landis; 1943 front-page style news is her pink-pearl crepe dinner dress with its slim skirt, slim peplum, striking design of tropical leaves in silver and crystal beads. Adrian, the designer, slit the skirt at the hemline, cut an off-center V at the neckline, produced a dress of simple elegance for a '43 sophisticate



A dreams-come-true picture of the kind of suit every woman dreams of having at least once in a lifetime—a fine grey herringbone wool with a white diagonal stripe that makes shoulders look fashionably broader, waistline look trimly smaller. It's an Adrian model worn by Carole Landis who spots it up with a big black velvet beret, smart black suede shoes and bag



A model dress for a model picture: Worn by Carole in "The Powers Girl," this day dress of burnished copper pebble crepe should brighten up every girl's wardrobe. It's simple; it's sophisticated; it's the "little dress" America is famous for. Adrian has accentuated the shoulders and nipped in the waistline by criss-cross bands of self-material. Just for fun, wear a dunce cap and long gloves of persimmon velveteen

You can look as smart as a star

Seeing double—and seeing's believing! Florence wears a dinner dress that's a look-alike for Carole Landis's Adrian model. Give a nice ladylike shout of approval for a peplum, sequins and an intriguingly slashed skirt. Peplums, as if by magic, produce a long, slim line . . . Sequins high-light your dinner-date dash . . . And a slashed skirt (As if you didn't know!) is as irresistibly glamorous as the sandal and ankle it so cleverly discloses.

In champagne or black rayon crepe with gold sequins. Sizes 12-20. \$29.95. Sterns.



Three cheers for two peas-in-the-pod pictures that prove you can have Hollywood style on a budget. Come spring zephyrs and daffodils, Carole's suit will be an ideal costume—and so will Florence's. Softly tailored, it's a perfect priority must for under winter coats now, too. Florence rated the diagonal stripes which the trim little jacket makes doubly effective. "They're not only unusual," she said, "they're slenderizing, too."

In gray, brown, soldier blue or natural, of spun rayon (which looks like wool) with white pin stripes and a white collar. Sizes 10-16. \$8.95. Saks-34th Street.



The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores speci-

Reader Florence Buermann wanted striking clothes like Carole Landis's. She found them—at these pint-sized prices!

Two "spittin' image" dresses with but a single thought: To make a girl look prettier. Florence's rayon crepe is a morning-into-afternoon-into-evening dress for the days that allow no time to go home and dress between business and pleasure. Tiny tucks sunburst most flatteringly from the center line of both skirt and blouse. And look twice at the sparkling flattery of those rhinestone circles at the victorious neckline. Look at Florence's dress; look at Carole's. Who said the price of Hollywood glamour was too much for a gal's small purse?

In black or brown rayon crepe. Sizes 12-20. \$17.95. Or in gold, violet or pale blue wool (82% wool and 18% rabbit's hair). Sizes 12-20. \$17.95. Sterns.



fied. For instructions as to how you can purchase them easily, turn to page 110



NOEL COWARD (above), the Englishman named for Christmas and noted for all-around genius, gives us this year for Christmas the greatest picture of men at sea to come out of this war, "In Which We Serve." It is the powerful, poignant life story of a British destroyer, the *H.M.S. Torrin*, and her heroic finish in the waters of the Mediterranean, told in terms of the lives of the courageous British seamen who give her the last measure of their devotion. Coward, who plays her Captain, has written and produced the picture as part of his all-important work in British propaganda, his "Cavalcade" of Britain at sea.



This is good-by: A seaman takes leave of his wife, his England, and sails away to war

This is imminent death: The crew of the *Torrin* fighting the sea for their lives



This is the courage of noble men: The Captain and his men sing Christmas carols at sea

The truth about stars' breakdowns

Three-fourths of Hollywood's nervous cases are legitimate. The other fourth is faked — and they're exposed here

By "Fearless"



Such a beauty as Lana Turner was bound to suffer grilling after-effects



Completely genuine was Joan Fontaine's recent illness — and the cause justified it



No one in Hollywood dreamed of what ailed Ronald Colman

HOLLYWOOD has nerves that jingle, jangle, jingle. Tired nerves, frayed nerves and, alas, convenient nerves that break down at opportune moments. In no community its size are there so many so-called nervous breakdowns that range all the way from poutings and hysteria to actual physical exhaustion. They occur in the very young as well as sturdy adults and the increasing number of "cases" in Hollywood has raised a lusty "How come?" among the movie-goers.

The truth is that three-fourths of the breakdowns are legitimate. It's the one-fourth that makes the juicy reporting. Take that prominent actress, for instance, slightly on the wane, who faked an illness in order to avoid a scheduled Bond tour. Suspicion was allayed for the simple reason the actress had heretofore been fairly co-operative. The fact the star was no longer under specific contract to any studio prevented a studio medical examination, so the matter drifted. But a few suspicious souls began recounting the war activities of the star in the past and discovered her help had been limited entirely at her own convenience to soldiers who were merely in the vicinity. She had appeared at none of the coastal canteens, nor had she joined any organi-

zations or classes. Still the reports of her illness drifted about *until* an actress making a Bond tour through Western cities spotted the star comfortably ensconced by the side of her boy friend who was encamped nearby. And there she had been all the time.

But very rare are such cases in the face of the overwhelming selflessness of some Hollywood personalities.

Greer Garson, for instance, ended up in an Eastern hospital suffering from exhaustion and the recurrence of an old illness after weeks of strenuous Bond-selling. Ronald Colman came nearer a complete collapse than anyone in Hollywood dreamed. An actor's most precious possession—his voice—was sacrificed by Charles Laughton to stimulate sales. For weeks after his return to Hollywood Laughton suffered extreme laryngitis.

But on the bad side of the ledger goes this little anecdote. A very prominent actress recently demanded more money. The studio agreed—if the star would make concessions they felt necessary to her position. The star refused. The studio, bored with the unpleasant publicity, suddenly closed up like a clam. The next move came from the actress. She was in a hospital with the usual "nervous breakdown." She'd be there some time, her



Oddest case in all film town is that of the youngest Lane, Priscilla

press agent announced, and columnists ate it up.

The studio quietly investigated and discovered the ruse. They didn't budge. Three days later the star was off visiting her boy friend at a nearby camp and the incident was closed. No one, believe us, can recover from break- (Continued on page 83)



Paulette's in love!



The biggest excitement in Hollywood: This blazing romance between two of the town's most daring personalities—Paulette and Burgess Meredith

AT this very moment, Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard are as inseparable as the hydrogen and oxygen molecules that go to make up water. That is, as inseparable as a lieutenant in the Air Force and the busiest star in Hollywood (he's just finished some fast work on "Street Of Chance") can ever be in times like these.

"It must be the uniform," Meredith's civilian cronies say with part envy and part surprise, amidst a cloud of wild rumors that one fine day there will be Mendelssohn music and orange blossoms in the offing. The envy is only natural and the surprise is perfectly legitimate, considering the fact that the Goddard is, and has been for some time, the most sought-after belle in the movie colony.

The uniform reference is strictly a canard, although if anyone is prouder of Meredith in uniform than Paulette Goddard, it is Lieutenant Meredith himself. The romance, however, began long before the duration, just to set things right.

In a way, Boris Morros, that moon-faced, cherubic-looking producing gentleman, can be credited with sponsoring the great conflagration a couple of years back, during the shooting of his picture, "Second Chorus," in which the two figured.

Mr. Morros, a man of peace and good will (among other things), was

BY RICHARD ADDISON

transcribing an air from Tchaikovsky behind a very imposing green door marked Boris Morros—Private, when the telephone rang. Miss Goddard was on the wire, with a bee in her bonnet.

"There's a madman in the next bungalow," Miss Goddard said hotly. "And he's quoting Shakespeare at the top of his voice."

"What play?" Morros wanted to know.

"'Romeo And Juliet.'"

"From where I'm sitting, that's no madman," Morros reassured her. "It sounds like Mr. Burgess Meredith. We start shooting his scenes tomorrow and apparently he's rehearsing."

"Are you shooting 'Romeo And Juliet' or 'Second Chorus?'" Miss G. demanded.

"Buzz—I mean Mr. Meredith—is a strange man. He gets himself into the proper mood only by reciting Shakespeare."

"To himself?"

"Usually. Unless, of course, he's overheard."

"How very fascinating!" Miss Goddard said.

At which point Mr. Morros did the gallant thing, brought them together, performed the introductions and diplomatically retired.

"I understand you quote Shake-

speare by the mile?" Miss Goddard said, the minute Mr. Morros had disappeared.

"I'll hear any suggestions for improvement," Meredith said.

"Fine," said the Goddard. "Why don't you hire a prairie?" And she stomped off.

WITH such an auspicious start, a five-alarm blaze was inevitable. True, it took quite a little campaigning, much of it rewarded by an infuriating yawn from Paulette, but in the end, it happened: Burgess Meredith, who likes his ladies mettlesome (as well as beautiful), and Paulette Goddard, who likes her men imaginative (as well as gifted), became an item.

Repercussions of the amalgamation were first felt at "Pandemonium," the ex-lovenest of the Wayne Morris which had been taken over by Meredith and the then-bachelor, Franchot Tone.

"I don't know what's come over Mr. Meredith," Wood, the Meredith butler, confided to Tone one day. "Lately the master can't make up his mind which of his two suits to wear, the grey or the brown."

"Calm yourself, Wood," Tone came back. "Love has overtaken the master. I have it on unimpeachable authority: My best ties are starting to disappear. I wonder who it could be."

Jimmy Stewart, (Cont'd on page 74)

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS



After the appearance of my first column I received & read many letters asking if my column had been "listed" — I should like to answer each person who writes to me — your letters are read by me — I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problem I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely edit my material for publication. Photo-play Movie News has given me Sheila Dudley to help me.

Bette Davis

You may find the answer to your own dilemma in this great feature wherein Bette Davis gives intimate advice to you, our readers

BETTE DAVIS, known throughout the country as the great advice star of Hollywood, now offers to answer your problems through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. Each month, from the letters sent to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, Miss Davis chooses those with the problems that seem to her to be most universal and gives her fearless answers every month in this magazine. No names of towns are used and all names of persons are changed.

FROM Canada comes this letter:

Dear Miss Davis:

I am sixteen years of age and I am going to business college. I shall soon finish my course, but instead of going into an office as a clerk, I want to join the Woman's Army.

My parents object to this notion very much. They think that I am too young. They say that, considering my two brothers' being in the Royal Air Force, that is enough of the family to be fighting at present.

What do you think I should do?

Ever your friend,
M.

Dear Miss M.:

There can, of course, be no doubt in anyone's mind of the worthiness of the Women's Auxiliaries to any of the services, American, Canadian or British. However, whether you join or not must be, obviously, a completely personal decision. Since I know none of the circumstances that surround your life, I can't direct you, either toward service or toward the office work you mention.

Perhaps the objection of your parents to your joining is based, somewhat, on fear for your safety. Then, too, during wartime, parents are likely to cling to the child who can be kept at home.

Perhaps your greatest service to your country at this time lies in keeping your parents happy and keeping your home as much as possible like the home your fighting brothers remember.

Yours truly,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have been very much impressed by your answers to the serious problems in Photoplay-Movie Mirror, so now I am bringing you my troubles in the hope that you can help me. So far I've asked advice from no one and it is with great modesty that I now ask you.

I am a very attractive girl of twenty whose parents won't allow me to go out with boys. Almost every boy I meet asks me for a date, but I have to refuse all of them. Naturally, they don't believe me when I say my parents won't allow me to have dates.

Now I don't care to go out with everyone I meet, but I think now that

I've met the most important man in my life. I think I will love him forever. I have never had a date with him—just talked to him in the office and that is all. I am afraid to let him come to the house for fear my parents will make a fuss and disgrace me.

Sometimes I wish I were homely so no one would ever look at me and then I would be satisfied to stay home night after night, like I do now. But I'm not satisfied even if my being at home does make my parents happy.

I have tried to talk this over sensibly with my parents, but it's no use. They say no decent girl goes out with boys. Should I listen to my parents all my life, or should I go ahead and do what I think is best for my own future happiness?

Yours truly,
A.

Dear Miss A.:

Of course it is not true that "no decent girl goes out with boys." It is right and normal for any girl to want beaux.

Frankly, I think your parents were very wise to protect you until you were eighteen. I personally believe that all girls should have their early escorts checked by their families and that most social activities should be home parties.

I remember very well how infuriated I used to be because my mother brought me up in exactly this way. I wanted, like you, to go out with boys just as other girls did.

However, I do feel that after a girl is eighteen she should be allowed more freedom. No parent is going to be able to make decisions for his children forever; young people have to learn to cope with problems of adult life as they meet them.

At twenty, I think a girl should certainly be given some choice in the matter and should be able to choose beaux intelligently; or else it seems to me her parents' upbringing has been inadequate.

I feel, honestly, that for you to abide by so strict a rule as that laid down by your parents at present may endanger your future happiness.

Yours sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl, fifteen, but I feel at least

ten years older. Here is my problem: My father and I both have very hot tempers. I don't get along with him at all.

He won't let me go anywhere without a big argument. Why, I can't even go to the corner drugstore without having him send my kid brother after me. If I had ever done anything to deserve all this suspicion, I wouldn't mind, but I have always been decent and I intend to stay that way.

One of the things that is wrong with him is that he gambles all the time—plays the ponies. He comes in the door arguing and he goes out of the door arguing. He is always mad about something. I get along swell with my mother who is a darling person. My parents are still young; my father is only thirty-six and my mother is only thirty-four.

My mother works hard to keep our house nice, but she never gets any thanks. I work after school, and all day Saturdays, so that I can buy all my own school clothes.

Please, Miss Davis, can you tell me any way to get a happy home life for my mother and me?

Yours truly,
L.

Dear Miss L.:

I'm very much afraid that your father's conduct is not your problem; it is your mother's responsibility.

There is very little that you can do about this situation, it seems to me, until you are of age. Then, if your home life is still too uncomfortable, you can get a job and live apart from your parents.

Here is one fact I think you might consider: The only way human beings can live together with any success is to adapt themselves to conditions. Differences of temperament are very usual things in most families. I don't think there is any doubt that your mother loves your father and I think you must love him, too, or you wouldn't be so worried about his behavior.

Don't make yourself miserable over his shortcomings. Remember his good qualities, and he must have many or your mother wouldn't have married him since she is such a "darling person."

Yours truly,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am only a little girl, but maybe you will answer my letter anyway.

When Daddy gives me my allowance I buy Defense Stamps with half of it and the rest I use for movies. I go to the show every day after school, except on Tuesdays when I have my piano and dancing lessons. Daddy doesn't get home from work until six o'clock. My mother died when I was born and then we lived with Grandma until she died.

Miss Davis, here is my problem. I went to a movie and saw "Blossoms In The Dust." Greer Garson was the mother in it and I love her. I saw it three times, then I saw "Mrs. Miniver" five times.

I am saving every penny I can get and then I am coming to Hollywood to see Miss Garson. I am not telling Daddy because I don't think he would let me go, but, Miss Davis, I simply have to see her. Don't you think it would be all right for me to go to see her?

Yours lovingly,
Janie.

Dear Janie:

I can well understand your admiration for Miss Garson, as she is one of the most beautiful and charming women I have ever met.

However, I believe I have a better plan for you than coming to Hollywood. Nearly every star is now doing a great deal of war work, going on Bond tours, or traveling from camp to camp entertaining soldiers. It is entirely possible that Miss Garson will appear in your town or one near by.

Why don't you watch the papers for news of her visit? Then you could have your father take you to see her and so spare you both the long trip to Hollywood.

You forgot to put your address in your letter, but if you will send it to me I will (just for you) ask Miss Garson for a photograph and mail it to you.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I always read Photoplay-Movie Mirror and I was very interested to learn that you are acting as consultant for its readers. I have a very serious problem.

My husband and I were married when I was twenty and he was twenty-five—we were both old enough to know our own minds and we were very much in love. Still, his mother didn't approve of me. She made the statement that my family were not her equals. She wouldn't even have me in her house and when my baby daughter was born she didn't send flowers,

or telephone to find out how I was, or even visit our flat to see how my husband was getting along while I was in the hospital.

My little girl was only three when we moved out of our home state because my husband, George, wanted to change his type of work. We had some pretty tough times, I can tell you. Lots of times we didn't know where the next meal was coming from, but somehow we managed without calling on George's mother who has plenty. I've always been a good manager and

Have you ever suffered from
social stage fright—the kind of
torment that comes from being
afraid to enter a room filled with
strange people? Then you're
right in the class of

Claudette Colbert

who tells how she learned to
overcome her social stage fright
in the March

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

George could always bring in an odd dollar when things got desperate. For five years we were strangers to George's people.

Then one day I met George's brother on the street. I was astonished and so was he. I invited him home to have dinner with us and he said he and my mother-in-law were living only a few blocks down the street. Well, I can't say I was happy about it, but what could I do? At Thanksgiving time I invited George's brother and mother over for dinner and we sort of patched things up. Still, she has never invited me to set foot in her house. That went on for three years.

This summer she begged me to let Joan, my daughter, stay with her while George and I took a little vacation. I wanted Joan to go along with us, but George thought it would be fun to have a second honeymoon and

to leave Joan with her grandmother, which we did.

"Well, when we came home, Joan told me that her grandmother had spent the entire time ridiculing me and telling stories about my family. My mother-in-law made fun of my clothes, of my house—well, of everything about me to my own daughter.

Now, Miss Davis, I think I would be justified in breaking off all relations with George's mother. I think I should never telephone her again, and never see her, also that I should keep Joan away from her.

George doesn't feel that way. He says we have to make allowances for older people and that it isn't fair to keep the only grandchild away from her grandmother.

How can I stand to go on sitting for hours in the same room with a woman who is mentally jeering at me? How can I risk her turning Joan against me? My family are all dead now, so there is no way that I can show Joan that I really came from nice, if plain people.

What shall I do, Miss Davis?

Unhappily yours,
J.

Dear Mrs. J.:

I sincerely agree with you when you say that you have a difficult problem. In the first place, your husband has a point when he says that we have to make allowances for older people. Your husband is also right when he says that a grandchild is important to its grandmother.

But you are right in resenting anything that comes between you and your daughter, as it is important for her to grow up to respect you. Anyone who attempts to undermine the affection and reverence of a child for its mother is, of course, in the wrong.

Personally, I feel that your husband should stand by you in preference to his mother in this matter, but undoubtedly he loves his mother and feels loyalty for her.

I feel that, already, you are definitely justified in breaking off all relations with your husband's mother, but if you love your husband—which you seem to—why not have one more try.

Go and discuss with your mother-in-law her attitude toward you and ask her quite frankly what does she hope to gain by turning your daughter against you? Very often the most difficult situations can be cleared up if the people themselves sit down and talk about it.

It seems to me this is your only hope. In doing this, you are being fair to every one involved, and no one can say you haven't done everything in your power to keep peace in the family.

Yours truly,

Bette Davis.

The End



SHE HANDLES HIGH EXPLOSIVES! Anne has been promoted step by step in the intricate processes of making shells—and has recently completed a special course to become a “job-instructor” in training other girls.

Anne Nissen, gallant bride-to-be of a soldier

Her engagement to Lawrence Van Orden, was announced by her parents shortly before “Larry” went into the Army

ANNE IS IN UNIFORM, TOO—the trig overalls-and-blouse girls in defense plants all over the country are wearing. “I couldn’t have Larry do all the fighting,” Anne says. “I wanted to do *my* share.”

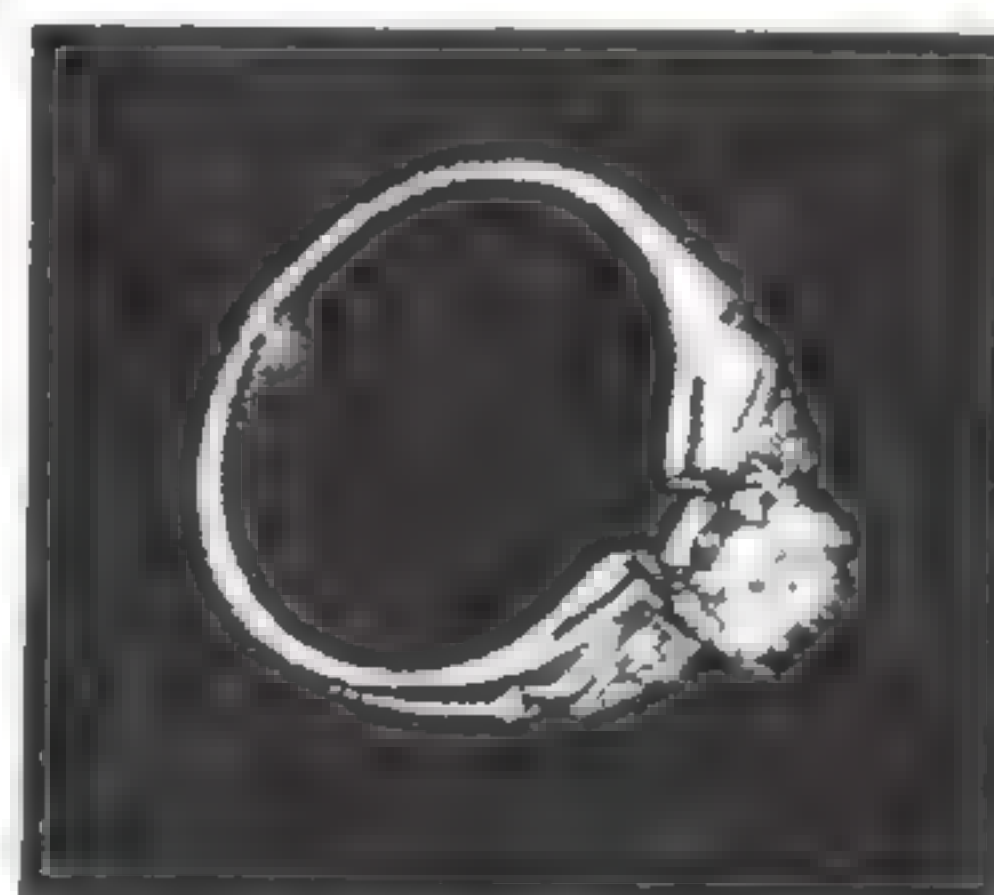
She is in a big munitions plant—employing 1,000 women. She works on rotating shifts—7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.—3:30 p.m. to midnight or midnight to 7 a.m.

Anne says, “In a war plant you work indoors and with intense concentration. This begins to show in your face if you’re not careful. Your skin gets a tense, drawn look. I’ve always used Pond’s Cold Cream. It helps keep my skin feeling so *soft and smooth*, and it’s a grand grime remover when I get home.”

Anne uses Pond’s *every* night—for daytime clean-ups, too. She smooths Pond’s over face and throat—pats gently to release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. “Rinses” with more Pond’s for *extra* cleansing and softening, tissues off again.

Do it *yourself*. You’ll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, use Pond’s—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even *more* for your money. All sizes popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

She's Engaged!



ANNE'S LOVELY RING is simply set in a plain gold band. A small diamond is set on either side of the sparkling center stone.

SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S



A DARLING COUPLE! Anne and Larry have been friends since high-school days—but on Anne's birthday last year they started devoting *all* their spare time to each other. Anne's lovely complexion is one of her chief charms. “All I ever use is Pond’s Cold Cream,” she says. “It suits my skin just beautifully.” Yes—it’s *no* accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond’s!



Hollywood—Beware in 1943!

(Continued from page 32) wife, Anne Shirley. Sure enough, there right where they should be were Jupiter and the Moon passing over Neptune in Anne's fourth house, the house that governs the home, which indicates a rehabilitation of her home. I am going to interpret this as remarriage to John Payne.

Mickey Rooney: Mickey has the planet Pluto in his midheaven. This is the signature of genius. Pluto in this position indicates a sudden rise to fame but an equally sudden drop into oblivion. Watch your step, Mickey.

Though the papers say that Mickey and his wife Ava have reconciled, the stars say that the reconciliation cannot last much longer than through May. From May 27 through June, 1943, Mars in Mickey's house of marriage and partnership in opposition to his Sun, Mercury and Venus (self, mind and love) indicates divorce and possibly a broken business partnership due to poor judgment and too much temperament.

Dorothy Lamour: Dottie has had a big year full of hard work and tedious traveling, but her unselfishness and sincere unaffected manner on her Bond-selling tour have sold her to the whole country. I saw Dottie selling Bonds in my home town of Brattleboro, Vermont, and she wow'd 'em. If you can wow a group of hardheaded, thrifty New Englanders you first have to prove to them that you're sincere and honest and simple at heart. She did.

Stay out of airplanes and avoid all travel until March, 1943, Dottie, and from September through December use caution in dealing with the public and in all personal relationships. During this period there is danger of unpleasant notoriety over a secret love affair or marriage. Be sure you can trust those in whom you confide.

George Sanders: Best career year George has ever had, for 1943 puts him on top and keeps him there.

From April to May 28 the fiery Mars in bad aspect to Neptune and his Sun will make him practically impossible to please. Even Elsie Dinsmore couldn't get along with George during this period. His stars indicate a break in his marriage.

He should guard against trouble with everyone all year, for he has wonderful

aspects for a truly great career and the movies need him. If he alienates everyone, however, his career will suffer. No one can go it entirely on his own, especially in Hollywood.

Rita Hayworth: Rita will find 1943 a wonderful year professionally. Her stars foretell many love affairs and a number of marriages during the course of her life, but Victor Mature is her true love. If that love is terminated by outside influence those who were instrumental in breaking it up will regret their interference. It may prove to be a boomerang and come right back at them with explosive results.

Victor Mature: Victor is extremely sensitive and covers it up with a bluff and bluster which have antagonized many people who have not understood the cause. A strong opposition from Mars to Neptune and his Moon makes him erratic, bombastic and frequently hard to get along with, yet underneath he is sympathetic, gentle and can make great sacrifices for the person he loves.

Many loves and marriages show up in Vic's chart, too, and sorrow and trouble follow most of them; but Rita Hayworth is his true mate. Their charts show complete physical attraction and mental harmony. I predict that if they were not married in the fall of 1942, around February 14, 1943, will see them married unless too much pressure has been brought to bear on Rita.

Victor Mature has a brilliant chart indicative of fame. His stars say he will be in the armed services by November, 1942. In February, 1943, and again in November of the same year, he may distinguish himself, receive a promotion or both.

Ida Lupino: A year of great activity and public acclaim around August if she takes care of her health and nerves. There is danger, however, of her permitting her temperament and her nerves to run away with her. She must rest and relax when not working.

From March 15 to April 10, Ida, be conventional as a woman's club president, for your slightest word or action will be misconstrued, set tongues to wagging and get you in wrong with your public and studio.

Home conditions will be unsettled during July and can be extremely un-

pleasant in August. Uranus indicates that whatever happens in connection with your home will be explosive.

Deanna Durbin: Deanna also must be careful not to antagonize the public, her husband and business associates for the next two years. Due to Saturn and Uranus in her house of marriage, partnership and the public, in opposition to her first house of self, she could find herself standing suddenly alone with her determination and ideas.

January, 1943, marks a month of strife for her and she must control her tendency to "know best," guard her health and nerves and be careful of accidents.

Her stars indicate a separation from her husband, but this may be due to war conditions and not to a marital upset.

After July 1 Deanna's career will be favored if she has co-operated with her stars and with those in authority.

Spencer Tracy: The year ahead for Spencer Tracy is not all sunshine and roses unless he watches his step. At his birth the passionate, headstrong Mars and the restless Mercury were in close conjunction in Pisces in his twelfth house. This is the house of self-undoing and restrictions.

It looks as though a storm is brewing between Spence and his employers which could cause him to suffer loss and disappointment. If he is to come through this safely, he must yield to the restricting and restraining influence of those who are attempting to check him.

During all this year and next his imagination will be remarkably fertile and his work original. He may have some unusual ideas for stories and plays or plots for a motion picture which he may write, direct or act in, or all three.

In July, 1943, Jupiter moves into Leo (sign of the actor) on the cusp of his fifth house, which governs movies, theaters, children and love affairs. This combined with other transiting planets should bring about a great change in August or September of 1943; a definite severing of conditions of long standing and the beginning of a new life.

Katharine Hepburn: When La Hepburn hit Hollywood like a flaming comet with her plans for "Woman Of The Year" and got Spencer Tracy signed up for her leading man she did Hepburn and Tracy the greatest favor of all, for professionally their two charts blend and harmonize with smooth perfection.

Hepburn was born with her Sun in 15 degrees of Scorpio ruled by the fiery Mars, just as Tracy was born with his sun in 15 degrees of Aries also ruled by the fiery Mars. Fire plus fire.

Kate is a true native of Scorpio. She can control people by exerting her charm, but underneath she is as hard as nails. The one thing she respects in anyone is equal magnetic power. This she has found in Spencer Tracy. At last she has met her match and this exciting combination will make one of the greatest romantic teams of all time if Spencer will heed the warnings of his stars.

You've only heard the half of it! Next month Matilda Trotter will give you the changes and upheavals that 1943 will bring in the lives of Lana Turner, Alan Ladd, Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan and George Brent and a score of other stars.

In March Photoplay-Movie Mirror

If you would like to have your own solar chart for 1943 write to Matilda Trotter, care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.



Three gals with sock appeal: Columbia starlets Leslie Brooks, Evelyn Keyes and Marguerite Chapman roll their own, contribute their silk stockings to the "silk for powder bags" drive in Hollywood



Here's our lovely RITA...

Here's
the **BEAUTY** Soap
she uses every day



RITA HAYWORTH

COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

JUST LIKE **SMOOTHING BEAUTY IN** WHEN YOU TAKE THESE **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS!** FIRST, SMOOTH THE RICH LATHER WELL INTO YOUR SKIN



NOW RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN SPLASH WITH COLD. PAT THE FACE GENTLY DRY WITH A SOFT TOWEL



NOW TOUCH YOUR SKIN. IT'S FLOWER-FRESH, EXQUISITELY SMOOTH. LUX SOAP'S A REAL **BEAUTY** SOAP. SOFT SMOOTH SKIN IS **IMPORTANT**



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Paulette's in Love!

(Continued from page 67) another Meredith manager and crony, was being fitted to a sport jacket by his favorite tailor when Meredith stalked in, asked for the manager and demanded to look at something special in an English pattern."

"You, Buzz!" Jimmy called out, incredulously, from the dressing room. "Planning to abdicate your title?"

The title he was referring to was Meredith's undisputed claim to the honor of being "the worst-dressed man in pictures."

Meredith was nonplussed.

"When you travel top-drawer, you've got to dress top-drawer," Meredith replied, light as a lark.

Meredith the bon-ton was only one of the many transformations.

From that day on, something new was constantly being added to the old Meredith.

Take athletics, at which Paulette is a wow, and at which Meredith has glared, lo! these last five years.

"I suppose you're quite a sportsman," Paulette happened to remark one day.

"Just you name the sport, honey," replied Meredith, nonchalant as you please.

"Fine! How about a game of golf?"

"Why not?"

He was snoozing that next Sunday morning when the telephone rang. It was Paulette.

"I'll be by in half an hour," she said blithely. "Be waiting at the curb with your clubs."

Well, they trotted out on the links and it was a shambles. Meredith chalked up a fast 85—for nine holes. Paulette turned in a card of 43.

"How about tennis?" Meredith suggested on the way home, remembering a season, three years back, when he had shellacked Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda and Myron McCormick—a game apiece.

"I'm not much at tennis," Paulette said, apologetically.

They met, Meredith in a basque sweater; Paulette, in a tennis getup of breathless design. Meredith was swiftly annihilated.

PING-PONG, pitching horseshoes, swimming—it was all the same.

A rhumba addict, Paulette took the melancholy Meredith in hand and transformed him into a veritable Latin. They were going to town at Ciro's one night when someone tapped Meredith on the shoulder. It was Cesar Romero.

"Nice going, amigo," smiled the town's top rhumba artist.

"Who, me?" Meredith sputtered, blinking.

When civilian Meredith was called to the colors, things looked dark indeed for a while. It wasn't being called to the colors that made things look so dark. The rub was in being sent to a camp clear out in the Middle West. Paulette saw him off, bade him a fond farewell.

He wasn't gone forty-eight hours before Paulette took up knitting on the set.

"A horse blanket?" Dona Drake remarked one day, observing the huge expanse of red wool.

"For your information," Paulette said tolerantly, "I am knitting a sweater."

"Not for Laird Cregar, by any chance?" quipped Dona.

Paulette, who never blushes, kept on knitting.

The lovers' gloom was of short duration. Hardly had a fortnight passed before Private Meredith was back, looking the veriest picture of a soldier, hale and martial.

"A.W.O.L.?" gasped Paulette.

"Nope. Transferred."

That, of course, was over a year ago, and considerable bombs have plummeted down on Tokyo since then. Also, there was the smile of fate this summer when Paulette went East and Burgess, happily within range, spent many blissful hours at her Nyack farm. In the interim, Private Meredith had been advanced to Lieutenant Meredith, attached to morale and given a roving post that takes him cross-country every other week practically. But it also takes him back to Los Angeles, Los Angeles and Paulette. Things could be lots worse for the lad whose early days were marked by an almost incredible aimlessness.

IN FACT, history records that just before Burgess got around to trying the stage, the veteran of a dozen careers, all of them nipped in the bud, hit upon an idea that would capitalize on his buffetings at the hands of Fate: Who, if not he, was an authority on the vexing problem of job-getting? Answering his own question, he sat down at a typewriter and, with the frenzy of an Old Testament prophet, struck off a brochure entitled "How To Land A Job," which he sent to a publisher he knew slightly. The manuscript came back promptly—by return mail, as a matter of fact.

"You most certainly have a book in you, young man," the publisher wrote, "but this isn't it. The book you ought to lose no time in writing—and reading—is not 'How To Land A Job' but 'How To Keep A Job.'"

With a resignation born of some twenty-odd years consumed in the trial-and-error system, Meredith folded the letter into a paper airplane and cata-

pulted it out of the window. Matters had been proceeding at this rate since the scion of Dr. William George Meredith, Cleveland physician and surgeon, had turned ten.

At that time he was notified that he had been named by the celebrated Paulist fathers as one of the eight best boy sopranos in the land, an honor accompanied by a scholarship to the Paulist Choristers School.

The scholarship offer was turned down. Mrs. Meredith, after thinking it over, decided that a Catholic school was no place for the grandson of a famous Methodist revivalist, even so illustrious an institution as the Choristers School. But the seed had been planted. The following fall Master Burgess was packed off to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine Choir School in New York as chorister and student.

HIS four years at the Choir School were a sensational, if nonmusical, success. He spent the first year in a futile attempt to get his fellow choristers to put zip into the liturgies of the church, discovered that century-old traditions were not easily budged and gave up his futile labors.

The second year was more productive. Maintaining the minimum level of scholarship, he set about to bag for himself the lead in the annual school play, "Peter Pan," which role he executed with so much "zest and imagination," to quote his mentor, that he was publicly cited by the faculty. His last two years at the Choir School added further laurels on the cap and buskin side of the ledger and settled one point for sure: Burgess Meredith wasn't meant to become a singer.

His career in music washed up, Bur-



The holder of the title, "The worst dressed man in Hollywood," in his formative years—Burgess Meredith



First step towards Hollywood—and Paulette Goddard: small Meredith playing the lead in "Peter Pan"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

gess Meredith, after a bout with the Hoosac Preparatory School, entered Amherst on a scholarship. He didn't graduate. He didn't even come close to graduating. His life at Amherst was a miserable failure. Harassed on the one hand by financial difficulties (to remedy which he washed dishes, tended furnace and minded babies) and throttled on the other by the snobbery and class-consciousness of the scions of the New England Brahmins who overran the school, it was inevitable that he should acquire that melancholy strain which he has never quite managed to shake off. He fought back by turning into Meredith the debonair, who could turn a jest or a tumbler of beer with equal ease.

BY THE end of the year his mind was made up. Hopelessly in debt and oppressed by what he was to call later his "continuous blundering sadness," he would quit Amherst.

He had not the vaguest idea what he planned to do two days before he terminated his life at Amherst. In fact, he didn't have the vaguest idea of his destination, for an obvious reason: His total assets amounted to eighty cents.

He was sitting there in his room, his trunk packed, and reading the college paper when his eye fell upon an intriguing item. On the following afternoon a declamation contest for freshmen was to be run off, an unattractive announcement indeed except for one little detail—the sum of \$50 was to go to the winner.

With only a few hours to prepare his material, he entered the contest, after staying up all night to memorize the memorable last scene of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The judges never left the room to compare notes. Even the contestants knew he had won.

It was a buoyant Burgess Meredith who departed Amherst in search of his destiny. The boys who hung out the signs hadn't let him down. He had turned around in his mind the merits of the different professions and decided he would give reporting a try. So he trekked to Stamford, Connecticut, convinced the editor of the *Advocate* that he had just missed being named Pulitzer Prize journalist by a mere hair when he worked on the *Los Angeles Times*, and was straightway hired.

For several weeks he managed to ward off his doom. But when he returned from an assignment involving a sensational suicide without having bothered to obtain the victim's name, he was fired right then and there.

Seized with the sudden inspiration that maybe he was destined to become a merchant prince, he hurried home to Cleveland, where the Meredith boys opened up a haberdashery store. It wasn't long before the marshal arrived with hammer, nails and official documents. On that occasion, one of Meredith's best friends—the kind who are supposed to tell you whether you need that wonderful mouth wash or not—got it off his chest.

"It beats me how Cleveland's sloppiest pair of dressers would dare go into the haberdashery business," he allowed. "I'll swear it does."

One month later the frustrated merchant prince was selling neckties at Macy's, a job which he handled in a vague sort of fashion, so vague that often he made change out of his own pocket and forgot to pay himself back. It was only a matter of weeks before he was bounced.

On the way home from his latest set-

Nothing's too good for you, my lad—

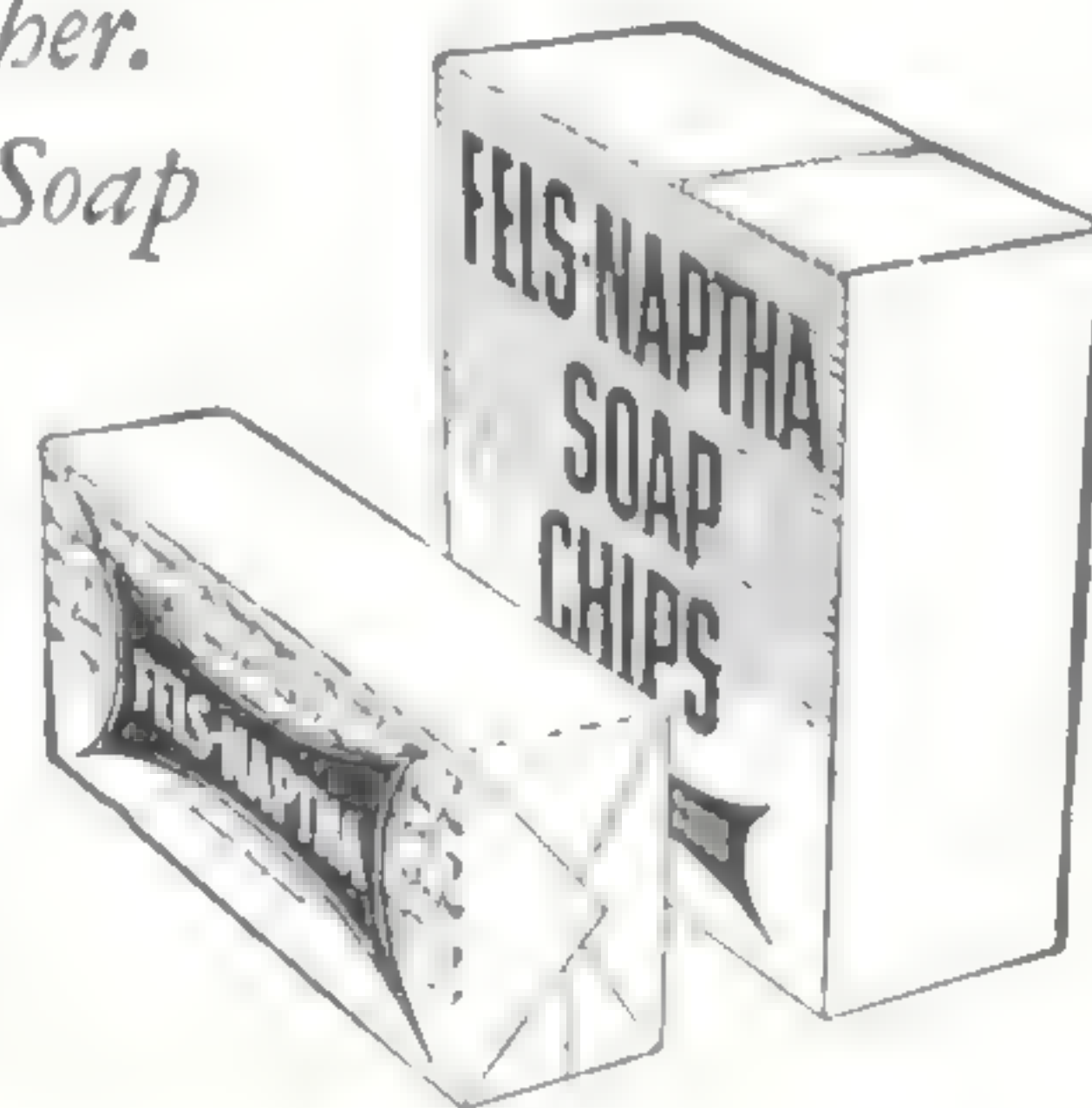


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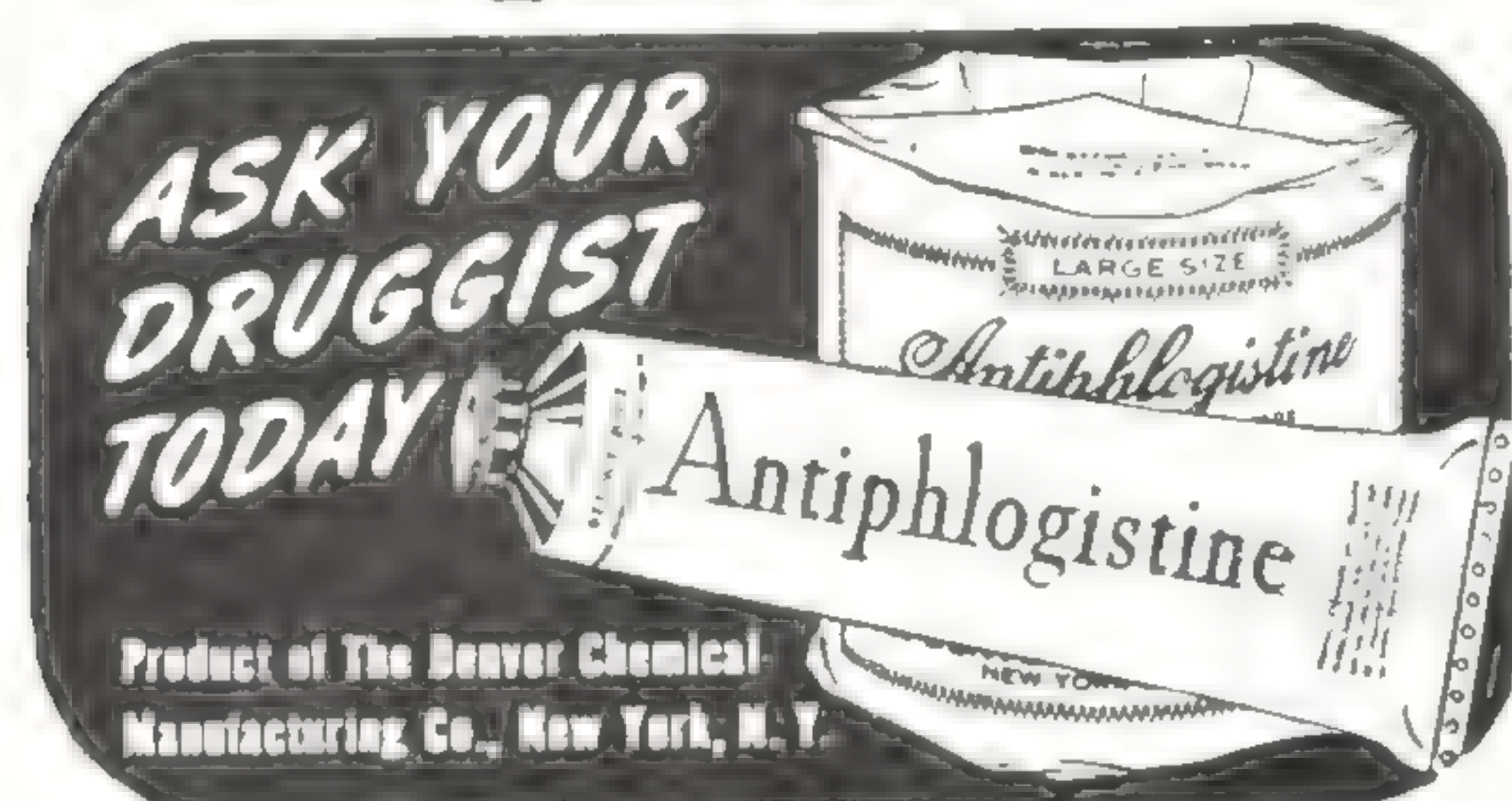
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back, he stopped off at Saks Fifth Avenue and applied for a job in the fur department. He spoke so glibly that he was hired. A few weeks later, when the department manager discovered he had been duped, he suggested that maybe the complaint department needed a person of his eloquence and cunning. Meredith took the hint, got transferred. As a soother of riled-up women he followed an all-out appeasement policy which often conflicted with the store's best interests. Exit Meredith whistling.

Reading in the *Times* that the country was in the midst of a building boom, he turned roofing salesman. It was pretty grim all around. When he wasn't recommending the wrong materials he was falling off garage roofs.

IT WAS the era of the overnight fortunes from stock-market trading and even babes in arms lisped the magic name of Wall Street lovingly. To Burgess Meredith, momentarily at loose ends, it looked like a promising career. Willing to start at the bottom, he got a job as runner for a brokerage house, ferried millions of dollars in securities all over the financial district and got canned just about the time he had figured out a plan to make a colossal killing.

He brooded about life for a month, then shipped as ordinary seaman on a tramp bound for Venezuela. Arrived in port and handed his wages, he staged a celebration the like of which would have pleased Nero, went at it so fullheartedly that he overstayed his shore leave and was brought back to America in the brig.

That long voyage home in the ship's brig was the blessing in disguise. The third night out, when the long hours of confinement had made him restless and he was pacing his cramped quarters, he thought of a way to relieve the monotony. He would recite aloud everything he could remember. And recite he did—at the top of his voice. In the middle of the last scene of "Cyrano de Bergerac," that same touching scene he had done in the declamation contest at Amherst, he stopped dead. "I'm an actor," he yelled. "I'm an actor."

* * *

IT WAS the look of urgency in the eyes of the bearer of the note more than anything the note had to say about the bearer, "one Burgess Meredith," that impressed Eva Le Gallienne, the then-director of the celebrated Civic Repertory Theater, a note, by the way, written by a man she only vaguely remembered. On the spot she accepted the urgent young man as an apprentice in her Student Repertory Group—without pay.

As a fledgling actor he cavorted with something that Miss Le Gallienne describes as more than zeal and less than lunacy. He seemed to thrive on acting. Come spring and Miss Le Gallienne recommended that he begin stringing out leads for a summer of stock.

His first tour of the straw-hat circuit was sensational. Chary of the praise of the critics and convinced that his talent was still raw, he put in another year of workshop training. And after that, another summer of stock.

That winter he invaded Broadway. And the following spring he did his magnificently poignant picture of Red Barry, a reform school alumnus, in Albert Bein's play, "Little Ol' Boy."

The late O. O. McIntyre hailed him as "the most thrilling young actor of his

day." "She Loves Me Not" demonstrated his range; "Flowers Of The Forest," displayed his versatility; "Winterset" put him in a class by himself. After that Hollywood was inevitable.

The soul of Meredith of the Movies is fashioned out of some pretty curious ingredients. With a strong base of St. George, a generous quantity of Lord Byron, a wee pinch of Puck, a snip of Hamlet and a dash of Don Juan, the concoction is not exactly out of the recipe books. In one breath he is beating his brains out trying to devise ways and means of improving the lot of his fellow man. He accepted the chairmanship of The Free Company, an organization dedicated to defeating the aim of hostile propaganda in this country via the medium of radio—without pay. He shared with Helen Hayes the co-chairmanship of the Screen and Stage Division of the Fight for Freedom, made talks on street corners, pled with his friends who were on the fence, harried the opposition. He prayed for Russia, worried over China, fretted about our down-trodden sharecroppers and lamented over America's slowness to wrath.

In the next breath this same Burgess Meredith is running neck and neck with the leading Hollywood Lotharios (known in less kindly circles as "wolves") and becomes knight protector to such assorted beauties as Simone Simon, Patricia Morison, Olivia de Havilland, etc. That is, he did until Uncle Sam took him over—and Paulette Goddard.

THAT Hollywood should have found Meredith somewhat on the baffling side is neither strange nor important, but it is something else again that his closest friends, Franchot Tone, James Stewart and Henry Fonda, have three different pictures of the same Meredith. "Sometimes I think he's right out of Mother Goose," Stewart has said, "and then again I think some surrealist painter like Dali made him up. I guess Buzz is a fellow with poetry and laughter and music in his soul, Hamlet on roller skates, Puck on a white charger. Does that help?"

In close-up Burgess Meredith is little, wiry and vague-looking. If it weren't for that vagueness he'd look like a tap dancer waiting to be asked to show his stuff. No disciple of Emily Post, he is just as apt to receive morning callers in a rumpled pair of pajamas, a bath towel wrapped around his head, turban fashion, and sporting socks minus shoes. It has been rumored, but remains unverified, that he sleeps in his socks.

The explanation of Burgess Meredith lies in his philosophy of life which again is a queer combination. It might be stated something like this: Gather your rosebuds while you may but leave some for the other fellow which accounts at one fell swoop for his hilarity and humanity.

He likes boogie-woogie music, is an authority on colored bands and admires music-makers who can blow a hot trumpet.

He has been married (and divorced) twice, first to the late Helen Berrien and then to Margaret Perry, formerly of the stage.

But the proudest moment of his life was when he took his oath as a private in the U. S. Army. Add to that, the moment when he first presented himself to Paulette as Lieutenant Burgess Meredith of the U. S. Army Air Force.

It did things to Miss Goddard, too—make no mistake!

The End

Joe, the bead-stringer

You don't know Hollywood unless you've heard the story of one of its most colorful personalities—jeweler Joseff

THE attainments of Joseff, jeweler to both off-screen and on-screen Hollywood, are proof positive that in this country a man may follow the profession of his choice regardless of handicaps if he has enough persistence and ability.

Born in Chicago, Joseff (known with local affection as Joe, the bead-stringer) says he got kicked out of every parochial school he ever attended, so his education sketched itself through a few years of high school before he became a commercial artist. He felt, however, that he was oil in the ink of art; his head was full of Cellini ideas. When he should have been drawing pictures of a pretty girl drinking a popular beverage or smoking a certain cigarette, he was sketching ideas for unique jewelry.

After his eight hours in the art foundry, Joseff took his designs down to various wholesale jewelers and asked why this or that couldn't be manufactured. They

told him that his notions were challenging, interesting, saleable—but totally unworkable. They just couldn't be worked out in metal and stones.

Undaunted, Joseff bought books on antique jewellery and studied until dawn, night after night. He made intricate tools. He experimented with unusual materials. When he saw a piece of costume jewelry that puzzled him, he bought it, took it apart and put it together again. All this on his own time after his art chores were done for the day.

Then the depression hit, Joseff came to Hollywood and nearly starved to death before he got his first studio break—turning out a collection of Tahitian necklaces for Twentieth Century-Fox. For a while he got only the studio work that was refused by the regular wholesale jewelers either because of the time element, or because of the difficulties of the work. Joseff always delivered, although



Joseff with two movie masterpieces: The headdress worn by Virginia Bruce in "The Great Ziegfeld" and the tiara worn by Vivien Leigh as Lady Hamilton

there were times when he had to call in all his Hollywood friends and put them to work stringing beads all night.

He is 36, well over six feet tall, and a bachelor. He still works such fantastic hours that he swears he has never had time to look for a wife.

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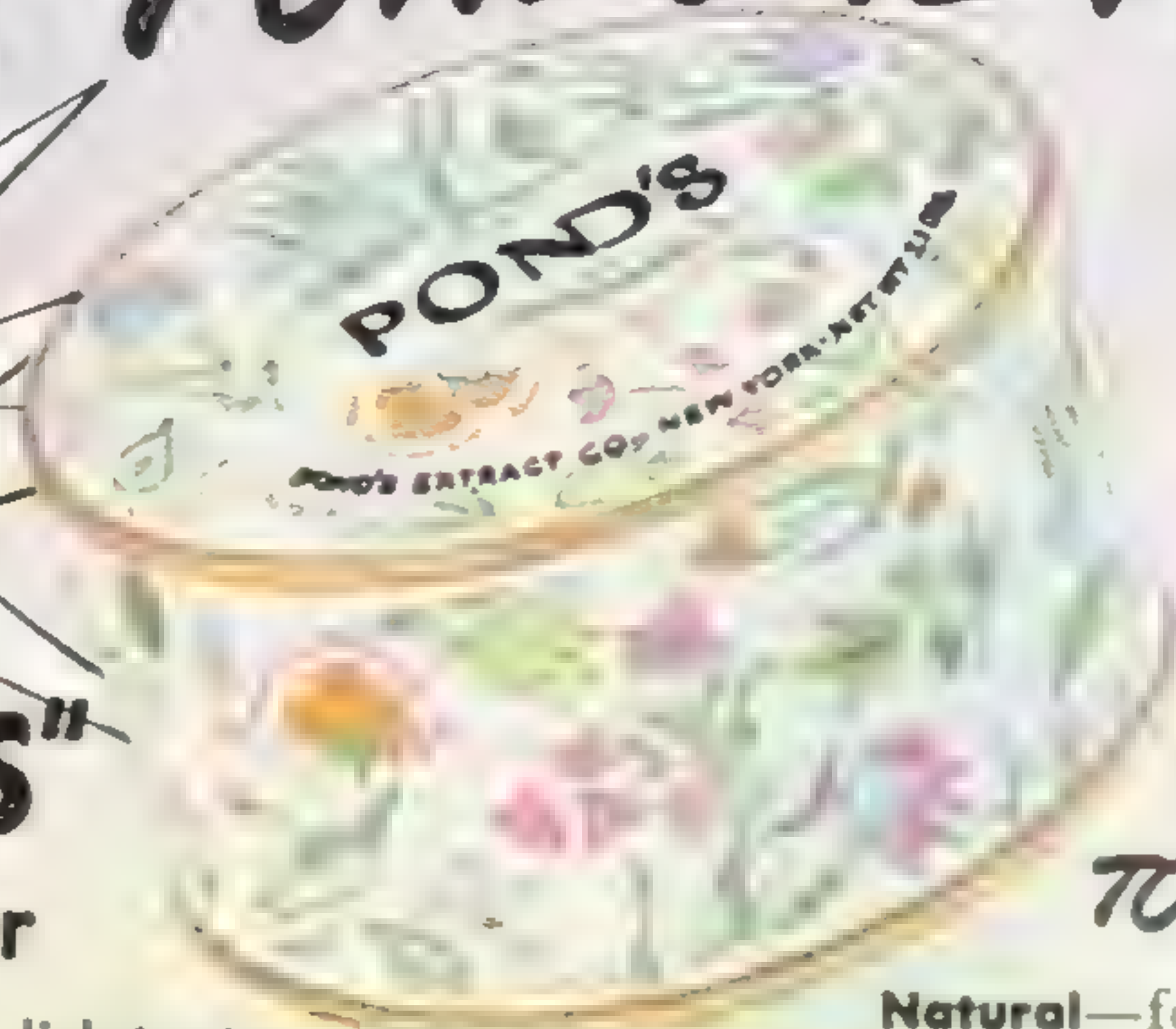
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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

This Month in Hollywood: People talked of gas rationing. Homes out in the Valley and in such exclusive suburban districts as Brentwood, the Palisades and the Beaches were closed while occupants scrambled madly for apartments in town, scarcer than the proverbial hen's teeth. More and more midget cars replaced limousines. Bicycles, motorcycles and scooter bikes were parked by the droves in parking lots. Executives who realized actors could not possibly make daily return trips to and from studios in outlying districts on the four-gallon limit desperately tried to make some readjustment in working plans. The Government that proclaimed movies a vital necessity as a morale builder and ordered continued production offered no suggestions. Already the curtailment of vital properties necessary to the making of pictures has cut deep inroads into the production output. Actors, necessary to the maintenance of movies proclaimed an absolute "must" by Washington, are being drafted right and left. Second-rate hangers-on are playing leading roles which adds to no one's morale. Women stars are turning their backs on movies to follow their husbands about the country. Penny Singleton refused to leave husband Producer Robert Sparks, stationed in Virginia, to make her scheduled "Blondie" picture and gained a postponement. Ellen Drew and Priscilla Lane said no more pictures for the duration in order to be as close to their mates as possible. Merle Oberon turned her back on Hollywood to join Alexander Korda in England.

Connie Bennett joined Gilbert Roland in Florida, Glenda Farrell her major husband in New York, and Annabella, we hear, will follow Tyrone wherever he's stationed whenever she can. Cobina Wright Jr. has been in Georgia with husband Palmer Beaudette, Gene Tierney spends every moment in San Pedro near her Oleg. Brenda Joyce left movies to be with Owen Ward Jr. and become a mother, and Veronica Lake spends every spare moment in Seattle with John Detlie.

Those wives and sweethearts who remain behind (like other wives and sweethearts everywhere) are so concerned they can't keep their minds on movie-making. Who wants to kiss an actor all through a picture when one's heart is so involved with a man of one's own out there somewhere, they say.

So it's a great little merry-go-round of troubles that threatens to burst into utter confusion when studio contracts, agent contracts and radio contracts play havoc with the \$25,000 ceiling due next year. It isn't that Hollywood objects to the curtailment so much as to the absolute confusion and legal entanglements that will ensue.

The town, first to poke fun in its own direction, referred to itself as "God's Frozen People" and Red Skelton said the freeze was so bad in the executive building of M-G-M they were thinking of turning it into an ice rink.

It's cheering to hear the old town laugh at its troubles. It's a pretty good sign that somehow Hollywood will find a solution to its problems and keep faith with the fans.

It always has, hasn't it?

The End

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Two against Love

(Continued from page 58) We've been hoping he'd come back. I thought you might have heard from him."

"No, I've been waiting . . . oh, Chris, what could have happened? Where could he be?"

"I'm afraid," he said, "our friend is out getting drunk."

"Oh, no! Not now! He couldn't—"

"Well, the bottle used to be his best friend. It looks as if all our work had been in vain. I'll stay here a while longer and then come by. You sit tight."

I couldn't sit tight. Not with Riley out roaming the streets somewhere, seeking release from bitterness in sodden oblivion. Miss Fane calmed me.

"I know the boy's old hangouts," she said. "We'll go look for him."

SO in a borrowed hat and a pair of dark glasses as a disguise, I drove her small car while we toured the bars of Hollywood. At each place, I waited outside while Miss Fane went in. She stayed long enough to see somebody she knew (which was every inhabitant of the city) and ask a few leading questions. Each time she came out shaking her head.

Finally we got a lead. "Corky Smith was in there," she said as we left a little place on the outskirts of town. "He says he saw Riley early this morning in a low dive on Ventura. He had three double Scotches and left, Corky said, after being very rude to everybody."

My heart sank. So after all, the bottle was his best friend. Better than me. Better than—anything. "We'll find him yet, but I must say"—Carlotta straightened her hat over her red hair—"I'm getting awfully tired of beers."

But we didn't find him. The bartender at the low place on Ventura said Mr. Sloane had left there at eleven, under his own steam, and hadn't been seen since. Even the faithful Miss Fane was discouraged then.

"I could wring his Irish neck," she said, "running out at a time like this. The studio will never forgive his holding up 'Lost Melody,' the biggest thing they've ever done. It'll ruin him." Then she gave me a sharp glance. "But you're not worried so much about that part of it, are you, dear?"

"No, I'm worried about him. Where he is, what he's doing. I—"

She clucked with sympathy and laid her hand on my arm. "I was afraid you felt that way, I wish you didn't. Loving a man like him could mean only heart-break for a girl like you. Why don't you marry that nice Dr. Ross?"

"I can't. Not feeling as I do—" And then driving back in my borrowed disguise, looking for a man who didn't know I was on earth, I told her the whole thing. That time at the hospital, the duel that went on constantly between us at his house, and finally Saturday night when the guard had dropped and I'd known, once and for all, that I loved Riley Sloane.

Carlotta sighed. "I wish I could help you. But nobody can. Drat his hide!"

Chris was waiting for us. "No trace," he said. The studio was keeping the disappearance from the papers, giving out the story that Mr. Sloane was in seclusion and under the care of a physician. "That's me," Chris said wryly. "I had to double back on my tracks coming over here, to shake the reporters. But the funeral is set for tomorrow. He's got to come back for that."

We all agreed on that. Hardened cynic though he was, not even Riley Sloane could fail to make that final gesture to

Dig out your snapshots!

They may save the lives of hundreds of American boys.

Listen: A few years ago we smiled tolerantly when the Japs and Nazis overran our country with their omnipresent cameras. They even set up photographic agencies which "sold" abroad pictures of significant American buildings, civic centers, waterfronts, bridges.

It isn't funny any more. We wish now that we had done the same thing in their countries. (Try and do it!)

The Japs and Germans were smart, all right. But we can still out-smart them!

Do this: Look through your photographs of foreign countries and see if you have any which show as backgrounds landscapes, harbors, beaches, docks, manufacturing plants, oil storage facilities, railroad stations, yards and tracks. Then write to the Office of Strategic Services, Station G, Box 46, New York City, outlining what you have. A questionnaire will then be mailed to you for filling in details. Do not send in your pictures until you hear from the O.S.S. specifically requesting them. Silhouette shots of islands, air views of cities and harbors or photographs taken from heights are particularly valuable. Pictures will be returned after use upon request.

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the woman who had been his wife. When I went to bed that night, it was with the buoyant hope that tomorrow I'd see him.

THERE was only a handful of people in the chapel. Honey Hollister had had no immediate family. There were a former director of hers, a former secretary, an old man alone in a back pew who might have been a butler and a few others beside Carlotta and myself. Nothing could have proved more plainly that Honey was "through" in pictures and that she had had no real friends. Apparently no real husband, either, for though I waited anxiously all through the short service, Riley did not appear.

During the next few days Carlotta and I continued our fruitless search with mounting discouragement. Undercover, the studio was combing not only all of Southern California but parts of Mexico as well.

Interest in Honey's death had abated by now, but once the news was out about the disappearance, it would start all over again bigger than ever. And the secret

couldn't be kept very much longer.

On Friday night, Chris came. We went to a quiet little restaurant in the neighborhood for dinner. He looked harassed.

"I've decided to leave for the East on Sunday," he said.

"You can't leave till Riley's found, Chris! He was your patient and your friend. You can't leave him in the lurch like this—needing help more than ever in his life!"

"He doesn't deserve our help. He ran away, leaving us to face the music . . . all this horrible publicity, this covering up. Once I thought there was hope for him as a good guy. I don't any more. He's no good. I want you to put him out of your mind, Kay—and to come with me Sunday."

"You told me once," I said in a low voice, "that you thought he cared for me, that I was good for him. . . ."

"Running away proves he doesn't care for anybody but himself. Look, Kay. I saw how you felt about him and I thought I saw how he felt about you. I was willing to step out of the picture if it meant your happiness. That's no longer true. I want you. I've always wanted you. Marry me now and let's get out of this!"

"I can't, Chris. Maybe you're right about him, but I can't leave."

"Don't you see the longer you stay, the more people will talk?" he burst out angrily. "You'll have no name, no future! All this publicity—"

I LOOKED at him then and it was as if I'd never really seen him before. "The publicity is really what's driving you away, isn't it, Chris? It's what you've been scared of since this thing happened—what it might do to you in your new job. You don't care about Riley or about me. You're his doctor and yet you haven't lifted a finger to find him because of the publicity. You care only about your own career."

"That's not true! I'm thinking of you and the scandal—"

"You don't think enough of me to face down the scandal and stay here with me until we know Riley is safe. You've always played it cautiously. Your career always came first—before me, before anything."

Mirrored in his eyes, I knew I'd spoken the truth. He'd seemed strong because his ambition was ruthless; he'd seemed sure because he never took a chance. I got up.

"I promise you this, Chris: If he isn't back by Sunday, I'll know you're right. I'll put him out of my mind for good. And I'll come on East later and make a new life for myself as if he never existed."

On the sidewalk outside, we ran into Prudence Vickers. "Oh, my dears," she cooed. "Just the people I want to see. How is poor dear Riley?"

"As well as can be expected," I said shortly.

"Poor darling—such a shock. I take it you two are no longer on the case?"

"We plan to leave for the East soon," Chris said. "I'm going with my mother on Sunday and Miss Howells is coming on later to take a position in New York."

Somehow we got away from her prying questions and knowing eyes. Chris and I said goodnight and I went wearily into the apartment. I'd given myself a sort of mental deadline—Sunday. I couldn't stay on here longer with no job and no prospects of getting any. If Riley didn't return, there was no point in staying at all. . . .

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The next day, on one last flickering hope, I went to the address the woman at the hospital had given me that day. I'd found it in my bag: Mrs. Ben Chapman, on Ventura. "If he should ever need anything," she'd said.

The house was a cheap little stucco bungalow. The door was closed and no one answered my ringing. The flickering hope died out.

There was an item in Prudence Vickers's column that evening. "About the town . . . Kay Howells and Dr. Christopher Ross, witnesses at Honey Hollister's tragic death, having a quiet cup of coffee at Rossi's last night. Dr. Ross leaves for the East on Sunday and Miss Howells says she will follow soon to take a position there. Riley Sloane is still in strictest seclusion . . ." There it was again, all the insinuations to be read between the lines if you wanted. I didn't care. I'd gotten so used to seeing my name in print that way, it didn't matter any more.

One thing I could laugh over—a position in the East. It sounded so important, as if I had only to choose among the many flung at my feet. I'd be lucky to get anything at all.

I WAS telling Miss Fane about it Sunday morning as I fixed breakfast for us. The maid was gone for the day (it's so much cozier without her," she'd said) and while she set the table in the sunny dining nook I scrambled eggs in the kitchen. The aging actress had long since ceased to be a famous name to me; she was like a beloved aunt.

" . . . there just aren't many jobs for nurses now, poor things," I was saying over my shoulder.

"I loathe nurses," a voice said behind me.

I froze—with the egg fork in one hand and the butter plate in the other. Suddenly I was back in a room at Justin Sanatorium, looking at a wreck of a man, hearing his lazy voice say those same insolent words.

I turned slowly.

Riley Sloane was leaning against the door, looking at me. A blue turtle-neck sweater set off the breadth of the heavy shoulders; his dark hair was rumpled by the wind, and his face, though lines of pain bit deeply into the corners of his mouth, was calm and clear-eyed. He grinned.

"I hope you're having fatted calf for breakfast. The prodigal has come back."

"Where have you been?" I murmured stupidly.

"At the Chapmans'."

"But I went there! Yesterday. I—"

"I saw you, precious. I didn't answer the door because I hadn't finished working out something that had to be worked out. I was afraid you might make it harder. Then last night—presto, all the pieces fell into place and here I am."

"Well, I hope you're satisfied. You've given everybody fits for a week," I said tartly. I couldn't let him know how I'd worried. "We thought you were hiding out with a bottle somewhere."

He looked more serious than I'd ever seen him. "I tried that, but it didn't work. I found out it won't ever work any more. You and the doc fixed that for me."

I heard steps tiptoeing through the dining room, then a door close stealthily, and a radio turned on. Miss Fane was making a perfect exit.

"But the funeral, Riley. If you weren't drunk—"

"I was at the funeral."

Suddenly, like a flashback at a movie.

I saw the old butler alone in a back pew. He saw what I was thinking. "That was me. I'm not an actor for nothing, my dear. For a while, I was afraid you and Carlotta would recognize me. It was the only way I could go and—well, I had to go. After all, she was my wife."

"I'm glad," I said simply. "But now—what smoked you out finally? Did you get bored?"

I was acting hard to cover up the pounding of my heart and the choked feeling in my throat.

"This smoked me out." He held out a crumpled clipping. I recognized it as the item about Chris and me in Prudence Vickers's column. "This decided me about a lot of things."

"I suppose it decided you to try to throw me into Chris's arms again, as you've tried to do all along," I said bitterly. "I suppose you're going to insist I leave with him tonight. . . ."

Then and then only did he move. In one long stride he was beside me, his hands on my shoulders, forcing me to look at him. "No. I told you I'd figured out a lot of things this week. The main one is I know I'm good enough for you and I'm good enough to fight any guy for you, and I will! I came here to tell you you're going to marry me and nobody else and there'll be no more talk about going East with the doc!"

That time my heart did stop beating. I know it did. I stared up at him dumbly and then pulled myself together. "And haven't I got anything to say about it?"

"No. Look, Kay—I've been fighting against you a long time. Since that day in the hospital, to be exact. I thought I was no good for any woman, least of all you, and at the same time I wanted you as I've never wanted anybody. I started to tell you the night we went to my house. I even knocked at your door. And then—I couldn't. There was Honey, for one thing, and that was a mess. And there was what I'd done to myself. You'd made me believe in something again and it scared me. I didn't know how long I could hold that belief. When you answered that knock, my courage failed me. I ran like a scared kid and climbed into bed and when you came I sent you away when what I wanted was to kiss you. And the time at the studio, when you wanted to quit. I couldn't let you quit, Kay. So I taunted you into staying. And I kept on taunting you, making life hell for you, because—oh, my darling, because I love you so!"



Canteen scene: Eddie Cantor broadcasts with bright Dinah Shore, the Hollywood Canteen's "favorite canary"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

DID any girl ever have a less romantic declaration of love, I thought happily, did any girl ever have her lover say he made her life a hell because he loved her so?

I didn't care. This was Riley Sloane—not the Riley that millions knew. The one only I knew.

He helped Carlotta and me get breakfast, all of us laughing hysterically. Every time our hands brushed or our eyes met, I felt like singing.

We sat down at the table finally, with the sun streaming in and the New York Symphony from the radio filling the room with sounds that echoed in our hearts, and tore into the scrambled eggs like hungry animals.

"... and I'm going to finish up 'Lost Melody,'" Riley was saying, "and while I'm doing it, I'm going to court my girl. A real courting with flowers and candy and holding hands at the movies. I'm not going to give these wolves around here a chance to say we got married the minute I was—free."

"I'll have a trousseau and a real wedding with Carlotta as maid of honor and—"

The music stopped abruptly. A man's voice cut into mine. We sat like statues as it went on—that tense, devastating, unbelievable voice.

"Pearl Harbor has been bombed by enemy action. Stand by for further bulletins."

How can I describe what happened then?

It happened, one way or another, in every home in America. How we stared at one another with disbelief, then with horror and shock and rage. How we stayed glued to the radio the rest of that day and far into that night, listening to the words and acts that etched deep into history on that tragic December 7, 1941.

Of all the events of that day burned in my memory, perhaps the clearest is seeing Riley pace the floor and saying—not with drama, but quietly and simply—"I'm joining up. As soon as I finish the picture, I'm joining up, any way they'll have me."

Was I to love him only to lose him so soon?

He took my hands. "I made a mess of the past, darling. I've got to earn the future. I know now you don't deserve happiness unless you work for it. I'm going to deserve our happiness together."

"I'm joining up, too, Riley," I said. "There'll be work for nurses."

WE are both in the East now, with our units. Riley is in the Marine Corps, just another Marine corporal at a Southern post. He will probably be embarking soon for overseas duty. And so, probably, will I. My unit thinks of the girls like ourselves who lived through Bataan and our own courage is greater because we remember them.

I have seen Chris once. He, too, has changed. He had told me once if our country went to war, he wanted to be of service in his profession. His work is selfless now and his only ambition is that it be good. I know I never really loved him and never could, but I respect him deeply.

We see each other on leave, Riley and I. And when we do, our love is a shining sword that gives us strength to be apart, and joy—never sorrow. Before the date of embarkation comes for either of us, we will be married. We will have earned our future. I don't know what that future will be. But I do know, whatever it is, our love will never die.

The End.



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Why Hollywood Told Greer Garson: "Don't Marry!"

(Continued from page 29) during the time of Richard's Hollywood leave when Greer Garson, herself, was trying to decide. The light in her room burned till dawn several mornings, while the actress thought and weighed values and listened to the silent echo of a charming voice saying, "When are you going to marry me, dearest? When?"

Through it all Greer's mother, who lives with her, remained in the background. "I know Greer will do what she thinks best," was all she said.

The day the pair took out their license, Hollywood was positive the boy had won. But the three-day marriage law prevented them from using their marriage license until the day Richard was due for active duty in San Francisco. Hollywood, as a whole, heaved a sigh of relief, for Hollywood is a snobbish town that revels in the caste system of "earned stardom." And Greer has earned her stardom.

LET us sketch for you briefly the background and romance chart of these two.

To begin at the top and work back, Greer Garson is today considered the Number One Star of Hollywood. Only her *Mrs. Miniver* surpassed her *Mrs. Chips*. The role of *Edna Gladney* in "Blossoms In The Dust" brought her an Academy Award nomination. There were many who thought she should have had the Oscar. "Random Harvest," yet to be released, cinches any doubt as to Miss Garson's place in the sun.

Richard Ney had only begun in pictures. His role as Miss Garson's son in "Mrs. Miniver" was followed by a less juicy plum in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley." Fortunately, both films were gems.

For years Greer Garson toured the provinces of England in little stock companies, fighting her way to the London stage through bitter disappointments and frustrations before her Hollywood debut. And even before Hollywood's acclaim, Miss Garson experienced months upon months of bitter loneliness and neglect by those who had brought her to this country from England. She was ill and ignored by the M-G-M biggies. Her mature wisdom and understanding permitted her to emerge the calm, gra-

cious woman she is with no resultant bitterness or unhappiness.

Richard Ney has had no such mellowing experience behind him. He had had only scant stage experience prior to coming to Hollywood. Before that and after his graduation from Columbia, young Ney took part in a television company at the World's Fair. His disappointments and heartaches are ahead. Hers are behind her.

Greer was born and educated abroad. Young Ney was born and raised in the small town of Lakewood, Connecticut, where his father is an insurance broker. For a while young Ney conducted a column in the Lakeville newspaper and later graduated from Columbia with a major in English.

While on tour with the road company of "Life With Father," Richard enlisted in the Naval Reserve and, after his two M-G-M pictures, was called into service.

Both Greer and Richard have been married before and both marriages ended in divorce. While producer Benny Thau was phoning Miss Garson, young Ney, then unknown, was paying ardent court to Michele Morgan, a fact little known in Hollywood.

Thus the town felt these two people with such varied backgrounds and experiences would never find happiness together. That was why Hollywood was so relieved when, finally, the announcement was made that Greer Garson and Richard Ney would not be married until after the war was over.

Yet with a license ready and waiting, the pair may wed during his next leave. Or perhaps Greer may stick to that final decision and wait until the end of the war. But, in the end, it's up to her to decide. And, perhaps, if she decides yes, the bright gaiety of Ney's may be the one thing the actress needs to complete her circle of happiness. Perhaps it may work out splendidly after the war permits them to take up marriage in reality.

At any rate, hearts are beating high at this moment, hearts filled with the same problem, or one so similar, hearts of women who are waiting tensely and hopefully for the eventual decision of a woman they love and respect—Mrs. Greer Garson Miniver.

The End



Stars-and-stripes pose of Greer Garson and Ensign Richard Ney doing the Mocambo with man-about-town Harry Crocker. Ney was on leave and in love; Hollywood was wondering whether Greer would say "yes"

The Truth about Stars' Breakdowns

(Continued from page 65) downs more quickly than a temperamental actress. And no one can suffer and endure in silence more selflessly than a sincere actor or actress.

Love plays its part in the game of Hollywood breakdowns. During the rather hectic courtship of Judy Garland and Dave Rose, little Garland slowly went down the grade from robust health to actual frailty. Marriage and approval by all concerned has begun to lift her spirits a bit and bring back her health. But she still has days on the set when it's almost sheer will power that pulls her through.

THE war, with its ensuing unhappiness, plays its part in the "breakdown" problem that constantly confronts Hollywood. Those who are genuinely patriotic and unselfish seldom give way; those who want to be near their men, or fail to procure vacations in the midst of productions for their personal reasons, are the "down in bed with nerves" group. Or maybe it's the old wisdom-tooth gag that is used as an excuse for anything from a genuinely sore tooth to a genuinely sore blonde.

Let me tell you of one of the bravest of stars—the ones who carry on and won't give in to failing health or screaming nerves. Her name is Brenda Marshall, one of Warner Brothers' most beautiful brunettes. Brenda and Bill Holden, desperately in love, had been married only a short year when Bill went to war. Brenda accepted it as thousands of other wives, but through a series of nerve-racking incidents she twice missed Bill when he passed through town, leaving her desolate and heartbroken. Then came Bill's transfer to Hollywood to make Government shorts. Brenda brightened up and seemed her gay self. Then out of the blue Bill was sent away.

Brenda, alone in the house with her small child and no servants, began losing weight. She didn't give in or break down, but slowly before the studio's eyes she grew thinner and thinner. When she hit the ninety-eight-pound mark the studio grew fearfully alarmed. The still gallery politely dismissed Brenda with some kindly excuse; the truth was she no longer photographed. Her beauty had momentarily faded. Had she given in to a nervous collapse perhaps she'd have been in better health today. Or perhaps the studio would have offered sympathy. It's hard to tell.

Studios, with release dates and schedules to meet and their anxiety to cash in on a good thing, contribute to more nervous breakdowns than all other causes. Healthy, normal youngsters as vital as Mickey Rooney suffer the whiplash of overwork.

We remember a day several years ago when we entered an M-G-M sound stage to interview Mickey. We anticipated the fun and laughter that usually accompanied a Rooney interview. We found, instead, a boy actually working with an imminent breakdown. "I can't stand it," he said, "I've got to have a rest." Mickey had gone from one picture to another with lightning-like speed. His eyes had lost their impish sparkle. They stared at us dully and heavily. There was ever so slight a suggestion of a quiver of the lower lip—and this in Mickey Rooney, remember.

Alarmed, we spoke to several studio people about it. "He'll get over it," they

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said and, of course, he did. But it struck us then that if men suffer such devastating fatigue at the grueling hours of picture-making, think how the oldsters and especially the women must suffer.

Marital troubles contribute toward many breakdowns. The weight of worry carried about by Rita Hayworth during her divorce session with Eddie Judson reduced the actress to such a state she was unable to bear the strenuous requirements of a Bond tour and collapsed. Walter Abel, troupier for years and the picture of health, was forced to take to bed to recover from his tour. Gene Tierney, heartsick at the prospect of separation from her Oleg, left on a tour while still rundown and was forced to go to a hospital for a rest. Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner both took to their beds after a tour that netted plenty for Uncle Sam.

Studio disagreements have put Olivia de Havilland to bed with a half-stubborn and half-genuine case of nerves. When Olivia objects to a role she has learned the quickest, easiest way out is to disappear with a "breakdown," as the studio announces. We doubt if Olivia gives it any such sanction. She simply doesn't like the role, won't have it and, rather than be forced to play it, accepts a suspension and disappears. Maybe she does take the time out to rest. But this, we tell you: Her breakdowns are usually a strong determination not to do a picture she believes wrong for her.

THE oddest case of all is that of Priscilla Lane. Priscilla has one convenient breakdown after another because she wants none of movies. She's allergic to Hollywood, to its demands and its rewards. Pooh, pooh to fame and glory if Priscilla can have her little ranch home, her husband and her own life.

Friends coming back from a visit to the desert town told of glimpsing Priscilla, clad in denim overalls, helping to direct traffic on a busy corner and said that never had they seen her looking lovelier or happier. And at that very moment Hollywood was flooded with stories of Priscilla's "breakdown."

Often physicians step in and demand rest for their stars as did Susan Peters's and Mary Martin's recently. "She goes to the desert for a two months' complete rest or you and not I will be responsible for the consequences," Mary's physician said to the studio. Mary's fatigue had reached alarming symptoms. She went to the desert.

Joan Fontaine, always frail, graduated from her Nurse's Aide course in time to tackle a Bond tour. The result was a genuine breakdown for Joan.

But not for the little actress who wanted to jolt the waning interest of her boy friend who was casting eyes in another direction. The actress feigned a breakdown and had her mother telephone the studio and, incidentally, all the leading columnists. The studio, ready to begin a picture, sent out its examining physician who went into a quick double-take at the high temperature reading. There seemed to be no symptoms of illness, so again the temperature was taken. But this time the actress failed to hide the tiny hot water bottle in time! Bright and early the next morning she reported for work.

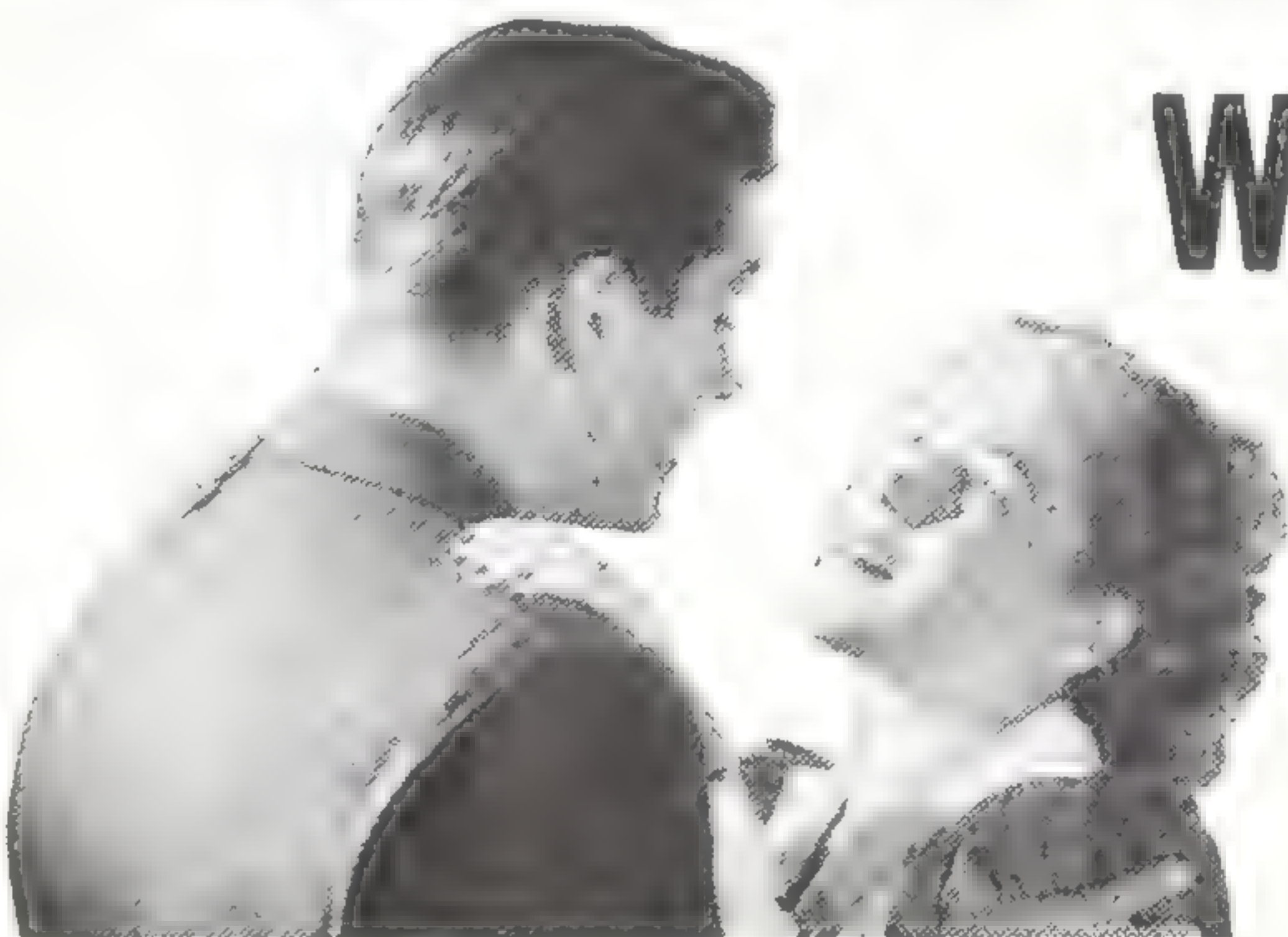
So thus go the "breakdowns" in Hollywood. Dieting, fatigue, overwork, grief and the determination to go beyond one's strength for Uncle Sam are the main causes.

The phony ones Hollywood takes in its stride.

The End.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

WHEN A MAN'S NOT FREE...



"I'm going to tell you
something a girl has no
right to tell a man . . ."

For days I had waited for this opportunity and a certain amount of courage to say this to Kermit Hunter. For weeks I'd struggled against the attraction he held for me—an older man, and married. Yes, married, to a sick woman, an empty shell who held her husband chained to his vow. . . . In "You Can't Measure Love" you'll live with Lois the situation she faced and sympathize with her code that bound her from accepting a man who wasn't free. This thrilling story in the February True Experiences is one every girl, and every wife, no matter what her status, will enjoy to the limit.

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An answer to Dorothy Kilgallen

MY dear Miss Kilgallen: The moment I read your list of the ten most attractive men in Hollywood (see your November Photoplay-Movie Mirror) a hoarse shriek tore at my thorax and I collapsed in a faint. In a word, panic reigned, if not pandemonium! For your enlightenment, Miss Kilgallen, that thing called "sheer masculine grace and glamour" is not reserved exclusively for the big box-office ten, nor is it apparent only over cocktails at the Mocambo. So, pardon me, while I make with a list of my own—the ten most fascinating men I have ever met across the footlights.

One, Richard Whorf—young, handsome, and terrific. Mostly terrific. He has a dramatic intensity, a vital sort of magnetism—combined with piercing good looks—that make him unforgettable. If I seem starry-eyed, just remember this time the dream's on me.

Two, Edmond O'Brien. I remember him in "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame." Edmond is the original sock and buskin lad whose poetic charm has something to do with speaking platitudes in a voice that should be reciting Shakespeare. Forsooth, I swoon!

Three, John Justin. Every dream I ever dreamed came true when I saw Prince Ahmad in "The Thief Of Bagdad"—and what could be more thrilling than to have a dream come true in Technicolor! Lady, make with the smelling salts, 'cause here we go again!

Four, Alexander Knox. Totally inexplicable is the fascination of Alexander Knox, who made Humphrey Van Weyden in "The Sea Wolf" such a living, vital person. His charm is intellectual. There is the feeling that behind his enigmatic glance, he has the answer to all of life. I came, I saw—he conquered.

Five, Laurence Olivier. As Maxim de Winter in "Rebecca" he epitomized the fascinating mystery of man. The male version of the Mona Lisa, the masculine of femme fatale. Egad, all this and handsome too!

Six, Richard Ney. Oh, the delightful arrogance of his youthful Vin Miniver! No wonder Greer Garson's feeling was not too maternal. Puck with a social consciousness. His charming assurance makes every woman young in heart. Ah me, love in bloom.

Seven, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. No one's list of attractive men is complete without a swashbuckler, and my nomination goes to aforesaid Doug Fairbanks, despite the fact that he does his swashbuckling in a polished, cultured sort of way. Or mebbe because of that fact.

Eight, nine, ten, Noel Coward. When that gleesome threesome, Hecht-MacArthur, Coward, produced "The Scoundrel," they brought to the screen its first glimpse of real theater. Glib, overarticulate, replete with witty phrases, his chief



By way of illustration of a Nebraska reader's point, this picture of Richard Whorf

attraction for me lies in the suspicion that underneath his veneer of sophistication he is a profound thinker. His thin paleness; his nervous, choppy gestures; funny, hunched walk; crisp, brittle voice; and delicious ego are all part of a charm unequaled in any theater.

Sincerely yours,
Charlotte Bierbower,
Hastings, Neb.

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SUE GAVE COLORINSE A TRY and what a difference in her hair! It had a warmer, richer color—it was softer, silkier—so much easier to manage. And her whole face seemed more radiant for the lustrous highlights that Colorinse gave her hair reflected lovely soft tones in her complexion. Today...



A HAPPY BRIDE says "thanks" to Colorinse for teaching her the age-old beauty secret—"Romance begins with glamorous hair".

P. S. And here's something else that Sue discovered. "For a lovelier hair-do, use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinse."

Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS at your 5 and 10c store



Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 6)

\$1.00 PRIZE

"Give Me One Dozen Virtues":

JEAN ARTHUR'S Comebacks,
Dottie Lamour's Height,
Bette Davis's Wisdom,
Bob Hope's Appetite!

Claudette Colbert's Charm,
Madeleine Carroll's Smile,
Jeanette MacDonald's Voice
Betty Grable's Style!

Carmen Miranda's Swing,
Myrna Loy's Gait,
Joan Fontaine's Sweetness,
Deanna Durbin's Fate!

And Send Them to the One I Love!

ROSE BETTY DEBS,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"To Forget And Laugh"

THE Major And The Minor," is fantastic! It couldn't happen any place but in the movies, but thank goodness for the movies and Ginger Rogers!

"The Major And The Minor" is an escapist comedy that rested my mind from war worries. For with a brother in the Army, sweetheart in the Navy and friends in every branch of the Service, you may be sure that when I go to the movies I don't want to see war pictures. I want to forget and laugh.

Why can't we have more pictures of this type? A hearty laugh helps us all to bear the tears that are bound to come in wartime!

Joyce O'Hara,
Detroit, Mich.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A "Let's Stop" Mood

LET'S stop:

Panning the histrionics of glamour twins Veronica Lake and Gene Tierney. Everyone knows that neither of them is a potential Bergman, but who cares?

Comparing the de Havilland sisters, always to the detriment of Olivia. She has twice the charm of her sweet but slightly monotonous sister Joan.

Introducing an endless line of teenage coloratura sopranos. After a while they all begin to sound alike. Let's leave the arias to Hollywood's loveliest voice, Deanna Durbin's.

Reading bilge like the following, a reference to Lana Turner: "The lonely, almost friendless beauty, so young, so talented, who walks the path of a strange fate." Lana, who by the way, isn't that talented, can with even less reason be called lonely. That little lady is about as lonely as Hitler is kindhearted!

Ruth E. Winston,
N. Cambridge, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Corporal to the Defense

YOUR inside story of the status of male movie stars not drafted by the Army as yet should answer once and for all the "beefing" (?) by the public about male movie-star draft dodgers!

Just because a famous movie male is single and not in the Army at present is no reason why there should be a wave of vicious talk by the public and fans that said person is a draft dodger!

Suppose the film star were just an average civilian. Then no stigma would be attached to him because he is a nonentity—an average civilian. There are thousands of civilians (unknown) who should be in the Army and are not... but no word of reproach is attached to them because they are not famous.

Let's not ever condemn any man, movie star or John Doe, about being a draft dodger without first weighing all facts. Besides, whose business is it but the Selective Service Draft Boards (or Washington)!

Cpl. Sam Greenberg,
Camp Lee, Va.

HONORABLE MENTION

IF THERE is anything comparable to a criminal offense against an actor, it is the hackneyed publicity to the effect that he is The Screen's Gift to Women! What an insult, both to the actor in question as well as to our intelligence! Right now, Paul Henreid is "credited" with being screendom's current gift to womanhood. Why insult a really fine actor? Mr. Henreid is much too gifted to be cheapened where his publicity is concerned.

Pauline Saltzman,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

FOR curiosity's sake, I glanced through Fold Photoplays. I discovered that a lot of water has run under that well-known bridge—that five years has been a lifetime in Hollywood! Ginger Rogers and Joan Bennett were blondes. Headline stories were: "How Tyrone Power Won the Lonely Heart of Janet Gaynor" (Ty married Annabella and Janet, Adrian) and "Why Sonja Henie Won't Marry." (She hadn't met Dan Topping). Hollywood mergers, now divided, were Alice Faye-Tony Martin, Lili Damita-Errol Flynn, Bette Davis-Harmon Nelson, Dorothy Lamour—Herbie Kay and Betty Grable-Jackie Coogan. It was a relief to find that these lovely people were then, and still are, happily wed—the Joel McCreas, Dick Powells, Gary Coopers, Bing Crosbys and Don Ameches.

Wonder what the next five years will bring?

Sylvia Grill,
Bronx, New York

Next Month!

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

This distinguished reporter, who for thirty years has known the heart of the film capital better than any other living person, gives her vivid experiences in the new wartime Hollywood.

What I Think about the Errol Flynn Case

(Continued from page 27) the signs of nervousness or of calm, the way the eyes of the accused look at a jury.

You will have the accurate account of proven reporters when the case goes to trial. But to this account you will need to add as full a knowledge of the scene behind the scenes as you can possibly acquire if you are honestly to prepare yourselves to serve as members of the jury of public opinion.

Aside from denying all charges, Mr. Flynn has made only one statement to you. He has asked that you withhold judgment until all the evidence on both sides is in. He has a right to ask that. It is the spirit and the letter of American law that a man is innocent until he is proven guilty. The burden of proof rests upon the prosecution. They must present evidence to prove their charge and in reviewing that evidence you have a right and a duty to judge the credibility of the State's witnesses, when and why they first told their stories accusing the defendant, their general character and reputation for honesty and integrity.

BUT for that jury of public opinion of which the readers of PHOTOPLAY make up so large and vitally interested a part, there are other things which may, in fairness, be taken into account. Whether that jury in the courtroom finds the testimony of the two girls true or false, it makes up only one part of those things concerning Errol Flynn by which you will judge him.

Lest you think that I, as an old-time resident of Hollywood, am in any way a special pleader in this, I would like to say that I have met Mr. Flynn only three or four times in my life, two of these on a movie set, and that I never formed any opinion of him either way. I knew and liked his ex-wife, Lili Damita, but Lili was a small and very ornamental package of dynamite and Hollywood always figured insofar as the Flynn-Damita love story and marriage, with its brawls and jealousies and passionate reconciliations was concerned, it was strictly fifty-fifty.

My only personal interest is a young son who has been an Errol Flynn fan for years, which is why I have seen all the Flynn pictures. So far his comments have been about as follows: He does not believe a word of it because no guy like Errol Flynn who could take out Betty Grable would be caught dead with those girls who got their pictures in the papers. He says none of the older fellows at his school would have bought those girls a coke, so why should Errol Flynn have taken them out? He adds, impersonally and offhand, that so far the Errol Flynn case just confirms his opinion that some girls are dopes and that they do not think anything of getting other people in trouble and that I ought to know by this time in my business that girls will do anything to get in the movies.

That is a loyalty to the man who played Custer that I would not like to see destroyed.

He also mutters darkly that it looks

1-Minute Mask!

To "pretty" your complexion **quickly**



Face rough and "muddy"

You know that helpless feeling—when you *can't* make your face look right! Tiny roughnesses coarsen your skin . . . Unbudging specks of grime give it a dull, half-clean look. "One of my homely days!" you say to yourself.



The 1-Minute Mask

That's the perfect moment for the 1-Minute Mask—dramatic *new* way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just spread a white mask of this luscious cream over throat, cheeks, forehead—all but your eyes. Leave on one minute—then tissue off!



Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely du Pont

—prominent society beauty. She says: "I just love this new 1-Minute Mask way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream—it leaves my skin so smooth and fresh feeling!"



New face! Softer... Brighter

You've turned your "homely day" into a prettier one! In one minute, the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream dissolves mean little roughnesses . . . loosens stubborn grime. Your face looks clearer, fresher—has the silkier feel that predicts heavenly smooth make-up!

It's a Double Beauty Ration

1-MINUTE MASK

Collect thrilling *new* rations of beauty aid 3 or 4 times a week—by using Pond's Vanishing Cream for the exciting 1-Minute Mask described above. You'll love it!



POWDER BASE

Just as always, use a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for your regular powder foundation. Not "oozy." Not drying. Holds make-up *beautifully*!

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4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

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pretty silly for a girl who had her picture taken walking up Hollywood Boulevard with her stomach showing to start wearing pigtails and who does she think she is fooling?

SO it is no use saying that Mr. Flynn's private life belongs to him. It does not. Nor does the life of any other man or woman who accepts the rewards and fame of public popularity. He owes us all a great deal and he must pay for it by conducting himself so that no disillusionment can result. In other words, he needn't be an angel, but he must be a right guy.

There are points to be reckoned with upon both sides of this case.

For instance, there seems little question that Mr. Flynn has been guilty of lack of taste and discretion in his associations. In not protecting himself from either temptation or possible frame-ups, as the case might be, Mr. Flynn took chances with our confidence and his employers' money apparently for his own amusement. That's silly. And of that he must already stand convicted, I think.

However, that's slightly different from the crime of which he is accused and for which he can be sent to jail or even, if he escapes a prison sentence, be ruined in the public's eye for all time.

As Tallyrand once remarked, sometimes a blunder is worse than a crime. There are a few facts about Mr. Flynn and his life in Hollywood which I think it is only fair that you should know. They are pretty generally known in the movie capital and have had a great deal to do with the fact that as a whole Hollywood would like to see Mr. Flynn get a break—at least a fifty-fifty one—on this present trouble.

HOLLYWOOD hasn't said much and for a reason that does it credit, though it may be hard on Errol Flynn. Right now, the motion-picture industry has plenty of troubles of its own and Mr. Flynn is merely a personal headache, as they see it. Hollywood is honestly and deeply wrapped up in the war effort. They are more aware than ever before of the job they can do for their country—both as entertainers and as propagandists, in the best sense of the word. The casting problem with young male stars going into the service is one so serious that unless something sane is done about it, it won't be long until those of us at home and our boys in the service won't have any more motion pictures. The \$25,000 salary ceiling is a desperate one for people who have assumed large obligations, support half a dozen families, keep up farms and homes and are faced with no time in which to adjust to smaller incomes.

Above all, right now, the movies want to serve in the war—want to get credit for the job they have done toward unity and war spirit with "Mrs. Miniver" and "Wake Island" and pictures like that.

They dare not go all out, even though they may understand and sympathize greatly with Mr. Flynn for many reasons, for fear their defense will be misunderstood and put down as condonement and folks somewhere will say, "Oh sure—you'd expect Hollywood to defend a guy like that—look at 'em—they haven't any morals themselves." And right now Hollywood—to do its job—dare not risk any part of a scandal, any part of a defense of a man accused as Errol Flynn is accused. It isn't selfishness, it's a true desire to keep their name clean so that they may better serve. So much I know.

So, to a large extent, Mr. Flynn is going this part of the road alone.

Yet only Hollywood could understand how often a man in Flynn's position is in a spot, how dangerous his every step, how much safer he probably was out on that little boat with the sharks than as a matinee idol among a lot of movie-mad, career-hungry, publicity-crazy girls.

I have watched it for a good many years—in the days of Wallace Reid, of the incomparable Valentino, of Jack Gilbert and many others. And sometimes I have had good reason to be ashamed of my sex. I have seen things you would hardly believe—diamond necklaces handed to a star's valet, very clever badger games, girls of good family hiding under beds after climbing in windows; every possible effort to rope in a movie star made by women of much higher education and much more knowledge of right and wrong than the girls in the Flynn case can possibly have.

A man in Flynn's position if he is unmarried and foot-loose is always headed for trouble—with forms of female persecution, with every known form of blackmail and frame-up. Every detective who ever worked in Hollywood and every reporter who ever covered it will bear me out in that. It sounds fantastic, but it is necessarily true.

BEHIND this case of Errol Flynn lies the peculiar dangers of Hollywood fame and fortune.

And above all, in this particular instance, the special dangers to Errol Flynn.

In the first place, Mr. Flynn has never been a real favorite with people. When he first came to us and made an overnight success, he was a pretty cocky young man. He was very handsome, and gave the impression of thinking well of himself. He had lived a totally undisciplined and adventurous life, and he had an unfortunate superiority of manner and accent for which possibly he was not to blame.

Anyhow, he never made a great many friends on his own lot and he did make a number of enemies. His methods with people who played in his pictures were high-handed to say the least. Of course, he was young and spoiled and he had done amazing things.

Somehow, he never won the hearts of his equals, the way Gable and Cooper, for instance, have always done. However, be it said in his favor, he has the loyalty and affection of a good many great friends whom he has chosen because of his own liking rather than for anything they could do for him.

Now if you know anything at all about the Irish you know what happens in that case. And it happened in the case of Errol Flynn. Hurt inside, he started putting his worst foot forward with a sort of brittle defiance. It wasn't in him any more than it has ever been in any other Irishman to attempt conciliation, or to try to make himself better liked. Under the general opinion that he was an arrogant pup, he proceeded to get worse and because of his success people had to like it.

But in the last year or year and a half everybody in Hollywood tells me that Flynn began trying to change. His marriage broke wide open and there is no question that he loved Lili at one time. Perhaps he had begun to get the unexpected accumulation of his own carelessness. But above all, came the war—and Errol Flynn, the great fighter, the man who played Custer, the adventurer, couldn't get into service.

As nearly as I can find out, he wanted to get into the fight two years ago. His courage has never been questioned and he was born a British subject. Every-

thing about him led to the sure conviction that he wanted to be in the thing, even if you rule out the fact that a man of his age and reputation would feel he had to go. He *wanted* to go.

Totally unprepared, never having had to learn what it means to fail, Errol Flynn got a real body blow. He wasn't physically fit. Like a good many athletes, he had overdone his endurance stuff. Anyway, it is a definite matter of record that he couldn't pass his physicals.

His pride was slashed to ribbons, his whole philosophy of life failed him at the greatest and most crucial test. He'd gone all over the world looking for trouble. He'd fought his way through every picture he'd ever made. He'd been Hollywood's best rider, fisherman, sailor, tennis champ. But now, when the real thing came, he was—burned out.

I guess, at that, it must have been pretty tough to take on top of the fact that his wife had left him. He hadn't created that warmth, that affection which would now have brought him consoling sympathy and friendships. Perhaps there were even people glad to see the swash-buckling Mr. Flynn getting it right in the eye.

The fact must be faced that Flynn was always a ladies' man. He liked—and what man if he is honest doesn't—female admiration. I think with the bitterness that came upon him he got careless; he got utterly restless, he got a sort of a what-the-devil-does-it-matter attitude.

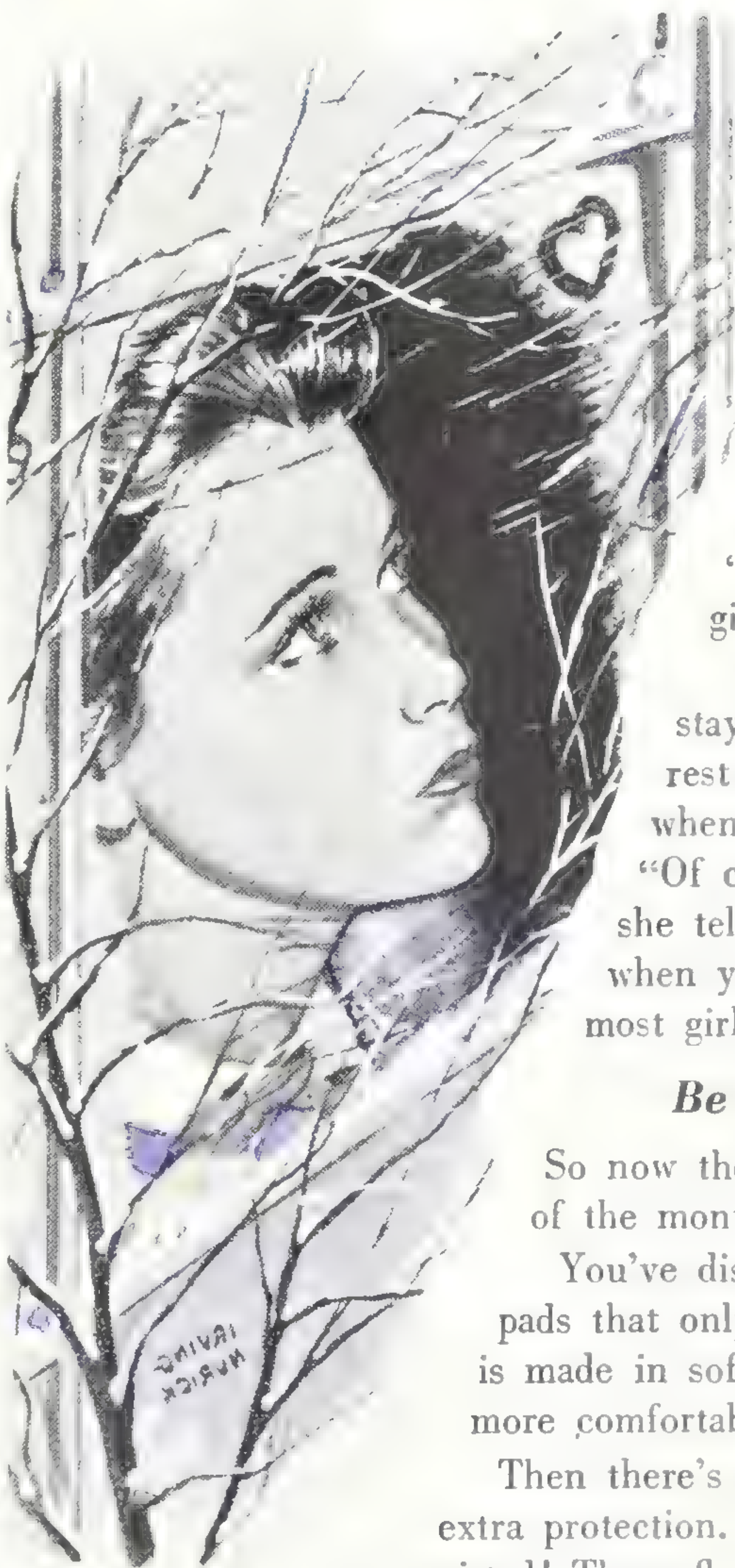
He tried. He started thinking about other people on the lot. He went to the powers that be, for instance, and fought to have Miss de Havilland's part in "They Died With Their Boots On" built up—an unheard-of thing for Flynn. He fought to give Ronald Reagan equal billing on "Desperate Journey." He did a lot of nice things for people before all this happened. I heard all that last time I was in Hollywood. Folks said, Flynn acts as if he's trying to convince people he's a right guy.

WE HAVE, upon the statute books of our various states, a great many laws. Some are good, some not so good. Some have had to be repealed. There are laws intended for one purpose which have been so drawn that they can be used for personal ends having nothing to do with their original intent. The Mann Act was drawn entirely to prevent the commercial horror of white slavery, yet it began to be used on sheer technicalities against men who obviously had no such intentions but had bought a middle-aged lady a meal while crossing a state line. Breach of promise and heart balm laws, once used to protect innocent girls against seducers, became instruments of blackmail.

The law of statutory rape is one that has caused considerable controversy among intelligent people. I do not know myself whether it is a good law, but I know its basic purpose was good. But it is possible that it can be used technically for ends that are not so good. It deals, as you know, entirely with the age of consent. A girl may not only give her consent, she may do everything humanly possible to attract and vamp a man, she may look twenty, she may have had several years of worldly experience, she may lie to a man about her age, and yet the law may be invoked against him. The matter must be in the hands of the judge and the prosecutors and the jury to decide whether the intent of the law has been violated, and though ignorance of the law is no excuse in the eyes of the law, it some-



Feel like the Forgotten Girl?



THE gang's off for a slick sleigh ride and does anybody wave your way? You're just a window watcher, forlorn and forgotten!

Next morning Judy says what fun it was, why weren't you there? And you wail, "Just my luck . . . everything seems to happen on the wrong day!"

No sympathy from Judy! "Don't be a creep on account of a calendar!" she says. "How'd you expect to be Number-One girl when you turn down dates?"

Then she tells you how to keep going . . . stay in the fun. Drive the horses while the rest are chasing the sleigh. Brew the cocoa when the others flounder through drifts. "Of course, comfort's the main thing," she tells you. "The whole world looks brighter when you're comfortable. That's why most girls choose Kotex Sanitary Napkins."

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HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW about staying in the fun on "those days"? Learn your do's and don't's from the bright new booklet "As One Girl To Another" . . . pick up tips on social contacts, good grooming . . . everything! Mail your name and address quick, to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-2, Chicago, for a copy **FREE!**

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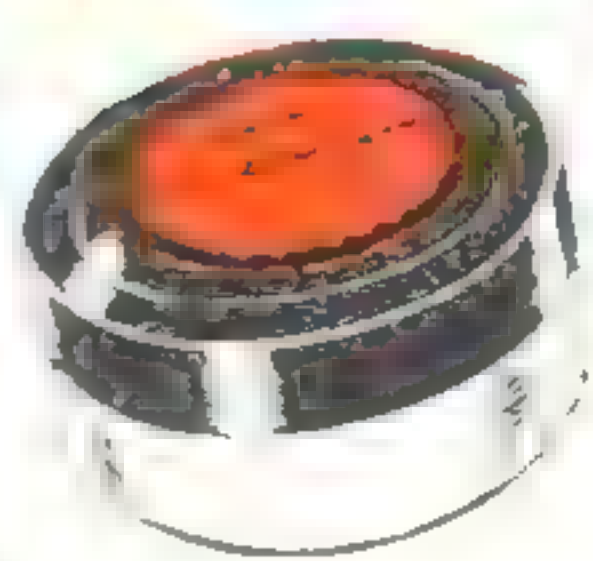


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MINER'S Patti-Pac CAKE MAKE-UP



10c·39c

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times is in the eyes of human beings. In other words, there is a great difference between the action of a man who meets a singer from a night club, who runs around in revealing costumes and who says she is past eighteen and who not only shows knowledge of men but uses her charms to entice him, and the actions of a man who by physical violence attacks a young girl who is obviously under age.

The whole thing boils down to a fairly simple matter.

We must wait until the courts have decided the guilt or innocence of Mr. Flynn insofar as the crime with which he is charged is concerned.

That is a legal, technical matter.

We can by no means on earth escape the fact that he has been foolish in the extreme, whether criminally foolish or not we don't yet know, but certainly foolish.

He has not realized his obligation to protect his own good name and to live up to the admiration of his fans, as long as he spends the money they make for him and takes advantage of the fame they have given him.

But our verdict rests upon this: Are we prepared to give Errol Flynn another chance?

Granting he's been foolish, do we feel that he has given us enough on the screen and maybe will in the future so that we can overlook these mistakes and let him come back?

If he's been let in for a rotten time by nothing more than careless lack of good

taste, that's one thing. If he has used his name and glamour to entice little girls with offers of movie success, that's another. If he's been "joe" for someone's shrewd little ambition, that's still another.

That the girls were injured in any real sense of the word does not seem to be the case. Even in their accusations against Mr. Flynn, both say they gave consent so that the whole case is based upon the law that they could not legally have given that consent.

If we acquit him, I think we must wipe the whole thing out of our minds. Its great danger lies in nasty rumor. That's just foul for everybody. If we convict him, we must do it with care and with a real purpose, the purpose of reminding all those who occupy high places that the price of fame and the love of the public is a very high one always.

Nobody can have the cake of stardom and eat the bread of freedom to do wrong at the same time.

Out in California, there will be a verdict by twelve men and women of Guilty or Not Guilty of the crime as charged.

Throughout the country there will be a verdict of a Second Chance or No Second Chance for a man who has been a great favorite and contributed some fine chapters to our history.

Like every member of every jury, it's up to you. Remember how much is at stake.

The End

My Hollywood Dictionary

(Continued from page 37) tell you their studio's next is "better than 'Mrs. Miniver.'"

Famous: What you are when they want your footprints in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese, when people you don't even know slightly call you by your first name and when envelopes with a photograph of you instead of your name and address are delivered to you promptly.

Fan: Not to be confused with Lady Windermere's or Sally Rand's. Without these citizens, Hollywood would be just a little West Coast village. Fans are the folks who make stars and influence pay rolls.

Fickle: What studio heads remind stars the public is when the stars want to make only one picture a year.

Fog: The way to identify a John Ford picture.

Genius: A producer whose last picture is going to gross \$6,000,000. Illustration: S. P. Eagle.

Ham: An unrationable item on Film-dom's bill of fame.

Handkerchiefs: Squares of material used to tie around a female's head to keep her hair from blowing; also used prominently by Bette Davis and her audiences.

Heavy: The guy who never gets the girl or the mash notes but doesn't mind as long as he gets the moolah every payday. Illustration: George Sanders.

Heel: Same as above.

Irresistible: What the leading man acts like the leading lady is while the cameras grind. (Privately, he wishes she were Paulette Goddard.)

"It": Oomph in the old days.

Jail: Indispensable screen setting for Warner Brothers pictures.

Jitterbug: Movie-goer who only sits through the picture because there's a stage show featuring a swing band im-

mediately afterwards.

Knees: Joints which Betty Grable didn't invent, but did perfect and popularize.

Layman: Anyone who goes to a movie to enjoy it, not to pick it to pieces.

Mature: Past adolescence. (Unless preceded by "Victor"—whereupon it becomes past, Martha Kemp; present, Rita Hayworth.)

Mediocre: Word used to describe the other studio's colossal production.

Mugging: Acting, in the opinion of Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery.

Natural: The type of starlet who just mascaras her eyelashes instead of wearing false ones and bleaches her hair honey-blond instead of platinum.

Newlyweds: A Hollywood couple whose divorce decree hasn't come through yet.

Novel: A book purchased for a staggering sum by a movie studio, which winds up using no part of it except the title—and then explains the film's failure by saying the title wasn't commercial.

Oscar: What Joan Fontaine got for being good in "Suspicion" and Bette Davis got for being bad in "Jezebel."

Palace: The Broadway theater where Gene Kelly and Judy Garland dreamed of playing in "For Me And My Gal"—but which wasn't good enough to house the actual film during its first N. Y. showing. (They hadda go and lease it to the Astor!)

Paramount: Uppermost, highest—unless you personally prefer Twentieth Century-Fox or Metro.

Patriotism: Jimmy Stewart.

Press Agent: The gent who dreams up all those enchanting things about the stars that even the stars believe when they read.

Quaint: Adjective used to describe a film where the ladies wear lace mittens, the gentlemen wear side whiskers and

the audience wears a bored look.

Quickie: Picture made with actors signed on an hour-to-hour contract, with twenty-minute options.

Ration: The innovation which proved to Hollywood that even if you have all the sugar in the world you can't always get all the sugar you want.

Release: What a picture gets if it's okay; and what a star gets if he's not.

Republic: The studio that has more horses than Bing Crosby.

Reviewers: A strange, hostile group of newspaper writers who cannot grasp that a new movie costing \$2,000,000 should not be panned simply because it is a stinkaroo.

Ruby: A girl from Brooklyn, last name Stevens, who became a big star under the nom de plume of Barbara Stanwyck.

Sarong: A close-fitting garment worn in the tropics, which keeps Dorothy Lamour from working in the five-and-ten-cent store.

Shorts: Cinematic smorgasbord.

Sphinx: A g.g. named G.G. who breaks her silence only before the studio mikes for G, I don't know how many G's a week.

Sweater: A girl's best friend. Article of clothing worn by the screen's finest emotional actresses.

Tact: What fans don't use when they tell a movie queen, "I've seen all your pictures since I was a little bit of a thing."

Tahiti: Island in the South Pacific whose principal exports are cocoanuts, palm leaves and Gene Tierney.

Twenty-five Thousand: An annual income on which it is impossible to live.

Uncle: A former WPA worker now associated with a film studio as an executive. (Synonyms: "brother-in-law," "cousin," "nephew.")

University: A place where votes are cast determining which actress young men would like to be cast on a desert island with and which beauty is strictly a drip.

Venus: A gal who would have had to lose about forty pounds before she could face the cameras—and even then!

Veteran: Somebody who has been around for years. (Shirley Temple was one on her tenth birthday.)

Weight: Something sirens have to keep down if they want to keep up the good work.

Wistful: Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven." Or any movie star watching an obscure gal at the next table tearing into a slice of lemon meringue pie.

Wolf: A lad who likes perfume, peaches and polygamy.

X: The character Ruth Chatterton jerked a record number of tears with.

Xmas: The time of year when everybody in the studio gives everybody in the top brackets more service than they need, want, or can use.

Yank: Robert Taylor at Oxford and Mickey Rooney at Eton.

Yuma: The Gretna Green of the Golden West.

Zanuck: The fellow who does the things in real life that Errol Flynn does in the movies.

Zephyr: What the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce calls minor earthquakes.

And now, if Mr. Webster will please stop turning in his grave. I will conclude by recommending that you have this little list bound suitably in red Moroccan leather and keep it with you at all times. It contains every word you will ever need in Hollywood, except possibly "terrific!"

The End.

"I'm the mechanic with the soft, white hands!"



● Working in grease and grime—that's all in the day's job. Ruin my hands? No, ma'am! I use Hinds before and after work. Hinds creamy skin-softeners help guard my hands against drying, ground-in dirt. After work, Hinds gives my hands a whiter look—soft and nifty!

No redness! No chapping!
Nice hands that thrill
after using **HINDS**—
that **HONEY** of
a lotion!



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

HONEY. Beauty Advisor, says:

EXTRA-SOFTENING! Hinds is an emulsion.

WORKS FAST! Gives chapped skin a softer, whiter look, a comfy feel.

EFFECT LASTS! Hinds skin-softeners help protect your skin through work and soapy-water jobs.

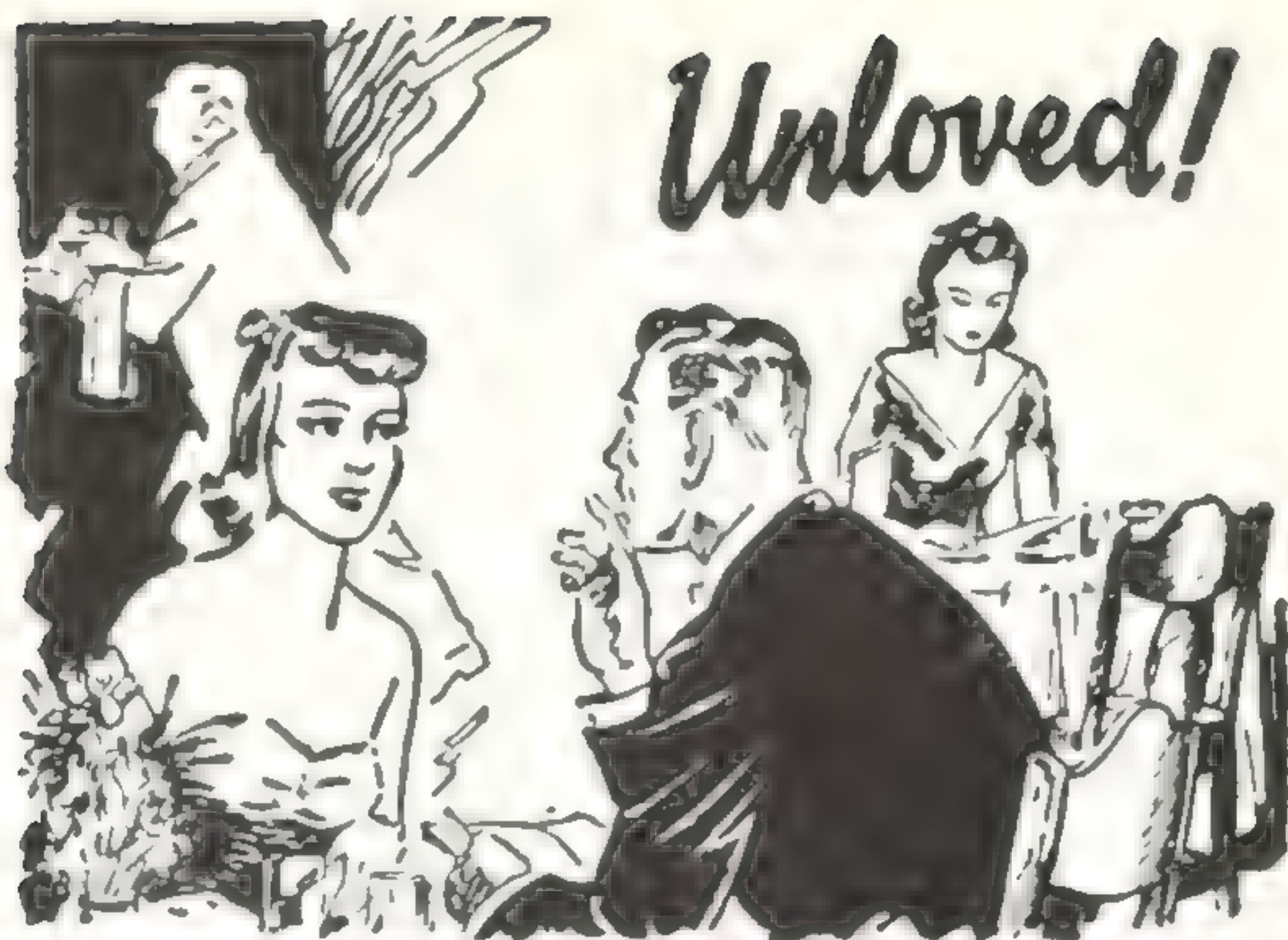
DOES GOOD: Actually benefits skin.

Also—Hinds Hand Cream at toilet goods counters

BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS NOW!

HINDS for HANDS
and wherever skin needs softening!





Unloved!

DON'T LET UNWANTED HAIR KEEP YOU LONELY!

Don't be unhappy! Don't worry—because I can help you as I have many, many women in the same plight as you.

I too, had the embarrassment of a difficult superfluous hair problem on face and limbs. Fortunately I found a way to bring me happiness and I shall be glad to pass this knowledge on to you just for the asking. Now, no one can tell by looking at me that I have ever been troubled with unwanted hair, and if you follow my advice, no one need know of your superfluous hair problem.

It's all done so simply, daintily, and painlessly that you'll be amazed. Now you may show the natural beauty of your complexion and skin when unmarred by hair. So if you have tried other methods and haven't been fully satisfied don't wait another day.



FREE—Send No Money

Write for my FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", which gives the information you want and proves the actual success of my method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer—no obligation of any kind. Address

Madame Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 464, Chicago.

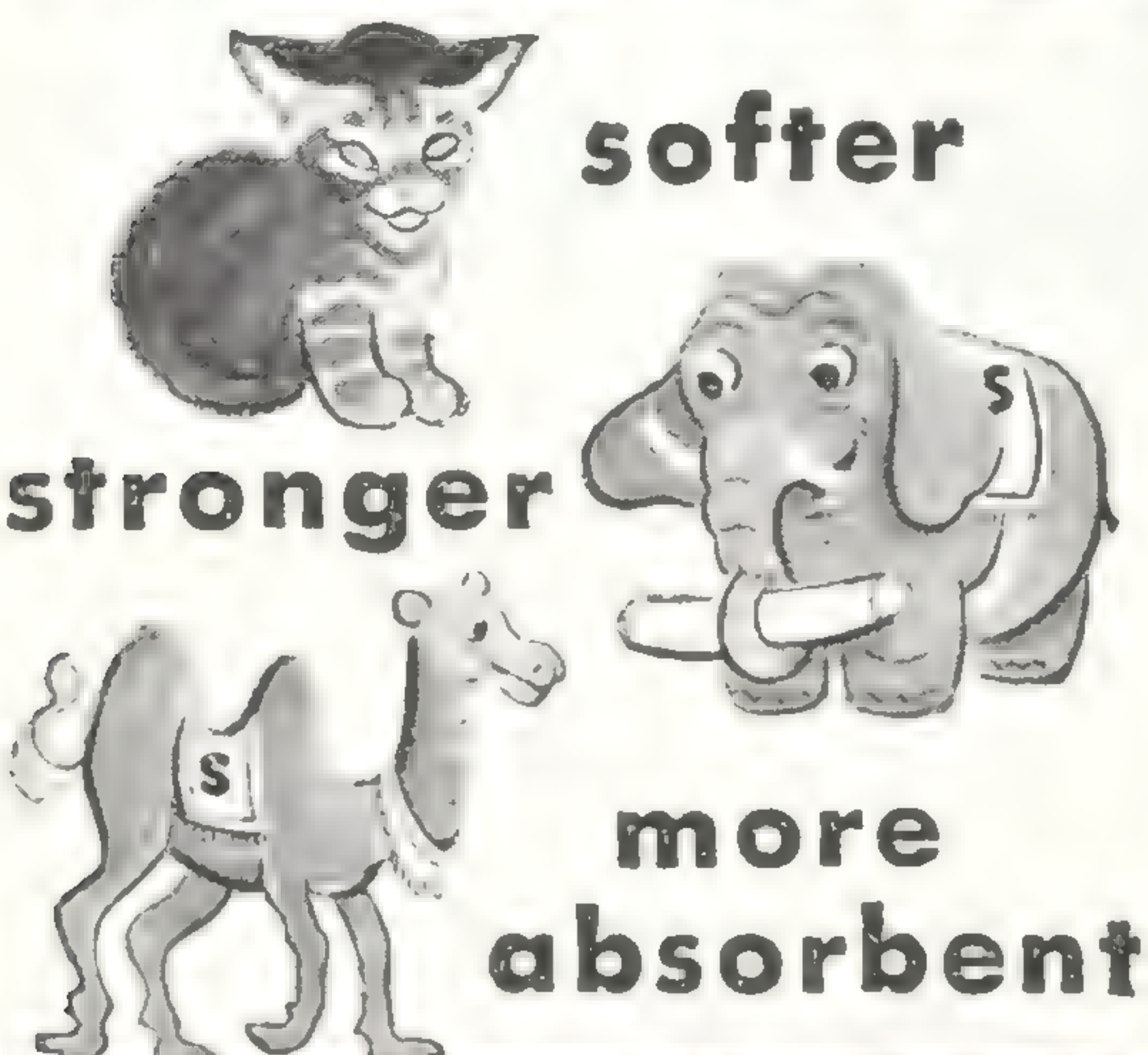
IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW, SKETCH OR PAINT—

write for talent test (no fee). Give age and occupation. Dept. MM-13.

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Minneapolis, Minn.

LEARN AT HOME TO MOUNT BIRDS

Animals, Heads, Fishes, Pets; to TAN. Be a Taxidermist. Profit and FUN. Hunters, save your valuable TROPHIES. Mount ducks, squirrels, everything. Learn to TAN for leather and furs. Wonderful HOBBY. Have a HOME MUSEUM. BIG PROFITS mounting for others. INVESTIGATE NOW. **FREE BOOK** With 100 fine game pictures. NOW absolutely FREE. Write TODAY. Send Postal TODAY for FREE BOOK. State AGE. N.W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERM, Dept. 4642, Omaha, Neb.



softer

stronger

more absorbent

SITROUX

SAY "SIT-TRUE"

CLEANSING TISSUES • PAPER NAPKINS • TOILET TISSUES

Portrait of a Right Guy

(Continued from page 34) is not easy to borrow money from.

His first remunerative job was shoveling snow from his grandmother's lawn for which she paid him ten cents. He is the tallest of all screen stars.

He is shy, sincere and a dry wit.

His father was a fairly well-known concert violinist and he lives in an Early American house which he built. He and his wife call each other by their proper names.

He likes tan shoes, Lily Pons and relaxing with his feet up on the desk. His chin is dimpled.

He jokingly claims he got by at college because of his athletic prowess. He is addicted to striped neckties.

He likes the smell of wood fires, carries no fountain pen, and never has hunches. He always remembers where he put things and plays gin rummy or backgammon with his wife.

He likes casual jackets, modern classical music, and sitting at soda fountains devouring chocolate nut sundaes with whipped cream. He eats at a drive-in only under duress.

FRED MACMURRAY hasn't written a letter practically since he's been married, leaving all correspondence to the Mrs.

He is a Class A skeet-shooter.

He is a bad after-dinner speaker.

His grandfather was a Presbyterian minister and he is a member of a golf club and a duck-shooting club. He owns an 860-acre diversified farm near Healdsburg, California. He has no definite plans for the future, taking life in stride.

He is not a good card player.

He is very lazy.

His favorite hobby is a workshop where he tinkers with wood and leather. He doesn't like political commentators on the air, hot springs resorts or cigarette holders.

He is an air-raid warden.

He was discovered for the screen while he was a member of a band known as "The Collegians," in which he played a saxophone and sang a high baritone. He was appearing in the stage production of "Roberta" at the time. He was born on August 30, 1908.

He considers his best picture "The Gilded Lily," in which he co-starred with Claudette Colbert, who again appears with him in his new Paramount picture, "No Time For Love." He has never attempted to compose any music.

He was discovered and tested for Hollywood by Oscar Serlin, film talent scout and later producer of "Life With Father." His only superstition is walking under ladders.

He has an English setter, a cat and six guns of varying calibres. His wife, Lily, owns a Pomeranian and his boyhood idol was Rudy Weidoff, famous saxophonist.

Fred MacMurray is a devoted follower of the adventures of Flash Gordon and Dick Tracy.

He was ten-letter man in scholastic athletics, prefers quiet evenings at home, and is the only member of his family (aside from his father) to be connected with the show business. He doesn't like night clubs and weighs 200 pounds.

He abhors the thought of eating snails.

He would rather live on Vancouver Island than anywhere else because hunting and fishing are abundant there. He was best in English and history at school, and flies "only to get places."

His youth was marked by an ambition to become a painter and for a time he

studied with an art students' league in Chicago. He enjoys most watching football, hockey and tennis, and thinks compulsory physical examination before marriage should be a national law.

He cannot tango or rhumba.

He is very fond of raw oysters and wears an old brown felt hat. He shoots golf about 90.

HE has no collecting hobbies, likes hamburgers with a thick slice of onion and plays a fair game of tennis. His literary taste is expressed in a fine collection of hunting and fishing books.

He likes driving with the radio on, and has no aversion to eating alone.

He once worked between school terms in a canning factory, buying himself a horn and a saxophone from his earnings.

He met his wife during the stage production of "Roberta" in which she was dancing. He is not given to temperamental outbursts, cannot drink stout ale, and is not a believer in fortunetellers.

He spent one year at Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin. "Alfred Lunt went there, too." He speaks a smattering of Spanish and as a boy was not too popular with girls.

He has never been to Europe.

He avoids argumentation, drinks lots of milk in preference to coffee, and wears belts with slacks and suspenders with suits. He sleeps exceedingly soundly.

He never reads publicity about himself.

He never gets headaches and regrets not having continued his singing lessons. He shaves with a safety razor and likes talking with friends on the telephone. He was sixteen when he was graduated from high school, the youngest member of his class. He once tried house-to-house selling of electrical appliances and clerking in a department store.

His passion for shooting once resulted in what he terms "MacMurray's Folly," which was an underground shooting gallery in the back of his garden and which ended its purpose when the first heavy rains flooded it. He knows virtually nothing about plants.

He swims a crawl and carries a wallet jammed with cards, a list of air-raid wardens and a picture of his baby girl. He is completely relaxed in a barber chair.



Repeat performance: Fred MacMurray, who once earned a boyhood living washing dishes, does some more of the same at the Hollywood Canteen

He doesn't like walking, makes excellent pencil sketches and once called himself Rex Beach when he was playing in a band. He usually retires about midnight.

He once tied an alarm clock in an awkward place under his bed in order to compel himself to get out of bed and stop it. Even this device, however, failed to budge him and as a consequence he was fired from a dishwashing job he was holding in his early band-playing days. He has a landscape in his living room which was copied from a master by his uncle who is a sign painter by profession. He doesn't like tea and hasn't been on ice skates since he was at school.

He has a saxophone, a clarinet and a piano, all three of which he plays well. He leans toward blues and grays in suits.

Fred MacMurray is constantly amazed by his own success.

His first appearance in a motion picture was as an extra at which time he had to wear a sweater under his dress shirt to keep from freezing to death on an open-air set.

He once sandpapered old paint off old cars for \$20 a week, which he failed to collect when his employer ran off with the funds:

The End.

Things We Like about Olivia

(Continued from page 40) asked for a date. Her heart beat like a trip hammer while she waited for him. She could hardly bear the suspense. Finally he came and they fought constantly all evening and didn't meet again until several years later when Livvie went to Cape Cod to get a much-needed rest.

Lew, who was in the East, telephoned her out of a blue sky one day and suggested they visit the historic spots together. The two of them motored to history-book places each day. No one recognized Olivia. Everyone and his children knew Lew. "Hey, Doc, can I have your autograph?" they'd clamor. Or "Hello, Dr. Kildare, mind posing for a picture?"

Relief at not being recognized gave way to puzzlement and then to hurt. Finally one day the pair stepped into a Boston restaurant for lunch and in no time at all several cameramen had gathered.

"Do you mind if we finish our lunch first?" Lew asked and the camera lads agreed.

"Now you're in for it," Lew told her. "They've got you at last."

They attempted to sneak off after lunch, but the photographers stopped them. Together the two posed, smiling prettily.

"Thanks a lot," the cameramen said after snapping like fury. "But Mr. Ayres, there's just one thing more. Would you mind giving us the name of the young lady?"

"Wait till I get back to Hollywood," Olivia stormed. "I'll get into those Kildare pictures and get known if I have to push Laraine Day in the river." And then she and Lew both roared.

We enjoy, in dull moments, the mental picture of Olivia, Franchot Tone (before his marriage), Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband doing solo interpretative dances with their shoes off, to the music of a hotel orchestra, after everyone else had gone home. Can't you see Livvie skipping about to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song?"

We like the dignified way she has responded to the unwanted and certainly



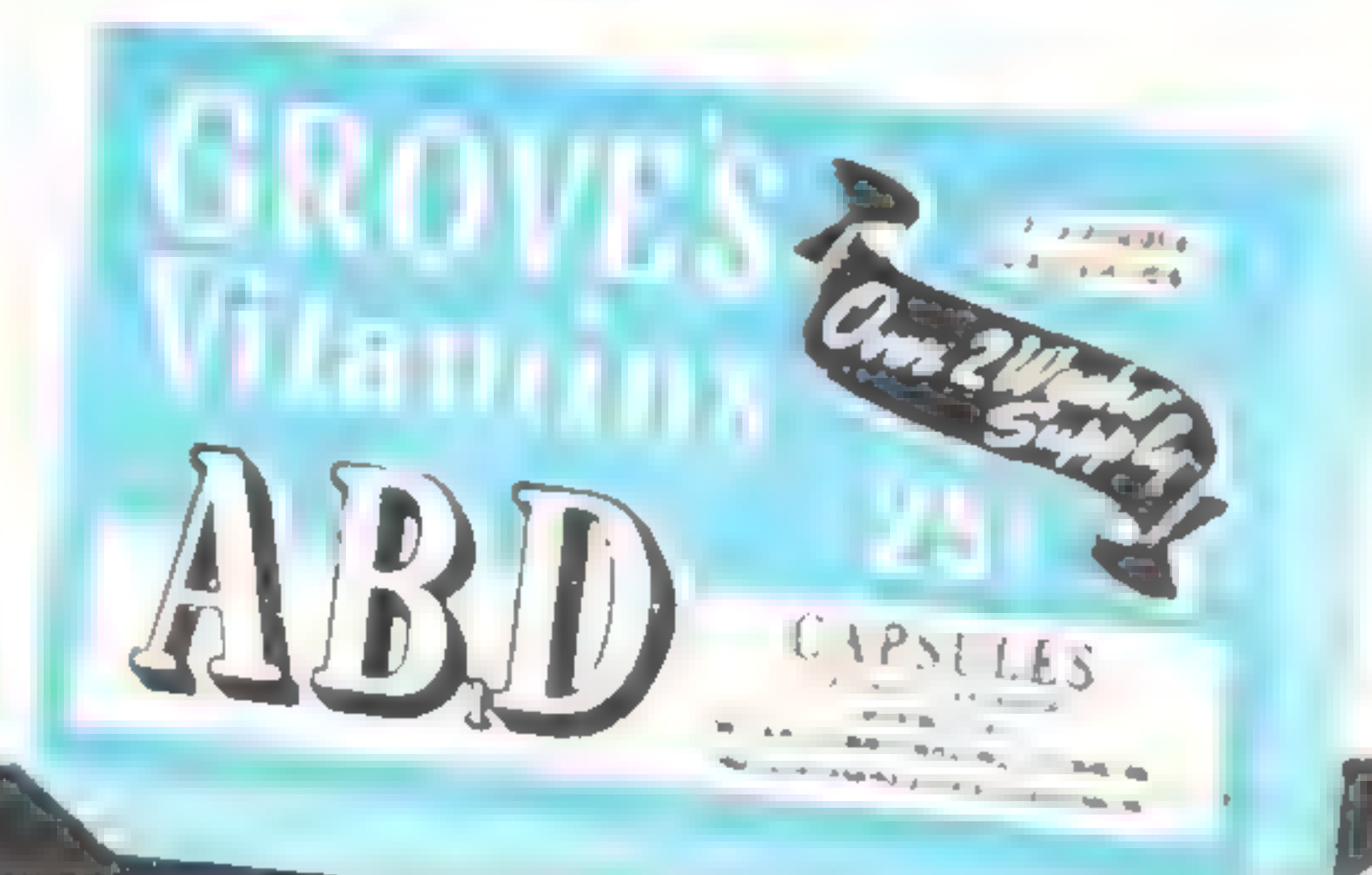
Do you envy those lovely women with countless admirers? You, too, deserve admiration.

Your life is meant to be filled with endless joys, love and romance. But vitamin deficiency can rob you of your radiant glow of health . . . a feminine loveliness that brings untold happiness. Don't take the chance. Give yourself the wonderful benefits of GROVE'S Vitamins A and D *plus* essential B₁ . . . vitamins that help maintain your body resistance . . . help build strong bones, sound teeth, help keep nerves steady, skin clear . . . help you keep that buoyant, glad-to-be-alive feeling. And they are so inexpensive! GROVE'S Vitamins cost less than 1½¢ a day in the family size—over 10 weeks' supply, \$1.00. Remember, you can't live life fully suffering with vitamin deficiency. Today, start taking GROVE'S Vitamins!

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HERE'S WHY CHAPPED HANDS HEAL SO MUCH FASTER

with medicated
NOXZEMA



Badly chapped, red, rough hands are a form of skin irritation. Painful tiny cuts and cracks appear—especially in the knuckle areas.

If you have red, rough, irritated chapped hands—make this simple test. Apply Noxzema frequently day and evening. Notice how soothing it feels. Next day . . . see how much better your hands *look*—how much better they *feel*!

Noxzema is so effective because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a medicated formula that not only soothes the burning, stinging soreness—but aids in healing the tiny skin cuts—helps soften the dry, rough skin and helps restore normal, soft, white loveliness.

Surveys show that scores of Doctors and Nurses (who have trouble with their hands from



frequent washings) use Noxzema themselves and recommend it to their patients. Noxzema is snow-white, greaseless, non-sticky. On sale at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere. 35¢—50¢—\$1.00.

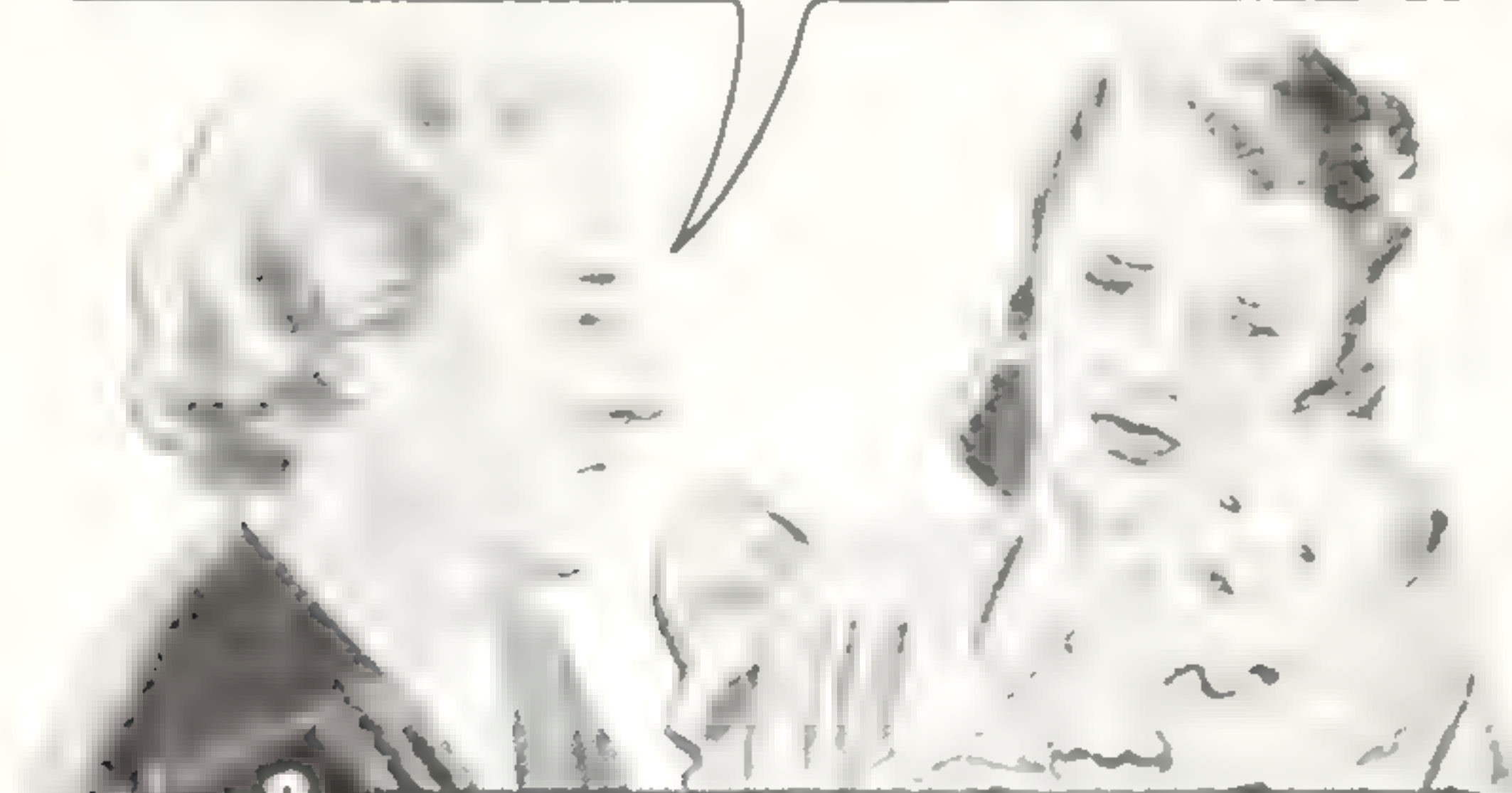
★ MEN IN THE

SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA

—use it for chapped hands, face and lips—for chafing, sunburn, windburn, tired, burning feet—and especially for cool, soothing shaves! Makes shaving easier even in cold water.



I KNOW, DAUGHTER—GET PAZO FOR THOSE SIMPLE PILES



LATER MOTHER—PAZO GAVE ME BLESSED RELIEF



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

March Photoplay-Movie Mirror on sale Wednesday, Feb. 3.

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the March and subsequent issues of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for March will go on sale Wednesday, February 3. On that date step up to your newsstands and say "A copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, please" and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

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Stainproof! Waterproof! Women buy on sight! Many gorgeous patterns! Looks expensive, long wearing, low priced! No washing or ironing. Wipe clean with damp cloth! Fast seller. Big commissions. Also complete big-profit line dresses, shirts, hose, lingerie.

GET FREE SAMPLES! Complete FREE sample line furnished. Complete dress line included FREE. Send no money! Write today!
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GET FREE AUTOGRAPHS OF YOUR MOVIE FAVORITES

Would you like to have the autographs of your motion picture favorites? You can get them—the original, bonafide signatures. Simply send 25 cents (cash or stamps) with this coupon and by return mail we will send you 6 Certified cards of the Hollywood Autograph Club and the names and addresses of 12 top film players. You mail the cards to any 6 of them and they return them—especially signed for you. And your movie favorites really will sign them, too. Experience shows better than 80% success. It's just as easy as that! For your 6 cards and Certified list, send 25c at once.

Hollywood Autograph Club
Box 230, Hollywood, California
Here is 25 cents. Please send me 6 Certified Autograph Cards and addresses of 12 top film players.

NAME _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

unpleasant publicity brought on by her father.

We like the description a friend gives of her—a Mid-Victorian on a scooter.

The informality and lived-in feeling of her home is comforting. Records can litter the floor if they choose, but the tea is hot, the sandwich crisp and unusual. In fact, the de Havilland menage was noted for its excellent food in the good old pre-war days.

THE little-girl way she has of biting her ice-tea spoon is entrancing. The charm and graciousness with which she handles wolves with ideas is terrific. "And not too long ago I wouldn't have known how to handle such situations," she laughs. Her gifts are indicative of her heart. No matter to whom they are going—they are the kind of gift she, herself, would love to receive.

The way she sits in her dressing room with her shoes off waiting to be called for a scene is comforting to behold. And that anyone so beautiful can bark so doglike kills us. No Scotch terrier ever had eyes like that.

That she made her living doing animal and bird imitations over the air and as part of radio shows before movies simply

stands us on end. It was an honest living, yes, but what canary looks like Livvie?

The way she takes the feud stories that circulate about her sister, Joan Fontaine, is A-one for our money. Livvie admits to scraps and differences but tolerates no suggestions that there's anything but good healthy disagreements between them. The fact she moved into an apartment handy to Joan proves this.

We like her for the way she makes friends—slowly. She had an idea Bette Davis was against her somehow and disliked her thoroughly all through "Elizabeth And Essex." And then several years went by and Livvie grew up and Bette grew less tense and the two found themselves together in "In This Our Life." Right off they became the best of friends, clowning together on the set, enjoying each other's company.

Jack Carson is her friend and so is Henry Fonda; her two boy friends in "The Male Animal." There's a sort of tie-that-binds among these three even today.

She isn't easy to know or maybe to understand right off, which pleases us mightily. But that we are privileged to know her pleases us no end.

THE END

Things I Don't Like about Myself

(Continued from page 41) he said.

"No, thank you, but. . ."

I ordered coke with cherry. The amazing individual had led me firmly by the arm to the counter.

"Now, what sort of opinions . . ." I began.

The young man walked over to the juke box and dropped in a nickel.

"Will you tell me what I'm doing here?" I asked myself. "What is all this?"

"Now, young man . . ." I began.

"Let's dance," the boy said and, to my horror, I almost found myself whirling about the floor with an utter stranger in a strange city, while the juke box yelled at the top of its voice:

"I want a zoot suit,
With a reat pleat."

Anyway, it ended up with my subscribing to "Boys' Life" and "Trailer Life," the only two magazines on his list I was sure I wasn't getting.

IN HOLLYWOOD about six-thirty one evening recently the doorbell rang. I had no maid and at that minute I was in the shower. Visioning an important telegram or message I grabbed a towel, wound my bathrobe over the towel and went to the door, in damp layers.

"I'm Alvin," the object on my doorstep informed me. "I'm State Champion of the violin. Hello."

"Hello."

"I can go to the Conservatory on a scholarship if I get the most magazine subscriptions."

"Now, see here, Olivia," I began to caution myself. It was no use. The old magazine subscription inertia had me again.

"Well, now let's see," I said. "I take so many, many magazines."

"Just one," Alvin pleaded.

"Here's one I don't think I take," I said. "Let me look."

I went over the bundle of unwrapped magazines on the table.

"No, it isn't here. I'll take it."

Alvin hesitated. "Well, you see, lady," he said, "that really is in the lower bracket price. I really need a higher priced one. How about 'Fortune?'"

I took "Fortune" and liked it.

I have everything now but "Field And Stream." I'm saving that for the next agent.

ANSWERING letters or rather not answering letters is another fault. I always mean to and want to, but somehow they always manage to find themselves unanswered and relegated to various files. The first one is the "Great Scott, what's this? I must do something about it" file.

The second file is the "Well, well, this is something that should be put away" file. The next file is the "Good Heavens, it's no use now" file.

And of course, the last file is the finish. I never see the letter again and one more weight goes hanging onto my conscience.

I'm afraid I'm prone to judge men by their behavior with waiters. I like men who overtip. They're nice men in my opinion.

I like simple clothes and wear them, but somehow I feel I'm letting my profession down. Actresses, in my opinion, should dress dramatically. People expect it. The profession almost demands it.

I'm usually late for appointments. I don't mean to be. I don't make appointments unless I mean to keep them. I love shopping for birthday presents. I can't wait for my friends to have birthdays so I can buy them a present. Then I put the present in my car. Wrapping paper, fancy ribbon and a blank card go with it. I have every intention of wrapping the present at the studio and delivering it myself on the way home. I insist that I must deliver it myself, when the store wants to send it. Six months later, to my amazement, I find the birthday present on the back seat of my car. Which reminds me—Geraldine Fitzgerald is having a birthday. I must rush right down and buy her a present! Don't you just love birthdays?

The End

Talk about Romance!

(Continued from page 49) house. Hedy is Ann's best friend and Hedy saw Ann through some difficult times before Ann met Bob.

Ann asked us, "Do you know anything about astrology? Well, Hedy and Bob are both 'Scorpio' people and they're both perfect examples. You've no idea how much alike they are in temperament! Dynamic, vital, intense, quick to make judgments . . ." She broke off. "One thing I've done for Bob, I hope, is to help him control his temper. He has the most awful temper!"

This surprised us. We'd known Bob a long time and had never seen him in anything but a cheerful, easy mood. "Oooo-oh!" Ann warned. "You've no idea. He can get so mad and he can fly off the handle so dreadfully. I think I do hold him back. I persuade him to wait and think and get his bearings before he acts. He's turning into quite an accomplished diplomat. That's absolutely imperative in the picture business."

She went on. "He has helped me, too. Helped me to get over that dreadful moodiness. Of course, I was depressed and unhappy and bewildered when we met. I had black moods when I thought that nothing mattered, that nothing could ever come right or matter again. Bob simply won't have that. He talks to me as if I were about five years old. He says, 'Now, we're not going to be like this, are we? We're not going to take it this way!' He says it somehow in the way that grownups try to persuade a child that 'we' are going to take the 'nice' castor oil! It always makes me laugh and it always jogs me out of that mood. He's gentle about it and understanding but the important thing is that he makes me laugh and then everything comes clear."

"I think the important thing with us always, from the beginning, has been Bob's power to make me laugh. Sometimes at him, sometimes at myself. But the laughter has been important."

ANOTHER important thing between them was the ease with which Bob fitted into Ann's frame of life, into her circle in Hollywood. She was established here, had made her friends, had found her niche. The Ray Millands, the Jack Bennys, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, the Fred MacMurrays . . . these people formed the nucleus of the comfortable circle in which Ann felt at home when she first met Bob. Seasoned troupers, all of them. Bob was young, new to pictures, to the show business, new to the give-and-take of real Hollywood people. Would they like him? Would he like them? Hollywood groups are clan-ish and critical.

Bob fitted in easily. He had tact and breeding, so that he didn't assert himself too soon. He didn't venture an opinion until someone asked him for it, but then he turned in an interesting opinion. He made no pretense of being anything more than he was—a promising young actor. But he made it clear that he took that position seriously, that he respected his job, that we wanted to learn and—something very important—that he wanted to like people and to be liked by them.

Ann knew that everything was all right when Fred MacMurray invited Bob to go fishing with him and when the Millands invited him to dinner on cook's-night-out. Bob belonged. "It was frightening at first," she says now. "It seemed so dreadfully important that they should like him and that he should like them."

"HAS GOD FAILED?"

I don't think so. I don't believe the American people know too much about God. Certainly they know little of the actual existing Power of the Great Spirit—God. If they did, they would most certainly be able to use the superlative invisible Power against such world-disturbing human parasites as Hitler and Tojo and the Italian dictator—would they not?

We have all heard a lot about what terrible sinners we are. And we probably are. We have been told that we all were born in sin and shapen in iniquity. We have heard much about the terrible punishments which lie ahead of all who do not believe "this" or "that" about God. These stories probably are all true. But there is one thing we have heard nothing about. We have heard nothing about the invisible superhuman, living Power of God.

We have not been told that the American people can, individually, and collectively, establish a definite and permanent contact with the Spirit of God, not "after" we die but BEFORE WE DIE. For it is now we need the Power of God.

We have not been told that every human being, regardless of race, creed, or religious affiliation, can, here and now, draw upon an invisible Power so dynamic in its operations that its use by the individual can bring into every life, every right thing

that can be desired. Not only that, the invisible, heretofore undiscovered Power of God, can be used to throw out of the life everything in it which should not be there. And we mean materially, as well as spiritually.

No, God has not failed the American people—they just simply have never been told of the staggering, scintillating Power there is in the realm of God. They have not been told that this superhuman Power can be found and used by all—here and now. If the American people will allow us to—we can show them how to find and use the actual literal Power of God—not "above the sky" but right here on earth. And let us tell you that this war can be stopped, and will be stopped, when the American people discover, for the first time in their lives, the actual and literal Power of God.

We shall be glad to help all loyal Americans find this Power. Full and free information will be sent you if you write to "Psychiana," Inc., Dept. 162, Moscow, Idaho.

Please cooperate with us in our attempts to make this Power real to you by mailing your request for the free information today. We are the ones who are trying to help you, and we ask for this simple cooperation. So please mail your request TODAY. Thank you. Send to "Psychiana" Inc., Dept. 162, Moscow, Idaho.



AN ASTOUNDING PROPHECY



Ten years ago Dr. Robinson predicted this war. He told what nations would be lined up against other nations. He predicted the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The prophecy came true in a remarkable manner. NOW—he makes another astounding prophecy. How long will the war last? Which side will be victorious? How will Hitler and Hirohito meet their doom? Will Tokyo go up in flames? A FREE COPY of this amazing prophecy will be included if you mail your request—NOW. We cannot promise to repeat this offer. SO SEND NOW. You might just as well begin to use the invisible superhuman Power of God right tonight—in your own home. The address again is "Psychiana" Inc., Dept. 162, Moscow, Idaho.

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It seemed so splendid to me when they all did."

Everyone who knows him and nearly everyone who has followed him on the screen must have sensed the new poise and solidity which Bob has gained in the past year. Certainly his studio has noticed it and has rewarded it with increasingly important and responsible roles. It seems a long time since that day when Garbo first saw him on the set of "Two-Faced Woman" and drawled, "Who is that young man? The one who looks so innocent and rosy?" Bob has lost some of that boyish quality, but he has taken on new ones that are more interesting.

"It isn't until you have had some experience of your own," he observes, sagely, "that you realize how tough the competition is when you're up against people who really know their stuff. I've been in some pictures with some of the best actors in the business. I don't mind telling you that I was scared stiff."

"Y'know, there's one thing about Ann and me. We can discuss things. We don't talk shop very much. We don't just talk picture-picture-picture. But when we do discuss them it counts. She knows so much about the business, knows it all the way through. So when she tells me something, I listen. I'd be a fool if I didn't. But—she listens to me, too, when I have an opinion. Sometimes I have very strong opinions. We differ with one another sometimes, but we never get into arguments. We've always been able to talk things over and reach an understanding about them."

"That's why the war and my enlistment hasn't complicated things for us. That's why I say I know that we shan't be stampeded or rushed into any decisions or steps. That's why neither of us will be afraid. . . ."

"HE has one other trait which is downright frightening!" Ann chimed in. "He noticed everything and has opinions about it. He sees every detail of your dress and shoes and hair and make-up. He doesn't like too much color anywhere—in your clothes or on your face—and he simply won't have colored nail polish. 'We won't have that, will we?' he reproaches. It's nice to have a man notice what you have on—but gracious, any girl can get a little shine on her nose now and then by accident!"

We have an idea that Bob thinks Ann's nose is all right, whether it's shiny or not. But maybe he doesn't want her to know that.

About his going into the Service, Ann says, "All of us women who are left at home are going to find more in common than we ever dreamed of. Even now, I see so many girls around the sets, wearing little pins with stars on them. I want to talk to them and they want to talk to each other. We're all going to be drawn together, to learn to know each other. The other day my hairdresser's boy friend arrived in San Francisco from the Solomon Islands. All of a sudden she didn't care whether or not I was in the middle of a picture—or whether or not I had a hair on my head. She had to go to San Francisco. I didn't blame her. I wanted her to go. I didn't care about my hair, either, when her boy was up there! That's the sort of thing I mean. We're

all feeling it and it will grow. It's good. It's very good for all of us.

"The Service will be good for Bob, I know. He is far enough advanced in his career so that it won't set him back. It will give him more experience and more depth and he will come back with even more to offer his job than he has now. But he won't be any different in any fundamental way. I know that, too!"

BOB'S last few weeks before he left for the Service were pretty hectic. While he was preparing for his role in "Gentle Annie" with Susan Peters and Bob Taylor, he combined riding lessons and singing lessons with a course in aerodynamics in preparation for his basic training. After the picture started, they worked two and a half weeks before Director W. S. Van Dyke became ill and shooting was halted. The studio was frantic to finish the thing before Bob should have to leave, so a new director, Tay Garnett, was called in to finish the job. They rehearsed a few days, found they would have to replace still another actor in the original cast and it became apparent that they'd never get the thing in the can before Bob had to leave for camp. So they called the whole thing off and not a day too soon, either. Bob received his call almost immediately and went off to the war, leaving his last motion picture reposing half-finished on a shelf.

That gave him a few days to—guess what! Do his Christmas shopping. Bob loves to give and to receive presents. (Ann says he is "a package shaker—he always shakes the packages he receives and tries earnestly to guess what's inside before he opens it.") Ann went with him and helped him to select presents for all of Bob's relatives and friends and then the pair worked furiously getting the things all wrapped and marked for December 25 delivery.

Bob was to leave on Tuesday, November 10, and Ann remembered that his birthday was on Friday, November 13, three days later. So Ann and Bob's father and mother and two sisters and his best friend, Henry Willson, gave him his birthday a week early. A proper birthday, with presents and a cake and everything. The presents were appropriately useful for a prospective aviator whose gear must necessarily be pretty light. Ann gave him a pretty wonderful wrist watch, of military design.

The last evenings were a hodgepodge of greetings to old friends, get-togethers with Bob's family, with Bob interrupting everything every few minutes to "make a note" of some last-minute instruction. Every now and then he took a few moments off to pack. Even a prospective aviator has to remember things like razor blades and shoe polish! His relatives are still deciphering and obeying instructions in those last-minute notes.

Ann told him good-by late Monday. She had to report at the studio on Tuesday morning. So only Bob's immediate family were at the station for breakfast and that last wave from the platform.

Ann will be talking proudly and wistfully now with those other girls on the set . . . the girls who wear the pins with the star. And there are those who do say that come the holidays and a guy can get a few hours off, Ann may become Mrs. Pvt. Robert Sterling.

The End.

The Girl on the Cover for March—GENE TIERNEY
This is a portrait you'll want to keep!

Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 4)

✓✓ Once Upon a Honeymoon (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An interrupted honeymoon in interrupted Europe.*

COMEDY in the 1943 manner, heavy of hand and heart, with most of the gushingly bright spontaneity of former years gone with the wind, is this super special de luxe film that combines love, comedy and tragedy in one dish, garnished for splendor with the acting of Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers and embellished with the directorial touches of Leo McCarey.

Three-fourths of this picture, which we predict will break house records everywhere, is terrific and the dragging, lagging one-fourth will probably be eliminated anyway, so let's forget it.

Ginger is a Brooklyn strip-teaser masquerading as a Philadelphia socialite in Austria during Hitler's invasion. In fact, Ginger marries Walter Slezak, an Austrian secret agent of Hitler's, and finds herself in the midst of one collapsing country after another. Finally convinced by Cary Grant, an American radio commentator, that her husband is a traitor, she begins with him a hazardous trek through one country after another until they eventually head homeward.

Albert Dekker, Albert Basserman and Natasha Lytess add immeasurably to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: A Class A-1 special.

✓ Reunion (M-G-M)

It's About: *The head of a Paris Underground.*

THE best things about this Nazi-laden story are the surprise twists, the suspense, Philip Dorn, Joan Crawford and the terrific work of the supporting cast. For the first time that we can recollect, life among the Nazis in Paris, their everyday activities and social life have been clearly set forth—and the picture isn't pretty, bringing home forcefully the repugnance of the deplorable situation.

Philip Dorn, too long doomed to obscurity, is terrific as the loyal Frenchman presumably pro-Nazi. When his fiancée, Joan Crawford, spoiled, beautiful rich Parisian, discovers his tendencies she leaves him, although her love can't be killed. Befriending American John Wayne, an RAF flier in Paris, she sues Dorn to obtain papers that will permit their escape. And that's when the surprises pop over our heads like so many toy balloons.

Reginald Owen, Albert Basserman, John Carradine, J. Edward Bromberg and Moroni Olsen lend magnificent support.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspense with a big S.

✓ Lucky Jordan (Paramount)

It's About: *A racketeer who goes A.W.O.L.*

In a picture much less dramatic and important than his former ones, Alan Ladd stands out like a searchlight in a dimout. In his role of *Lucky Jordan*, Alan is again the steely-hearted tough but appealing guy who tries to "fix" his draft board. After his induction our bad boy goes A.W.O.L., accidentally bumps



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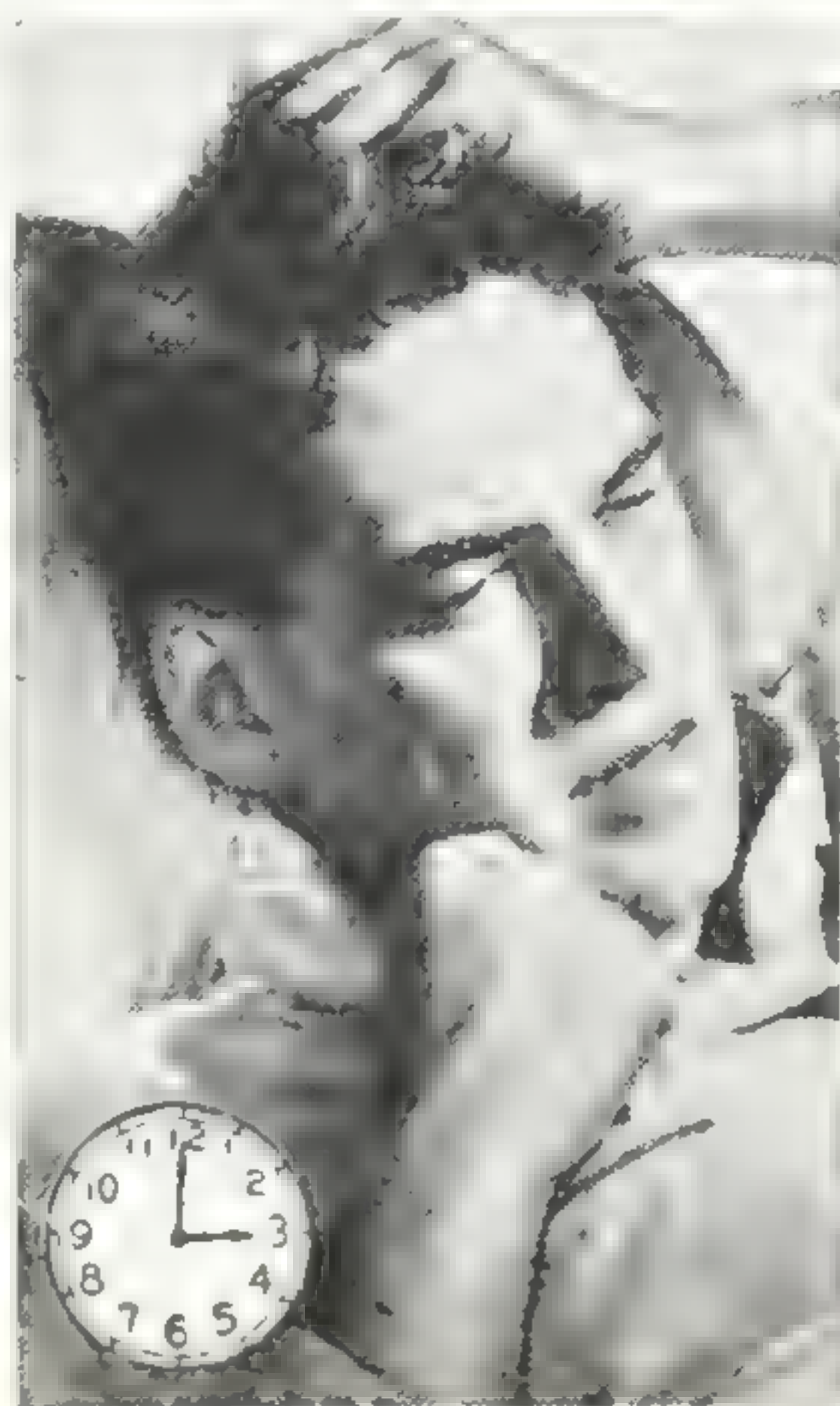
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into a master Fifth Column spy ring, aids in their capture and returns to Army life a chastened lad—peering through guard-house windows.

Helen Walker, a newcomer, plays the Canteen waitress. Marie MacDonald, Mabel Paige, Sheldon Leonard and Floyd Corrigan keep the action moving.

What says, movie-goers, we all get together and demand bigger and better pictures for Ladd, the boy who can really put it across.

Your Reviewer Says: Lucky us, with lucky Ladd.

✓✓ Happy Go Lucky (Paramount)

It's About: A phony heiress on a tropical isle.

IN the West Indies, or wherever Calypso singers abound, they have a love potion that when merely sprayed in the breeze renders the oddest people amorous to an alarming degree. Betty Hutton worked it on Eddie Bracken and got him right up to the altar. Mary Martin, a phony heiress out to marry money, found it worked so well on millionaire Rudy Vallee she almost became his wife; that is, after Dick Powell, an Island roustabout and Rudy's friend, had tried every plan to bring Mary and Rudy together.

But, of course, you know who Mary really loved and got, don't you? Yep, Powell himself.

Mary sings cutely and Betty Hutton sings loudly. Both are good. Sir Lancelot, the Calypso singer, is new and different and his impromptu lyrics and melodies most fascinating.

All in all it's a swell little movie and one everyone should enjoy.

Your Reviewer Says: Lighthearted as a firefly

✓✓ Gentleman Jim (Warners)

It's About: The supposed life story of a Gay Nineties ring champion.

FOR those who enjoy plenty of screened prize fighting (and this reviewer doesn't) the story of egotistical Jim Corbett, the bare-fisted fighter who knocked out the famous John L. Sullivan, has plenty of entertainment in store.

Errol Flynn makes a believable Corbett. His performances in the ring are most credible, but we can't help but feel the dramatic license taken with the true life story of the fighter has been overdone. Corbett must be twirling in his grave at several of the dreamed-up sequences.

Alexis Smith is very good as the daughter of the rich San Franciscan who deplores the boorish, obnoxious manners of the "wrong side of the track" Corbett, whose only claim to "gentlemanliness" was his clothes. Ward Bond, as the defeated Sullivan who finally teaches Corbett humility, is outstanding. Very good, too, is Jack Carson as the champion's pal. Alan Hale, John Loder and William Frawley contribute mightily to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: A man's treat.

✓ Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant (M-G-M)

It's About: Mystery of an amnesia victim.

WELL, well, well, they've put new life in the old series and the result is

like a discouraged woman who buys a new hat. You'd never know the old girl, or old boy it is this time, for Dr. Gillespie, played as usual by Lionel Barrymore, acquires three new assistants, namely Keye Luke, Richard Quine and Van Johnson. These lads are gathered together by the Doctor to help solve the mystery of an amnesia victim, Susan Peters, a bride who runs out on her marriage to Horace McNally. Of course, it turns out little Susan is faking, but my, oh my, the lots of interesting people it takes to discover the fact. And what surprisingly good entertainment it all turns out to be.

Your Reviewer Says: What wonderful bedside manners!

Strictly in the Groove (Universal)

It's About: A college jive band out West.

ACCORDING to Universal Studios, all college students are either interested in putting on a show or in organizing a band. Study? What's that? And who cares, according to movies? So, my friends, we come to another group of boys and girls jive crazier than a tree frog. When the dad of one lad nixes the college nonsense, the entire group moves out West to a dude ranch and lands a radio show. Are we crazy, or are you? Or is it the studio?

Anyway, the music is hot, the kids hep, the songs lovely, the dancing good, so what the heck.

Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Davies, Leon Errol, Grace McDonald, Ozzie Nelson, Shemp Howard and others.

Your Reviewer Says: Hey, Hey!

The Best Pictures of the Month

Random Harvest

Life Begins At Eight-thirty

Once Upon A Honeymoon

Best Performances

Greer Garson in "Random Harvest"

Ronald Colman in "Random Harvest"

Cary Grant in "Once Upon A Honeymoon"

Ginger Rogers in "Once Upon A Honeymoon"

Monty Woolley in "Life Begins At Eight-thirty"

Ida Lupino in "Life Begins At Eight-thirty"

Paul Henreid in "Casablanca"

Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca"

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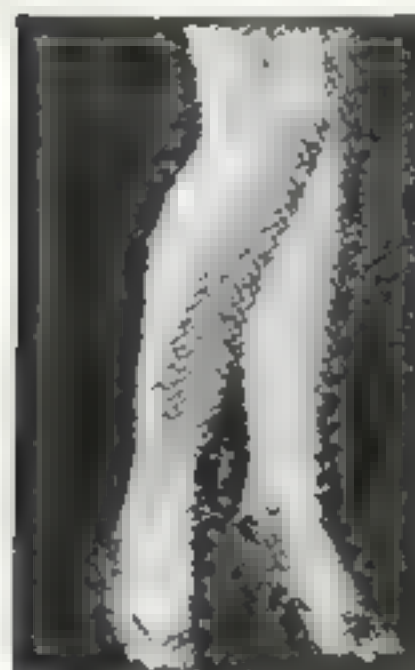
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✓ Nightmare (Universal)

It's About: Murder and espionage in England.

PUT Brian Donlevy in a uniform, give him a man's job to do, and he's terrific. Cast him as a lover and he comes out a pidgeon-toed, slightly portly male. What's more, place inexperienced Diana Barrymore by his side and you've got something, only we aren't sure what. Yet spots in this story of an American abroad who renders a service to an Englishwoman (he merely carries out a corpse from her home, that's all) and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies and what not, is so good we feel it's worth a check and a look-see by the fans.

Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer and one we liked. Outside of Henry Daniell, the corpse, the rest of the cast were strangers to us.

Your Reviewer Says: Old-timey recipe for melodrama.

Seven Miles from Alcatraz (RKO-Radio)

It's About: How escaped convicts justify their act.

JAMES CRAIG and Frank Jenks, bitter at the vulnerability of Alcatraz under an air raid, escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a lighthouse. Slowly it dawns upon the pair that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis. At the sacrifice of their own freedom, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring. The trapping, incidentally, is a bit of all right excitement.

Bonita Granville, as the keeper's daughter, seemed out of place to us. Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair little opus.

Army Surgeon (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The work of Army surgeons in war zones.

JIMMY ELLISON is a young surgeon in service during World War I whose courage and devotion to duty is stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors and surgeons in war time. Of course, there's the usual tangle between Ellison and Kent Taylor, an aviator, for the love of Jane Wyatt, a doctor-nurse. Duty wins over love.

Your Reviewer Says: Too depressing to be entertaining.

The Great Gildersleeve (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An old maid's pursuit of a bachelor.

RADIO'S comic, Hal Peary, or the Great Gildersleeve, finds himself forced to choose between a pursuing female, Mary Field, or the loss of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. Fortunately things work out well with lots of gags, laughs and comic situations sandwiched between his troubles. Jane Darwell as Peary's aunt is very good. Thurston Hall is outstanding as the governor.

Your Reviewer Says: Keep it up, Gildy.

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Dr. Renault's Secret (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A man who apes an ape.

NOW see here! This business of men turning into animals and animals into men has got to stop. Especially when it happens to our good friend J. Carrol Naish under the hands of scientist George Zucco. A body's got so they hate to go out nights with all these animalistic goings on. John Shepperd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads.

Your Reviewer Says: Renault can keep his secret.

Northwest Rangers (M-G-M)

It's About: Orphaned lads who grew up to take opposite paths.

JACK HOLT takes over the care of two orphaned boys whose parents were massacred by Indians. One grows up to be Bill Lundigan who follows in Holt's footsteps as a North West Mountie. The other grows up to be James Craig, a gambler and a baddie. When Pat Dane, a singer in Craig's gambling hall wins the love of both men, hell pops in all directions. Guess who gets her?

John Carradine is good as a rival gambler.

Your Reviewer Says: The Mounties always get their girl.

Street of Chance (Paramount)

It's About: An amnesia victim who awakens to a murder charge.

BURGESS MEREDITH gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been an amnesia victim for over a year and a man wanted for murder. He, himself, undertakes to unravel the murder mystery with many surprising results; one being that we were still sitting in our seat when he had finished. Claire Trevor plays a maid and Adeline deWalt Reynolds a paralytic.

Your Reviewer Says: Moral—Don't get hit on the head.

Wrecking Crew (Paramount)

It's About: Men who tear down buildings.

BOY, there's a job, tearing down a building, or wrecking the joint, as it is known in refined language. Anyway, two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, about whom lingers the belief of a jinx, take on a job together and end up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. How do actors get themselves in these messes anyway? Jean Parker is the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: A pair of Humpty Dumptys, no less.

✓ Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (Paramount)

It's About: A breadwinner and her brood of five.

HERE she comes again, and for the third time on the screen, that lovable

character, Mrs. Wiggs, of the Cabbage Patch Wiggsses, and her brood of geographically named children.

Never has there been a finer Mrs. Wiggs than Fay Bainter and never a more talented brood than Carolyn Lee, Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee.

Vera Vague as Miss Hazy, a daisy pining for love, and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. All the homey, laughable and tragic events of the Wiggs family have been retained which makes it a must-see.

Your Reviewer Says: Cozy.

✓ Whistling in Dixie (M-G-M)

It's About: A radio detective involved in a Dixie mix-up.

RED SKELTON has one of those radio crime detective programs with girl friend Ann Rutherford as his assistant. To Ann comes a message for help from little Diana Lewis, a girl friend down in Dixie. Ann and Red take off for Georgia to find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery centered around an old fort, with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee.

"Rags" Ragland plays twins to add to the confusion. George Bancroft, Guy Kibbee, Peter Whitney and Lucien Littlefield swarm over the place.

Your Reviewer Says: Tut, tut, such monkeyshines!

Lady from Chungking (P. R. C.)

It's About: A Chinese heroine who aids two American flyers.

ANNA MAY WONG is a Chinese woman of aristocratic birth who pretends affection for a loathsome Jap general in order to obtain secret information. This information is relayed to two American Flying Tigers, hidden by Miss Wong. The boys use the information to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoundrel is outstanding. Rick Vallin and Paul Bryer are the Americans.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.

Cat People (RKO-Radio)

It's About: People who turn into cats.

WE'VE known catty people by the dozens, but never any such as this, thank heavens. Imagine, if you can, Simone Simon's succumbing to the inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those whom she hates. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist who pays dearly for his help, Jane Randolph, who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. It will give you icy jitters, but it's kinda fun at that.

Your Reviewer Says: Meow!

✓ Silver Queen (Sherman-U.A.)

It's About: A gambling debt and gambling love.

HARRY SHERMAN, the producer who makes those swell Westerns, has turned out a little goodie (if one remembers it's strictly a Western) all about a

March Photoplay-Movie Mirror on sale Wednesday, Feb. 3

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the March and subsequent issues of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for March will go on sale Wednesday, February 3. On that date step up to your newsstands and say "A copy of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, please," and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

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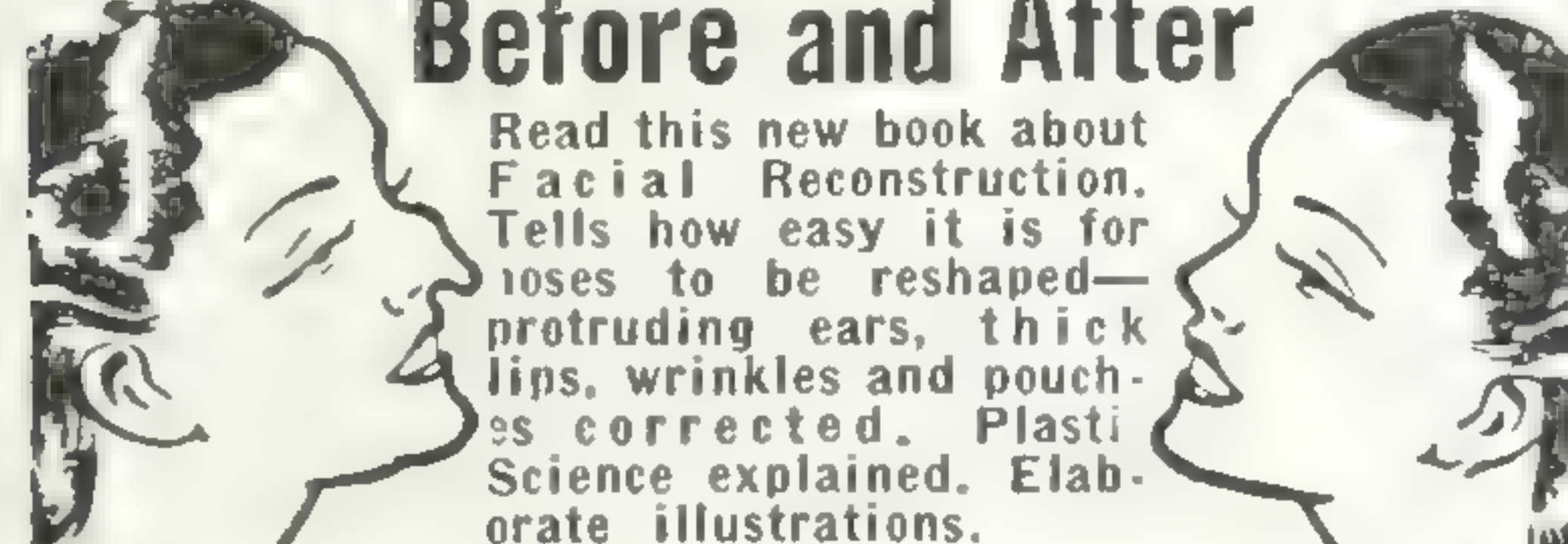
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gal (Priscilla Lane) engaged to a heel (Bruce Cabot) who travels West to become a gambler in order to pay off the debts of her gambler father, Eugene Pallette. She wins, but sends the money to Cabot to pay off. Instead, he crosses her up, even to keeping quiet the fact that George Brent, who won her father's mine had already deeded it back to her. Anyway, it all ends up in a rowdy-dowdy mess and Brent gets the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: A good little "out-thar" story.

✓ Who Done It? (Universal)

It's About: Soda jerks involved in a radio murder mystery.

IT'S Bud Abbott and Lou Costello again, all mixed up in a murder mystery. And wouldn't you know it—those Nazi agents horn in to mess things up, as if Bud and Lou aren't experts at that job. The corn grows thicker than ever in this epic—but who cares? It's Bud and Lou and that seems to be enough for audiences.

The boys leave off soda-jerking to go to a radio station to try for a job, only to run headlong into a first class "bump-off" job. Their amateur sleuthing almost leads to their own arrest.

Patric Knowles and Louise Allbritton are a splendid romantic-minded pair. William Gargan and William Bendix are on the side of the law.

Your Reviewer Says: We dare you not to laugh.

✓✓ Moscow Strikes Back (Republic—Central Studios U. S. S. R.)

It's About: How Russia hurled back the Nazis in December, 1941.

DON'T be afraid to see this slice of history in the raw because you think you'll be shocked and horrified. You will be, but it's the sort of shock that carries with it tremendous vitalization. You cannot help but absorb driving power from the titanic effort of these superb people. We begin to understand what our boys mean when they write home from camp and say, "We run—run—run." That's what the Russians do in this picture, pushing forward unceasingly through high snow, forests, villages, as they pound the German rear guard past the monument that marks the end of Napoleon's invasion of Russia; not even stopping to celebrate their gains other than to lean down and accept the blessing of a withered old woman who stands by the side of the road and crosses herself as she kisses each strange face.

You'll see the home of Tolstoi with scarcely a piece of furniture remaining because the Nazis used it for firewood. "And this," says the effective voice of Edward G. Robinson, narrator, "in a house surrounded by forests!" You'll see the home of Tchaikovsky reduced to a shambles, his priceless musical scores pitched out into the snow. Culture they call it.

And you'll see the frozen mutilated bodies of little girls raped by the Nazis.

We recommend that every man in the armed forces of Uncle Sam be shown this picture. He won't need any lectures on what we're fighting for! That goes double for every man and woman in civilian life.

Your Reviewer Says: See it and fight!

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No Ceiling on Laughter

(Continued from page 45) She simply slid to the floor of the car, removed the curlers, did a quick fluffing job, as only a woman can, and climbed right back to bow and smile and throw kisses in her most elegant manner, while the bands played on.

Gene says, "I don't know exactly how, but that silly occurrence did me a world of good. I'd been wondering how I could possibly get through the appearances I'd have to make that day, I was so tired. But the mental picture I had of myself, being so grand, so gracious, before all those people, with my hair in those silly curliwigs, simply took all the tiredness out of me."

VERONICA LAKE was all tuckered out one night in Orlando, Florida, when she was waiting to do her personal appearance at the camp show. Through the ache of her weariness, she began to realize that all was not well. People were looking at her, whispering, casting worried glances. Then it came out. A red-faced sergeant confided that the boys had a "Veronica Lake act" of their own and they were wondering whether she'd be offended. Relieved, Veronica told them to go ahead.

"But," she relates, "when I saw that six-foot-four hunk of fighting man in an evening gown slashed to the waist and the wisp of floor mop hanging over one eye, when I really got a load of the Veronica Lake manner and gestures, I was so convulsed that I could hardly go on to do my own turn when it was time to do it! Maybe it really wasn't quite so funny as it seemed to me then. Maybe my own weariness did something about my own enjoyment of the stunt. But, I declare, I forgot all about my weariness and all I could think of was to give the boys as much fun as they had given me. I've never had such a lift from anything."

Herbert Marshall says a laugh's like jam on your bread and tells of a soldier in his regiment in the last war who had a most amazing passion for jam. One day this fellow, in full view of the enemy trenches, ambled along the parapet and jumped into the trench close to Marshall. "Have you chaps got any jam?" he enquired, calmly. "Any kind of jam but plum and apple?" Somebody dug up a tin of damson jam and he departed the way he came grinning happily.

"I've always thought he should have been decorated," says Marshall, with an amused smile, "either for bravery in the face of the enemy, or for handing us a laugh when we needed one the worst possible way."

THE indefatigable Bob Hope tells this one. He was visiting a hospital in New Orleans, trying to bring smiles to the fellows who lay there; some of them bandaged from head to foot after a bit of trouble in the merchant marine. One of these asked him, "You make a lot of money, don't you, Bob?" Bob thought, "Here comes a touch," but he quipped something gay about money's not being everything. ("What an odd place for a touch!" he held himself.) "But you do make a pot of money, don't you?" persisted the bandaged one. Bob thought, "Wonder how much he needs," and went on telling his gay stories. But the man was not to be put off and, finally, Bob broke down and confessed. "Well," he said, "I can't grumble. I'm doing all right." "Well," said the sailor, "I was just wondering. If you make so much money, why the devil don't you buy yourself a haircut?"

Ann Rutherford thinks she probably wouldn't have survived her last Bond-selling tour if Charles Laughton had ever learned to pack a suitcase. "Shopping for Charlie kept me from going nuts," she admits. "You see, the only thing he knows about packing is to grab a few things, stuff them in the suitcase and sit on it. And when Charlie sits on a thing, it stays sat on!"

"He never has the least idea of what he has put in it. The consequence of this is that when we reach the next stop Charlie has a flat suitcase but probably no clean socks or shirts, or even a toothbrush. Those things are reposing in the hotel room where he sat on the suitcase. So it's up to me to set forth and buy socks and shirts and toothbrushes—and sometimes bedroom slippers—for the helpless Laughton. This gives me (1) exercise, (2) a nice acquaintance with the local tradespeople, (3) an informal view of the town, (4) the laugh of my life when I return with my purchases and watch Charlie 'trying them on for size.' He says I seem to collect the oddest sizes. But it all helps. Sometimes I suspect that Charlie gives me these assignments just to keep me

from getting stodgy in my mind."

Charles Ruggles shakes a solemn head and remarks that civilian defense harbors hazards that he never dreamed of. Charles is an air-raid warden in the San Fernando Valley where houses are pretty far apart and the question of what to use for a blackout signal raised quite a problem. Finally, somebody came up with a large metal bucket and a hammer to pound it with a resounding din which should certainly be heard for miles.

What the earnest wardens didn't know was that they were producing a sound which was very pleasing to bees and which caused them to swarm happily and with appalling speed right to the spot where the bucket was being pounded! They very soon found out!

"Maybe," says Charles, "it wasn't exactly the sort of incident which helps a brave man through a long spell of hard work, but somehow the memory of those solemn guys diving for cover as the bees came over is going to stay with me for a long time."

HEDY LAMARR doesn't consider, either, that she was actually suffering very seriously for her war effort. But she was awfully hungry. There had been a slight miscalculation in time on her Bond-selling tour and she found herself at a large factory, surrounded by hundreds of war workers, all eager to buy Bonds and to speak with her. And Hedy had had no breakfast. Time passed and the Bonds were whizzing. Finally Hedy's head was whizzing too. The sight of the workers all around her munching their lunches didn't improve matters, either.

She whispered to someone that she hadn't had breakfast and that she was famished. Before you could say, "Box lunch!" sandwiches, hot dogs, pickles, cole slaw, ice-cream cones and cartons of milk were being pressed upon her by eager hands of factory workers who wanted to share their lunches with her as well as buy her Bonds.

"It was sweet of them," Hedy recalls, "but it began to be funny, too. All that food! Pretty soon all the factory people were screaming with laughter." I ate a hot dog and drank some milk and then people came and divided up the food again and everybody bought lots more Bonds and I autographed paper napkins and milk cartons. It was one of our most successful days."

Jackie Cooper is another who has learned to take his laughs where he finds them. He was making a personal appearance (with his drums) at a Southern camp. As he was packing up his gear, a blackout occurred and he had to finish packing in total darkness. When he reached the next camp, he discovered that the long round parcel which he had thought contained his music roll really contained a loaf of French bread! Nothing daunted, he showed his soldier-audience the loaf, told his story, put the loaf ostentatiously on his music rack, glared at it solemnly and proceeded to improvise to one of the most enthusiastic and amused audiences he's ever had. He's been wondering since whether a prop loaf of bread won't produce more genuine entertainment than a roll of real music.

There's no ceiling on laughter. Be free with it. A good laugh at the right time may speed things up and be almost as important as a well-driven rivet!

THE END



A "very glad to meet you" (and they meant it!) picture of Lana Turner greeting Senior Lieutenant Liudmila Pavlichenko at the M-G-M commissary. Officially credited with having killed 309 Nazis, Lieutenant Pavlichenko was guest of honor at a big M-G-M banquet during her stay in California

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 21)

Annapolis, where he gets the smart-aleckness taken out of him. (Dec.)

HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR—Paramount: The irrepressible Henry is accused of arson when he hints of sabotage in his high-school paper and building after building is set afire. But of course he traps the real culprit. Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles Smith as Dizzy, and Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right in there pitching. (Jan.)

✓ **HERE WE GO AGAIN**—RKO-Radio: A giggle fest, with Fibber McGee and Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage at a hotel where Edgar Bergen, with Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, is searching for a peculiar moth to aid the production of silk. You can imagine the goings-on, with the great Gildersleeve adding to the laughs and with Ginny Simms singing to Ray Nobel's music. (Nov.)

HIDDEN HAND, THE—Warners: Practically everybody gets killed in this potpourri of gore when an elderly woman fakes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives, and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one. (Jan.)

HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT—RKO-Radio: Richard Carlson as the millionaire playboy who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business does very well with loosely knit material. Jane Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell, Barton MacLane and Ray Collins are good. Average. (Dec.)

HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG—Monogram: The famous cartoon characters, *Snuffy Smith*, played by Bud Duncan, and *Barney Google*, played by Cliff Nazarro, cut all sorts of capers that have the pair embroiled in a rocket invention. Edgar Kennedy as an Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as an inventor add to the rather silly maneuvers. (Nov.)

✓ **ICELAND**—20th Century-Fox: Some of the best skating of her career is presented by Sonja Henie; but the story's only fair. It has Sonja, an Iceland maid, grabbing off John Payne, a Marine on the island, before he knows where he is. Osa Massen is Sonja's sister, Jack Oakie clowns on skates very funnily and Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some swell music. (Nov.)

✓ **I MARRIED A WITCH**—The Cinema Guild-U.A.: Veronica Lake is the determined witch who

returns with her father, Cecil Kellaway, to be devil Fredric March, who's about to marry Susan Hayward and run for Governor. But Veronica falls in love with March, to the dismay of Kellaway, and the result's fantastic but fun. Robert Benchley is March's droll pal. (Jan.)

ISLE OF MISSING MEN—Monogram: A rather suspenseful little melodrama with John Howard as the governor of a penal colony. He befriends Helen Gilbert who has come to the island to help her husband Gilbert Roland escape and much exciting action transpires before she is successful. (Nov.)

JACKASS MAIL—M-G-M: Wally Beery and Marjorie Main in their familiar story of a renegade who became regenerated through the orphaned son of the man Beery kills. It takes Darryl Hickman, the boy, and Marjorie Main, fearless owner of the transport mail line, to civilize Wally. (Nov.)

✓✓ **JOURNEY FOR MARGARET**—M-G-M: Robert Young is brilliant as the American correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter and takes them home to America. Both the children are wonderful, and the experiences of English children orphaned and homeless will touch your heart. (Jan.)

JUNGLE SIREN—P.R.C.: A silly, stupid little number, this one, concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes in Africa. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio, the former strip-teaser, are the leads, but neither has a chance to be very good. (Jan.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: When juror Michael Shayne, played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, sees the evidence piling up against the innocent defendant, he sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party. Girl reporter Marjorie Weaver, press cameraman Phil Silvers, attorney Richard Derr and singer Joan Valerie are all in on the excitement. (Dec.)

LITTLE TOKIO, U. S. A.—20th Century-Fox: The West Coast's Japanese colony comes into the spotlight with this lively little epic of a police officer, Preston Foster, who suspects shenanigans in the Jap settlement. Comes Pearl Harbor, and he scoops up spies like fury. Brenda Joyce is his girl friend, and June Duprez, Harold Huber and George E. Stone are spies. (Nov.)

✓ **LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Depth and beauty characterize this tale of the great poet's life—his adoption as a

child, his first boyhood love affair with Virginia Gilmore, his marriage to Linda Darnell and his slow disintegration due to alcoholism. John Sheppard seems an ideal Poe; Miss Gilmore and Miss Darnell give polished performances. (Dec.)

MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE—20th Century-Fox: When pretty Lynne Roberts, dancer, buys a trunk, she finds the remains of a body inside, and Attorney George Holmes tries to exonerate his convicted client by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who obligingly comes back as a ghost to aid in the exposure of the real culprit. (Jan.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT—RKO-Radio: Leon Errol again plays the dual role of *Lord Epping* and *Uncle Matt*, with Lupe Velez all over the place trying to help out *Uncle Matt* when smuggled jewels are hidden in an onyx elephant and the elephant must be returned pronto. Walter Reed is Lupe's husband, and Lyle Talbot and Marion Martin are the smugglers. (Nov.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: Allan Jones is a discharged ball player who can sing only when he has a cold, and when a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears him warbling he signs him up. From there on it's everybody's show, with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. (Jan.)

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: Lon Chaney's the mummy who's been kept alive through the ages and transported to America to kill archaeologists Dick Foran and Wally Ford who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before. John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads, and it's a scarey little number. (Jan.)

✓✓ **MY SISTER EILEEN**—Columbia: A howl from start to finish is this adaptation of the successful play about two sisters who come to New York to seek a career. Rosalind Russell is the older sister, Janet Blair her pretty sister *Eileen*; and George Tobias is their landlord. Brian Aherne, the editor, and reporter Allyn Joslyn join the throng who wander in and out of their basement apartment. (Dec.)

✓✓ **NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE**—R.K.O. Radio: A swell service picture, this one, with George Murphy as the disgraced officer who enlists as a plain seaman under the command of Petty Officer Pat O'Brien. Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz and Frank Jenks add pep to the maneuvers, and Jane Wyatt is very good

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as the nurse. Carl Esmond is a hit as the sailor-musician. (Jan.)

NIGHT MONSTER—Universal: Practically everyone gets killed when mystic, cosmic, yogi monkey business creeps over the estate of Ralph Morgan where scarey Bela Lugosi is the butler. House-keeper Doris Lloyd, chauffeur Leif Erikson, Yogi Nils Asther and several doctors are all suspects. Irene Hervey is the pretty psychiatrist, and Fay Helm the sister who thinks she's crazy. (Jan.)

NOW, VOYAGER—Warners: Another Bette Davis masterpiece is this story of a frustrated woman who finds release through the aid of psychiatrist Claude Rains. Paul Henreid, the man who brings her love that can never be realized in marriage, will create a stir among feminine fans. Gladys Cooper, Ilka Chase and Bonita Granville are on to the very high standard of the story. (Dec.)

ONE OF FOUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING—United Artists: An honest, straightforward chronicle of six R.A.F. flyers who are forced to bail out over occupied Holland and are helped by the Dutch Underground to make their way back to England. The English players, unfamiliar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple, convincing, and moving as the story itself. (Jan.)

ORCHESTRA WIVES—20th Century-Fox: All about the love lives of members of a band, with Glenn Miller's band providing all the music. George Montgomery is a trumpet player, Ann Rutherford his wife. Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis and Virginia Gilmore, other orchestra wives, start all the trouble between them. Cesar Romero is the pianist and Lyn Bari the singer. (Nov.)

OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE—20th Century-Fox: A slice of life served raw is this story of what happens when man takes justice into his own hands. In a small Western town, a posse rides out to avenge murder and cattle stealing and hang Dana Andrews. Anthony Quinn and Chris-Kin Martin, only to discover the lynching was an irredeemable error. Henry Fonda is the rancher who swerves to the side of justice. (Jan.)

PALM BEACH STORY, THE—Paramount: This so-called comedy misses a mile, despite the cleverness of Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea who play the separated husband and wife. Claudette, out to garner new laurels, finds them in millionaire Rudy Vallee. Mary Astor is good, but the antics are as antiquated as an antimacassar. (Nov.)

PARDON MY SARONG—Universal: By far the funniest of the Abbott and Costello riots, this is madcap fun from its beginning where the pair take their crosstown Chicago bus to Los Angeles to its hilarious finish on a South Sea Isle. Robert Paige is the romantic lead, Virginia Bruce lovely as the girl, Lionel Atwill a villain, and Abbott and Costello are at their best. (Nov.)

ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount: Another Bing Crosby and Bob Hope laugh riot, with the two boys stranded in Morocco where Bing sells Bob to a sheik, and then manages to locate him in Dorothy Lamour's boudoir. But Dorothy's sheik lover, Anthony Quinn, finds out about the boys, and from then on it's a series of calamities that will have you howling with laughter. (Jan.)

SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER—RKO-Radio: John Archer, newspaper man, is accused of murdering two old lady recluses, and when more relatives are bumped off the ensuing commotion involves Margaret Hayes, reporter, Wally Ford, rival newsman, and Scattergood, played as usual by Guy Kibbee. It's not up to the usual standard of this series. (Jan.)

SECRETS OF A CO-ED—P.R.C.: This tells the story of the secret racketeering operations of a respected attorney, Otto Kruger, that he reveals to a jury when his daughter, Tina Thayer, is on trial for killing her sweetheart, a gunman hired by Kruger. Rich Vallin, a newcomer, is a find; and the performances of Miss Thayer and Otto Kruger are outstanding. (Dec.)

SEVEN DAYS LEAVE—RKO-Radio: Army private Vic Mature has seven days leave in which to meet and marry a certain girl, so he can collect his inheritance. Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's gall and then falls for it. Freddy Martin furnishes the swell music, Peter Hayes and Ginny Simms will wow you, and the whole picture is a lot of fun. (Jan.)

SEVEN SWEETHEARTS—M-G-M: Whimsical and gay, charming and quaint, with Kathryn Grayson the youngest of seven sisters, whose father, S. Z. Sakall, runs a hotel in a Little Holland village in Michigan. Reporter Van Heflin comes there to cover the tulip festival and Marsha Hunt, the oldest sister, snares him. The sisters are charming and Miss Grayson sings delightfully. (Nov.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF TERROR—Universal: Basil Rathbone, the indestructible Holmes, with his pal Doctor Watson, Nigel Bruce, uncover a Nazi radio nest and prevent

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

The Gang's All Here!



NATIONAL BARN DANCE STARS in LIVING PORTRAITS

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These and many other splendid features, articles and regular departments in the big February issue of

Radio MIRROR

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all sorts of German invasions. Evelyn Ankers is the pretty Limehouse girl who also help Holmes. It's pretty average fare. (Dec.)

SIN TOWN—Universal: Bunco artists Constance Bennett and Brod Crawford arrive in a Western oil town looking for easy money, which they find when Crawford declares himself partner in Ward Bond's saloon. Anne Gwynne and Petric Knowles provide the love interest and Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo romp around. The brawl between the two villains is really a lulu. (Dec.)

✓ **SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**—20th Century-Fox: Betty Grable is in love with Broadway actor John Payne, but when he misbehaves she pretends to love her new dancing partner Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry on their misunderstandings at Lake Louise. Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton aid in the mix-up in this Technicolor musical. (Dec.)

THAT OTHER WOMAN—20th Century-Fox: Pretty secretary Virginia Gilmore pursues her architect boss, James Ellison, who intrigues her with his disinterest. When Grandma Alma Kruger advises Virginia how to trap Ellison, the scheme works but not in the way expected. Janis Carter is cute as the persistent huntress. (Jan.)

TIMBER—Universal: Sabotage in our timber regions, with Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine worrying about it until along comes Dan Dailey Jr., special undercover agent. He fires the saboteur and hires instead Edmund MacDonald who brings along his pretty sister, Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

✓ **THUNDER BIRDS**—20th Century-Fox: Informative, entertaining and colorful is this story about the training of English, Chinese and Americans at a desert flying school. Preston Foster, the instructor, and English student John Sutton are both rivals for the affections of lovely Gene Tierney, but all the players take second place to the interesting flying sequences. (Jan.)

✓ **WAKE ISLAND**—Paramount: Every American should see this authentic picture of the gallant stand of the Marines on Wake Island and their magnificent fight. Brian Donlevy plays the Major who commands the Island's defenses. Albert Dekker is a civilian engineer. MacDonald Carey plays a young flyer and Robert Preston and William Bendix play two Marine buddies. (Nov.)

✓ **WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY, THE**—M-G-M: A honey of a picture, with Fay Bainter as the selfish, ingrown woman who refuses to alter her life or accept wartime alternation in the lives of others. Van Johnson, the redheaded, freckle-faced hero, is the best thing in the show, even surpassing Richard Ney, who plays the regenerated young man. Edward Arnold and Jean Rogers are good, too. (Nov.)

✓ **WHITE CARGO**—M-G-M: The trouble with this picture of white men and a tropical seductress is that the story has become repetitious through imitation, but the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical isle, gives great stability to the play. Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan are very good and Hedy Lamarr is certainly the most gorgeous *Tondelayo*. (Dec.)

WILDCAT—Paramount: Never a dull moment in this story, with Richard Arlen playing a wildcat oil man who goes into partnership with Elisha Cook, Jr., gets buffaloeed by Arline Judge, Elisha's fake sister, and fights it out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. (Dec.)

✓ **WINGS AND THE WOMAN**—RKO-Radio: A fitting tribute to a gallant woman, Amy Johnson, is this story of her life, with Anna Neagle playing the first great woman aviatrix. Robert Newton as Jim Mollison, the flyer, who married Amy and lost her, is outstanding. Edward Chapman as her father, Joan Kemp-Welch as her mother, give beautiful performances, and Miss Neagle is superb. (Nov.)

✓ **YANK AT ETON, A**—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney gives life, color and laughter to a story that depends too much on its star and too little on its content. He's a typical American high-school football star who finds himself at Eton when his mother marries an Englishman and his trials and tribulations at the famous old English school form the bulk of the yarn. (Nov.)

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warners: A remake of the Paul Muni picture, "Hi, Nellie," with George Brent, now playing the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers operating behind a night-club front and a Lonely Hearts Club. Brenda Marshall is the girl reporter, Roscoe Karns the photographer, and Gene Lockhart and Edward Ciannelli the villains. (Dec.)

YOUTH ON PARADE—Republic: That college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. Broadway actress Ruth Terry joins the campus scampers after they've played a trick on Professor John Hubbard, who plays his part to perfection. It's young and snappy. (Dec.)

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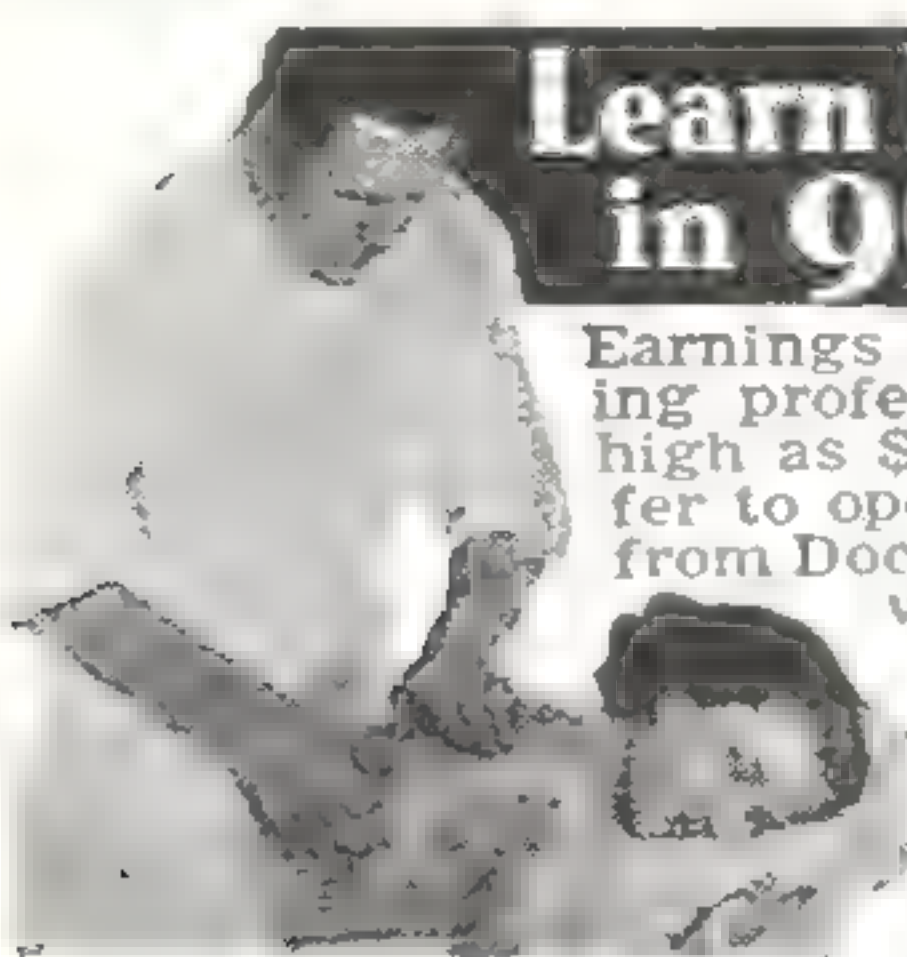
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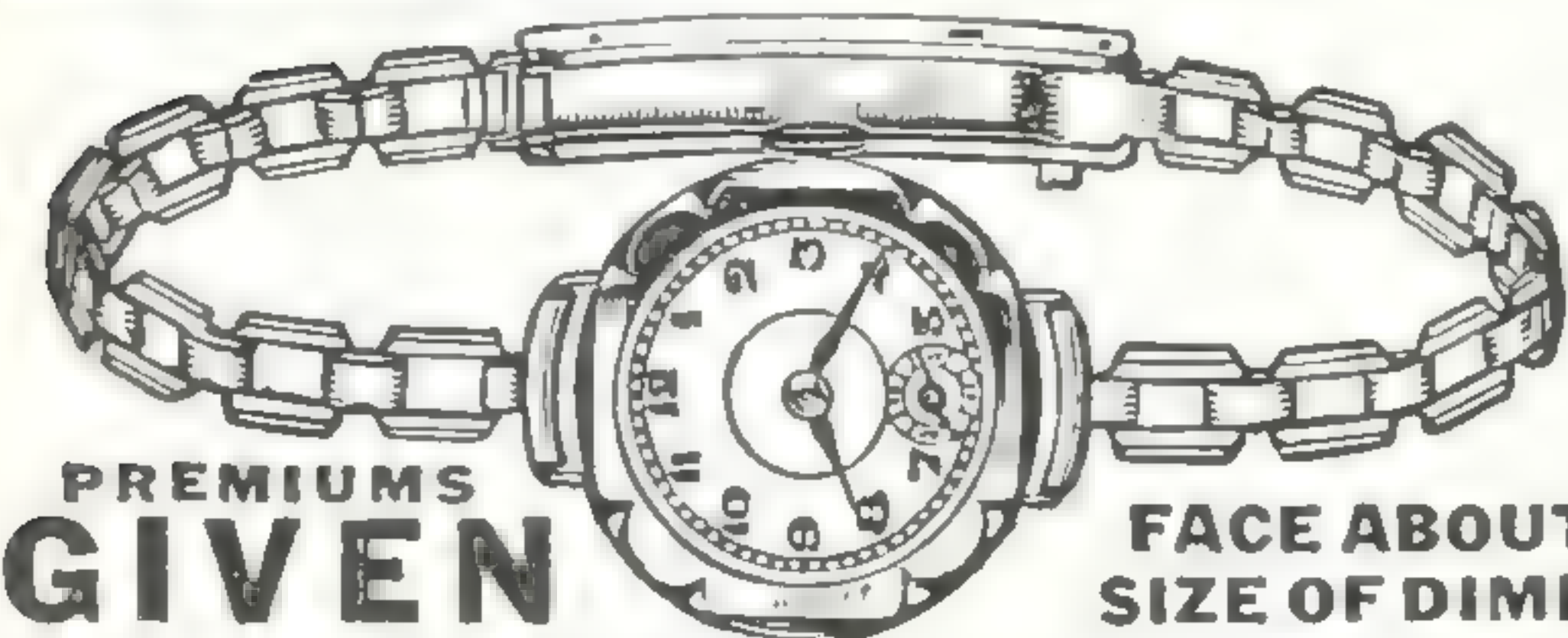
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This may make you see red!

Look the verses up and down and you'll find a few deep-dyed hints on what tricks colors can turn

Gracie's yearning for a dance
Really she won't have a chance.
Eye her dress—it's pale, pale yellow
Entirely wrong to bait a fellow.
Nothing doing, says the stag line
(Gracie'd better note this high sign):

Green has a definite power to attract the opposite sex.

Oliver was a timid soul
Reticent and never bold
Any time she saw new faces
Never did she turn vivacious
Gloomed around and sat apart.
Effective was this color chart:

Orange is a magnetic color, will draw people to the wearer.

Rita wore white to look effective
Endeavored as president to be elected
Despaired she lost by dissenting vote
(She forgot to remember this color note):

Red means originality, positiveness, leadership and brings power and assurance to the wearer.

Bulah oft was heard to sigh,
Luck will always pass me by!
Up went her Gin score one red-letter day;
Easy to see she'd heard experts say:

Blue is a happy color and makes its wearer lucky and fortunate.

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There is no magic about *The Common Sense Way* to an alluring figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book *No More Alibis* you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

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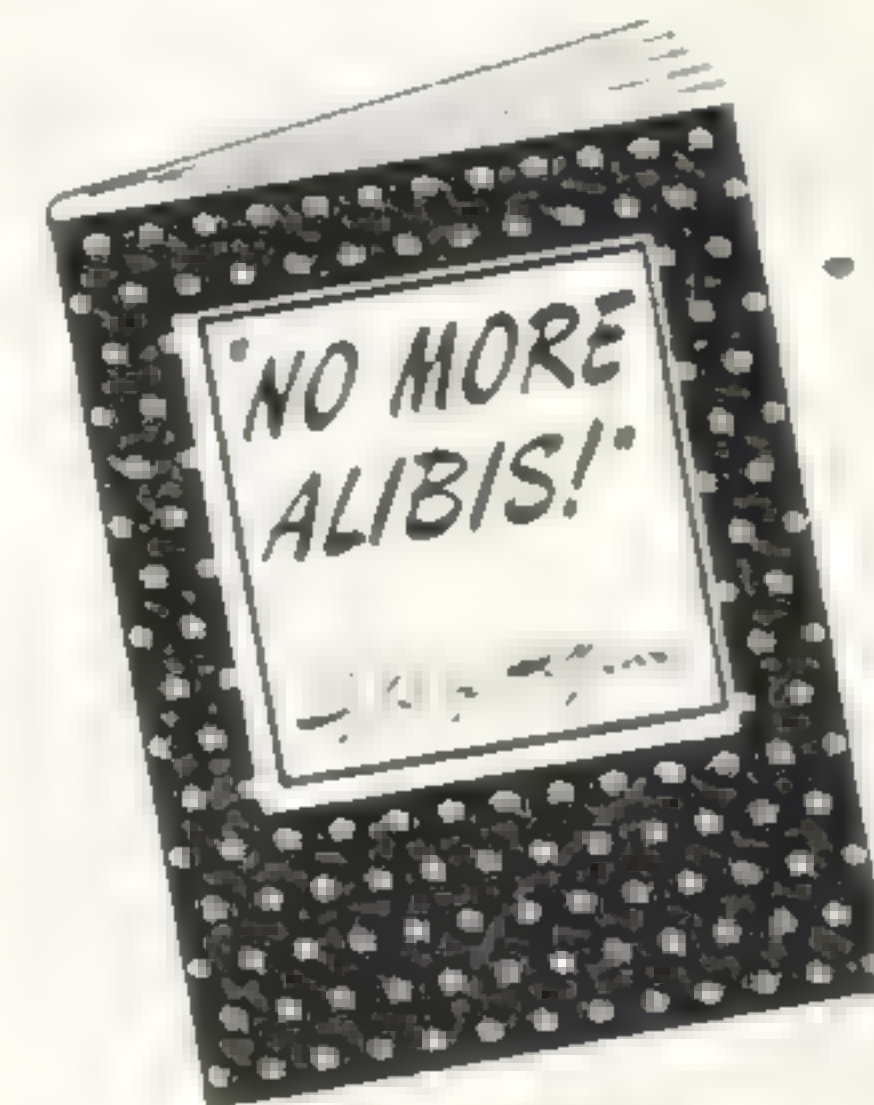
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In *No More Alibis* you'll learn how to make fat disappear from any part of your body. So, if you have any bumps and bulges, let Sylvia of Hollywood explain how to make those stubborn fat spots vanish in double quick time. Just picture how beautiful you would look if your hips were not so broad . . . if your legs were not so heavy . . . if your ankles were not so thick . . . if your weight were 20 to 30 pounds less! It's easy to see how beautiful you would be if you could change your figure. Well, *No More Alibis* tells you exactly how you can correct your figure faults . . . how you can mold your body into beautiful, alluring proportions. And best of all, this can be done in the privacy of your own boudoir—without the aid of any appliance or apparatus whatsoever.



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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Pocketful o' Songs

(Continued from page 51) The friendship grew under the glare of Klieg lights, became a sincere affection between two young people.

The longer they teamed in pictures, the closer Mickey and Judy grew. One day on the set Mickey turned to Judy.

"Judy," he said, "I think you're wonderful. Will you be my girl?"

"You mean really be your girl and not go out with anybody else?"

"Of course I mean really. This is serious. This is different."

"This is love," Judy said and they gazed mistily into each other's eyes.

Judy's mother, Ethel, came to see them on the set one rainy afternoon. "May I offer my wishes for your happiness? You're engaged, I hear."

Mickey and Judy looked a little startled.

"That's wonderful," Ethel said. She glanced casually at Judy. "I suppose you won't be going tonight to hear that young orchestra leader, David Rose."

But Judy did go to hear Dave Rose—and to talk to him after the broadcast, the first step in a romance that would lead to a happy marriage. For Judy and Dave both knew, from that first moment, that they were for each other.

"You are too young to think of marriage," wise heads counseled. "Your public wants you to remain a child. They will forsake you if you marry. Just think, Judy, you'll be a *matron*."

Well-meaning friends collared Dave. "You have no right to interfere in her career. It would be selfish. She belongs to the world. You're older, Dave. You know show business. Convince Judy that she mustn't think of getting married for years."

"But we love each other," Judy and Dave protested. They were rewarded by a fine careless laugh.

"Oh that," people said. "Well, don't take it too hard. You'll get over it."

But Judy and Dave didn't get over it. And one night they faced and tackled the situation.

"Nothing is worth having unless it's worth fighting for," Dave quoted. "Let's give ourselves a chance."

"I'm not afraid," Judy said. "If the public won't like me as a married woman, they just won't like me, that's all."

"We'll soon find out," Dave said. "We can be in Las Vegas in an hour. . . ."

Thus it happened that Ethel and her husband stepped aboard a plane with about ten minutes' notice and stood by proudly while Judy and Dave said "I do" to each other's hearts.

SINCE her marriage there has been a depth, a quiet sincerity in Judy that is a delight to see.

"Know what we're going to do when the public doesn't want us any more?" she asks gaily. "Buy a farm in New England, raise pigeons and write poetry."

"Heaven help the publishers," David murmurs. But later he confesses shyly that Judy's verse is "darned good."

"You are to blame for it," Judy accuses him. Then, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, she explains, "You see, I never really had a proper courtship. Dave would call me for a date and I'd spend hours getting dressed in my best bib and tucker to go stepping out around the town. Dave would no sooner ring the doorbell than he'd pull a roll of manuscript from his pocket and say, 'I just want to look over this score, Judy. It won't take a minute."

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That Power, he says, can transform the life of anyone. Questions, whatever they are, can be answered. The problems of health, death, poverty and wrong, can be solved.

In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as world-wide professional recognition. Thirty years ago, he was sick as a man could be and live. Once his coffin was bought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

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health and the Power, which there came to him.

Within ten years, he was able to retire to this country with a fortune. He had been honored by fellowships in the World's leading Geographical Societies, for his work as a geographer. And today, 30 years later, he is still so athletic, capable of so much work, so young in appearance, it is hard to believe he has lived so long.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants to send the readers of this notice a 9,000-word treatise. It is free. For your free copy, send your name and address to the Institute of Mental-physic, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. B227, Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly.



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You don't mind, do you?" And there we'd sit. The whole evening long. I had to do something. So I wrote poetry to amuse myself."

"That's outright sabotage," Dave declares. "I took you out several times. Remember that drive-in on the Strip..."

These two "rib" each other unmercifully. Judy calls her husband a "train tinkerer" in reference to his hobby of miniature trains—not toy trains but the real McCoy. Pint-sized locomotives huff and puff over miles of track on their new estate high on the top of a Bel-Air hill.

"That's why we couldn't live in my house," Judy explains ruefully. "The back yard was too steep to lay the track. Dave might have gone in for cable cars."

Dave's favorite way of ribbing Judy is to drag strange four-syllable words into a simple conversation. After spending two hours vainly searching through a dictionary, Judy got hep to this little pastime. She even went him one better.

HER prize performance took place one night at one of Hollywood's quieter parties. Two respected writers mentioned a prominent plagiarism suit which just that day had been reported in the morning paper.

Judy astounded them by virtually delivering an oration. "Nothing is sillier than this charge of plagiarism," she stated positively. "The poet should dare to help himself whenever he finds material suited to his work. Goethe understood this very well. So did Shakespeare."

Dave was amazed. "I had no idea you studied such things," he said when they reached home.

Judy gave him a solemn stare. "I was reading something about that before we went to the party."

She thumbed through the pages of a book of quotations and pointed to a paragraph for her impressed spouse to read.

Almost word for word was Judy's little speech and it had been written many years ago by a man named Heinrich Heine.

Judy would rather be accused of robbery than to be charged with sentimentalizing. But she is sentimental deep down in her heart. Locked away in a safe hiding place are such price-

less things as a paper napkin from a certain drive-in on the Strip, with the notation: "David likes onions too." There is a pink and beaming Kewpie doll from the Fun House on the Venice Pier; and records of the first songs she and David danced to when they found each other. These are the things that mean everything to her now that Dave has gone to join the Army Air Corps.

These nights it's in the music room that you'll usually find Judy. Curled up on pillows with only the firelight flickering against the soft-toned walls she spends hours wrapped in the enchantment of the melodies she and Dave loved.

THERE is one man who has meant much in the molding of Judy's life—Roger Edens, the pianist who had accompanied her in her first M-G-M tryout, her close friend and adviser and perhaps the person who has come closest to taking her father's place.

It comes as a shock to most people that Judy does not read a note of music. In learning a new song Roger Edens plays the song through while Judy listens carefully. Chances are she will sing it unerringly on the second try. The songs Judy sings in pictures are written or arranged with her in mind. Old songs seem to fit her best of all.

"Judy is an old song," Roger Edens says. "She is like a melody we have grown accustomed to and love."

Then, in the very next moment Judy, who has been singing an old, old song in such a haunting way, whips suddenly into the hottest swing tune heard outside of Harlem.

At the finish she drops breathlessly into a chair. "Corny, wasn't I?" she asks and grins.

As a matter of fact she was terrific. A singer either can swing or can't. Judy cannot tell you why she can tear a melody apart without changing a single note. It is something which wells up from within. Judy makes the listener feel a song, not admire it. And for that reason alone, she is a great artist.

Today, with Dave gone from her, she is still carrying on in one of the greatest of all careers—doing her share to give happiness to the millions who have loved this girl with her pocketful o' songs.

The End.



Playing at The Players: Judy Garland and husband Dave Rose. This was the last picture taken of the two before Dave left to join the Army



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Casts of Current Pictures

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CASABLANCA—Warners: *Rick, Humphrey Bogart; Ilsa Lund, Ingrid Bergman; Victor Laszlo, Paul Henreid; Capt. Louis Renault, Claude Rains; Major Strasser, Conrad Veidt; Ugarte, Peter Lorre; Senor Martinez, Sydney Greenstreet; Carl, a Waiter, S. Z. Sakall; Yvonne, Madeleine LeBeau; Sam, Dooley Wilson; Berger, John Qualen; Sascha, Leonid Kinsky; Annina Brandel, Joy Page; Jan, Helmut Dantine; Dark European, Curt Bois; Croupier, Marcel Dalio; Andre, Singer, Corinna Mura; Mr. Leuchtag, Ludwig Stossel; Mrs. Leuchtag, Ilka Gruning; Senor Ferrarri, Charles La Torre.*

CAT PEOPLE—RKO-Radio: *Irene Dubrovna, Simone Simon; Oliver Reed, Kent Smith; The Psychiatrist, Tom Conway; Alice Moore, Jane Randolph; Commodore, Jack Holt; Carver, Alan Napier; Miss Plunkett, Elizabeth Dunne; The Cat Woman, Elizabeth Russell.*

DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT—M-G-M: *Dr. Adams Gillespie, Lionel Barrymore; Dr. Randall Leonard, Van Johnson; Mrs. Howard Allwinn Young, Susan Peters; Dr. Dennis Landsay, Richard Quine; Dr. Lee Wong How, Keye Luke; Molly Byrd, Alma Kruger; Joe Weyman, Nat Pendleton; Howard Allwinn Young, Horace McNally; Mike Ryan, Frank Orth; Dr. Walter Carew, Walter Kingsford; Nurse Parker, Nell Craig; Sally, Marie Blake; Conover, George H. Reed; Iris Headley, Ann Richards; Mrs. Black, Rose Hobart; Clifford Genet, Eddie Acuff.*

DR. RENAULT'S SECRET—20th Century-Fox: *Dr. Noel, J. Carroll Naish; Dr. Larry Forbes, John Shepperd; Madeline Renault, Lynn Roberts; Dr. Renault, George Zucco; Proprietor, Bert Roach; Coroner, Eugene Borden; Austin, Jack Norton.*

GENTLEMAN JIM—Warners: *"Gentleman Jim" Corbett, Errol Flynn; Victoria Ware, Alexis Smith; Walter Lowrie, Jack Carson; Pat Corbett, Alan Hale; Clinton DeWitt, John Loder; Delaney, William Frawley; Buck Ware, Minor Watson; John L. Sullivan, Ward Bond; Anna Held, Madeleine LeBeau; Harry Watson, Rhys Williams; Father Burke, Arthur Shields; Ma Corbett, Dorothy Vaughan; George Corbett, James Flavin; Harry Corbett, Pat Flaherty; Judge Geary, Wallis Clark; Mary Corbett, Marilyn Phillips; Jack Burke, Art Foster; President McInnes, Edwin Stanley; Colis*

Huntington, Henry O'Hara; Charles Crocker, Harry Crocker; Governor Stanford, Frank Mayo; Smith, Carl Harbough; Sutor, Fred Kelsey; Joe Choyinski, Sammy Stein.

GREAT GILDERSLEEVE, THE—RKO-Radio: *Gildersleeve, Harold Peary; Aunt Emma, Jane Darwell; Margie, Nancy Gates; Judge Hooker, Charles Arnt; LeRoy, Freddie Mercer; Governor Stafford, Thurston Hall; Birdie, Lillian Randolph; Amelia Hooker, Mary Field; Mr. Powers, George Carleton.*

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount: *Marjory Stuart, Mary Martin; Pete Hamilton, Dick Powell; Wally Case, Eddie Bracken; Bubbles Hennessy, Betty Hutton; Alfred Monroe, Rudy Vallee; Mrs. Smith, Mabel Paige; Mr. Smith, Clem Bevans; Dancers, Sylvia Opert, Gene Gale; Elderly Woman, Frances Raymond; 1st Reporter, Irving Bacon; 2nd Reporter, Arthur Loft; Assistant Manager, Paul McVey; Photographer, Donald Kerr.*

LADY FROM CHUNGKING—P.R.C.: *Kwan Mei, Anna May Wong; General Kaimura, Harold Huber; Lavara, Mae Clarke; Rodney Carr, Rick Vallin; Pat O'Rourke, Paul Bryar; Lieutenant Shimoto, Ted Hecht; Hans Gruber, Louis Donath; Chen, James Leong; Mochow, Archie Got; Lu-Chi, Walter Soo Hoo.*

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-THIRTY—20th Century-Fox: *Madden Thomas, Monty Woolley; Kathi Thomas, Ida Lupino; Robert, Cornell Wilde; Mrs. Lothian, Sara Allgood; Barty, Melville Cooper; Gordon, J. Edward Bromberg; Officer, William Demarest; Producer, Hal K. Dawson; Sergeant McNamara, William Halligan; Announcer, Milton Parsons; Mrs. Spano, Inez Palange; Mr. Spilo, Charles La Torre; Policeman, James Flavin; Ruthie, Fay Helm; Floorwalker, Wheaton Chambers; Cab Driver, Bud Geary; Dresser, Colin Campbell; Maid, Netta Palko; Bartender, Lee Phelps.*

LUCKY JORDAN—Paramount: *Lucky Jordan, Alan Ladd; Jill Evans, Helen Walker; Pearl, Marie McDonald; Annie, Mabel Paige; Slip Moran, Sheldon Leonard; Ernest Higgins, Lloyd Corrigan; Eddie, Russell Hoyt; Kesselman, John Winegraf; Angelo Palacio, Dave Willock.*

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount: *Mrs. Elvira Wiggs, Fay Bainter; European Wiggs, Carolyn Lee; Marcus Throckmorton, Hugh Herbert; Miss Tabitha Hazy, Vera Vague; Lucy Olcott, Barbara Britton; Asia Wiggs, Betty Brewer; Australia Wiggs, Mary Thomas; Jimmy Wiggs, Billy Lee; Billy Wiggs, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; Dr. Robert Redmond, John Archer; Mr. Wiggs, Harry Shannon.*

NIGHTMARE—Universal: *Leslie Stafford, Diana Barrymore; Daniel Shane, Brian Donlevy; Abington, Gavin Muir; Capt. Stafford, Henry Daniell; Hans, Hans Conreid; Sergeant, Arthur Shields; Inspector Robbins, Stanley Logan; Angus, Eustace Wyatt; Jock, David Clyde; Karl, John Abbott; James, Ian Wolfe; Mrs. McDonald, Anita Bolster.*

NORTHWEST RANGERS—M-G-M: *Frank "Blackie" Marshall, James Craig; James Kevin Gardiner, William Lundigan; Jean Avery, Patricia Dane; Martin Caswell, John Carradine; Duncan Fraizer, Jack Holt; "Ship" O'Mara, Keenan Wynn; Fowler, Grant Withers; "Blackie," As a Boy, Darryl Hickman; Jim, As a Boy, Drew Roddy.*

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio: *Katie, Ginger Rogers; Pat, Cary Grant; Baron Von Luber, Walter Slezak; LeBlanc, Ferike Dekker; Borski, Albert Basserman; Elsa, Albert Boros; Cumberland, Harry Shannon; Anna Natasha Lytess.*

RANDOM HARVEST—M-G-M: *Charles Rainier, Ronald Colman; Paula, Greer Garson; Dr. Jonathan Benet, Philip Dorn; Kitty, Susan Peters; Dr. Sims, Henry Travers; "Biffer," Reginald Owen; Harrison, Bramwell Fletcher; Sam, Rhys Williams; Tobacconist, Una O'Connor; Mr. Lloyd, Charles Waldron; Mrs. Lloyd, Elisabeth Risdon; George, Melville Cooper; Mrs. Deventer, Margaret Wycherly; Sheldon, Aubrey Mather; Chetwynd, Arthur Margetson; Julian, Alan Napier; Lydia, Jill Esmond; Jill, Marta Linden; Bridget, Ann Richards; Julia, Norma Varden; Henry Chilcett, David Cavendish; The Vicar, Ivan Simpson; Vicar's Wife, Marie De Becker.*

REUNION—M-G-M: *Michele De La Becque, Joan Crawford; Pat Talbot, John Wayne; Robert Cortot, Philip Dorn; Schultz, Reginald Owen; General Hugo Schroeder, Albert Bassermann; Ulrich Windler, John Carradine; Juliette, Ann Ayars; Durand, J. Edward Bromberg; Paul Grebeau, Moroni Olsen; Emile Fleuron, Henry Daniell; Anton Stregel, Howard Da Silva; Honore, Charles Arnt; Martin, Morris Ankrum; Genevieve, Edith Evanson; Captain, Ernest Dorian; Clothilde, Margaret Laurence; Mme. Montanot, Odette Myrtil; Soldier, Peter Whitney.*

SEVEN MILES FROM ALCATRAZ—RKO-Radio: *Champ Larkin, James Craig; Anne Porter, Bonita Granville; Captain Porter, George Cleveland Jimbo, Frank Jenks; Stormy, Cliff Edwards; Paul Brenner, Erford Gage; Fritz Weinerman, John Banner; Baroness, Tala Birell.*

SILVER QUEEN—Sherman-U.A.: *James Kincaid, George Brent; Coralie Adams, Priscilla Lane; Gerald Forsythe, Bruce Cabot; Hector Bailey, Lynne Overman; Steve Adams, Eugene Pallette; Mrs. Forsythe, Janet Beecher; Blackie, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams.*

STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount: *Frank Thompson, Burgess Meredith; Ruth Dillon, Claire Trevor; Joe Marucci, Sheldon Leonard; Bill Dietrich, Jerome Cowan; Alma Diedrich, Frieda Inescort; Grandma Diedrich, Adeline De Walt Reynolds; Virginia Thompson, Louise Platt; Sheriff Lew Stebbins, Arthur Loft; District Attorney Stillwell, Edwin Maxwell; Barber, Milton Kibbee; Proprietor of Pawn Shop, George Watts; Woman, Gloria Williams; Interne, Keith Richards.*

STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE—Universal: *Sally Monroe, Mary Healy; Durham, Leon Errol; Dixie, Grace McDonald; Martha, Martha Tilton; Bob Saunders, Richard Davies; Pops, Shemp Howard; Catheart, Franklin Pangborn; Ozzie, Ozzie Nelson (and his orchestra).*

WHISTLING IN DIXIE—M-G-M: *Wally Benton, Red Skelton, Carol Lambert, Ann Rutherford; Sheriff Claude Stagg, George Bancroft; Judge George Lee, Guy Gibbee; Ellamae Downs, Diana Lewis; Frank V. Bailie, Peter Whitney; Chester Conway, "Rags" Ragland; Hattie Lee, Cecilia Travers; Corporal Lucken, Lucien Littlefield; Lem, Louise Mason; Martin Gordon, Mark Daniels; Doctor, Pierre Watkin; Radio Producer, Emmett Vogan; Panky, Hobart Cavanaugh.*

"WHO DONE IT?"—Universal: *Chick Larkin, Bud Abbott; Mervyn Milgrim, Lou Costello; Jimmy Turner, Patric Knowles; Moran, William Gargan; Jane Little, Lounise Allbritton; Marco Heller, Jerome Cowan; Brannigan, William Bendix; Juliet Collins, Mary Wickes; Fraser, Don Porter; Colonel Andrews, Thomas Gomez; Dr. Marek, Ludwig Stossel.*

WRECKING CREW—Paramount: *Matt Carney, Richard Arlen; Duke Mason, Chester Morris; Peggy Starr, Jean Parker; Fred Bunce, Joseph Sawyer; Mike O'Glendy, Esther Dale; Joe Poska, Alexander Granach; Martha Poska, Evelyn Brent.*

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